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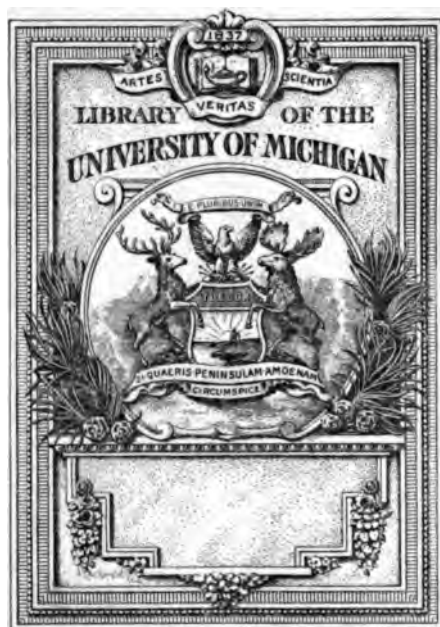
THE DVKE OF ARGYLL

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AVTOBIOGRAPHY & MEMOIRS



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GEORGE DOUGLAS
EIGHTH DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.G., K.T.
(1823-1900)
AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

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THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, Aged 12.

From a Miniature.

2013

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DON VÍCTOR DE AGUIRRE. Apst.

Foto. A. Miquel.

GEORGE DOUGLAS
EIGHTH
DUKE OF ARGYLL
K.G., K.T.

(1823—1900)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

EDITED BY
THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ARGYLL

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS
IN TWO VOLUMES

I.

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1906

P R E F A C E

THE Autobiography of the Duke of Argyll was begun in the year 1897, but, unhappily, it was left unfinished. The time that had been devoted to it meant to the writer some pleasant hours, and he was working at it in his leisure moments to the very end. Life had been to him so spacious, and all Nature so rich in interest and in beauty, that he had great pleasure in that form of literary art in which memory was invoked to bring back from the storehouse of the past all that had especially impressed him—matters of high consequence to great States, talks with famous men long since dead, how such a bird flew or dived on such a day, how some new truth was welcomed, or some vital belief was again confirmed. There was no bitterness in retrospect to one who could look back as fearlessly as he could on a long career of public service, of private duty, and of literary work; and set it down, having nothing equivocal to explain away, no change to justify or extenuate, no pronouncement of principle to retract. The completion of the work was left by the Duke in the hands of his wife, at whose earnest

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desire the Autobiography was undertaken, and who knew his thoughts and wishes concerning it. In taking up the broken thread of the narrative, the design has been to continue the history of his life, as far as possible, in the Duke's own words, giving his thoughts and opinions through the medium of letters to friends, and quotations from his speeches and writings.

The Editor owes a debt of gratitude to all who have most kindly rendered important assistance in the carrying out of the work, by searching for letters from the Duke, often a laborious task when they were not of recent date, and especially when it so happened that these letters were amongst the still untouched papers of those who are gone. Permission has been kindly granted in many cases for the use and publication of valuable correspondence, and the kind and helpful sympathy shown in connection with the responsible work of editing these volumes has been deeply felt and appreciated.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria graciously granted permission to the Duke to publish in this work some of her letters, and those of the Prince Consort.

To the Earl of Mayo grateful thanks are due for his kindness in lending the correspondence of the Duke with the late Lord Mayo, who was Viceroy of India during a portion of the time when the Duke held the office of Secretary of State for India. The

late Earl of Northbrook, who succeeded Lord Mayo as Viceroy, also most kindly placed his correspondence with the Duke at the disposal of the Editor.

Grateful acknowledgment is due to the Duke of Devonshire; the Marquis of Salisbury; Mr. Henry Gladstone, with regard to the extensive correspondence with his father; Viscount Peel; Lord Tennyson; the Hon. Rollo Russell; Lord Stanmore; the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava; Countess Granville; Lady Lilford; Miss Palgrave; the Earl of Halsbury; Earl Spencer; Mr. Bernard Mallet; the Hon. Evelyn Ashley; Mr. Charles Francis Adams; Lord Avebury; the Earl of Selborne; the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain; Lord Playfair; Mr. John Bright; Mr. Cree; Mr. Bosworth Smith; Professor Mackintosh; Professor Knight; Professor Butcher; Mr. Foreman; Sir Arthur Mitchell; the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Bishop of Ripon; Canon MacColl; the Very Rev. Donald Macleod; Sir Edmond Verney; the Rev. J. Howson; Herr Prelat von Schmidt; and to Lady Vernon Harcourt, for permission to publish the letters of her father, Mr. Motley.

With regard to scientific papers, special thanks are due to Mr. Fletcher, head of the mineralogical department of the British Museum; Sir George Darwin; Sir Leonard Lyell; Lord Kelvin; Sir John Murray; Mr. Harvie Brown; Lady Flower; Mrs. Tyndall; Mrs. Max Müller; to Mrs. Owen, in connection with

the letters of Sir Richard Owen ; and to the trustees of Mr. Herbert Spencer.

Only deep regret can be felt for the irreparable loss entailed by the Autobiography having been left unfinished ; but the pages which follow may not be wholly unworthy of his memory, if they have been made to show even a vague image of that intrepid and magnanimous spirit which remains so clear and so living to those who knew him.

INA ARGYLL.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL

CHAPTER I

PARENTAGE

BIOGRAPHY has ever been to me the most attractive of all branches of literature. If the life we read be the life of one whose sphere of experience or activity has been wholly different from our own, so much the better. It must give us some new knowledge, and it will probably awaken some new sympathies. If it be the life of one who lived in a great epoch, and was an agent in, or even only a witness of, great events, there is no such insight into history as that which we may thus acquire. I must make, however, one reservation. The passages—sometimes the pages—which are devoted to family history and genealogies are almost always wearisome. And, except when they tell with unusual clearness on the great question of heredity—on the transmission from one generation to another of special gifts of mind or special tendencies of character—they are as useless as they are tedious. I will not, therefore, inflict upon others what has often been irksome to myself.

For all practical purposes in biography we need rarely go back farther than the second generation. But our grandfathers and grandmothers may have

had quite as strong an influence upon us as our own immediate parents. In many cases grandparents and grandchildren have led contemporary lives for many years, during which continual or frequent personal intercourse has confirmed hereditary character, and has thus helped to establish continuities of thought. This, however, was not my case, and, indeed, it can only arise when the generations succeed each other at short intervals of time. In my family those intervals were, on the contrary, very long. The date of my grandfather's birth was separated from the date of my own by no less than 100 years. He was born in 1723, whilst I was not born till 1823. Our two lives, therefore, did not overlap at all, for he died in 1806, seventeen years before I saw the light. Yet I am perfectly conscious of many influences which came from him, and there were undoubtedly others in abundance, of which I have no consciousness at all. Then, besides this, many of the external conditions of my life were a special inheritance from him. I must, therefore, begin with a sketch of his character and career.

The life of my grandfather, John, fifth Duke of Argyll, was in many ways typical of the epoch in which it was spent. Born between the two Jacobite Rebellions of 1715 and 1745—eight years after the first, and twenty-two years before the second of these events—his early life was passed in the army, and in active service on the Continent. The religious wars of the previous century had not yet come wholly to an end, whilst at home uneasiness as to the security of the Protestant succession had not yet passed away. The French King harboured the exiled Stuarts; and there was still always a faction in England and in Scotland ready to take advantage of any means for the accomplishment of a second Restoration. There was, therefore, much to defend, and much to fight for.

The universal sentiment of mankind has in all ages given a high place to the profession of arms. And well it may, seeing that, as a matter of fact, there

is not a single nation in the world which has not been made by war. The military spirit is one of the primary instincts of man, given to him for the great purposes which it has actually served in the development of our race. But its ethical character depends entirely on the conditions under which, and the objects for which, it is indulged. And never were these higher or purer than in the contests of the British people to keep what they had gained, first, in the Reformation, and, secondly, in the Revolution.

My grandfather, therefore, was, and must have been, a soldier with a will. The generation in which he was born and brought up was in close touch with those which had witnessed the great Civil War, and which had tried the dangerous experiment of a Restoration, with the natural and almost inevitable result of another Revolution. His own family had done much, and had suffered much, in the recent years. His immediate ancestors had taken a prominent part throughout. In his boyhood he must have met with some old men who in their own boyhood had seen his great-great-grandfather, the Marquis of Argyll, who was beheaded by Charles II. in 1661, and many more who, in middle life, had seen his great-grandfather, Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll, who was beheaded by James II. in 1685. Both were judicial murders of the worst type characteristic of the Stuarts.

A sense of insecurity still brooded in the minds of men during the thirty years between the two Jacobite Rebellions. Some conspiracy, or some suspicion of it, was always in the air. Moreover, by a curious by-path of association, the tyranny and corruption from which the nation had escaped had left in the popular mind, and even in the minds of statesmen, a fear and jealousy of the best remedy—namely, that of some permanent military organization. It is strange to remember that in my grandfather's youth there was no such thing as that which we now call a standing army. But, of course, this fact only increased the

importance of the families, and of the men who, from traditional and territorial influences, could, when occasion required, speedily raise considerable military levies. This is one of the many services, too much forgotten now, which such families rendered to the State, when as yet the value of feudalism had not wholly passed away.

My grandfather was exactly in that position. In his youth, indeed, there was no certain prospect of his succeeding to the dukedom. He represented a younger branch of the family, and, during a great part of his life, the title and estates were held in succession by two brothers descended from the eldest son of the Earl who was beheaded in 1685. My grandfather was descended, in the same degree, from a younger son of that unfortunate statesman. But his two cousins* who successively held the dukedom during his early and middle life were men who ruled his spirit from their urns. Both of them died without a male heir, and so the succession opened to their kinsman. But they left behind them the memory and the influence of a splendid example. The elder of them was that John, second Duke of Argyll, who, for his great public services, was created Duke of Greenwich by Queen Anne. He was a man whose military reputation was second only to that of Marlborough. He was a powerful speaker in Parliament, took an active and efficient part in securing the Protestant succession, and was celebrated by Pope in one of his splendid couplets.† His beautiful monument from the chisel of Roubilliac now fills a large space in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. Perhaps, above all, he still lives, and will ever live, in the recollection of millions of every English-speaking race

* John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, and Archibald, third Duke of Argyll.

† 'Argyll, the State's whole thunder born to wield
And shake alike the Senate and the Field.'

by his association with Sir Walter Scott's immortal fiction of the 'Heart of Midlothian,' and the pathetic story of Jeanie Deans. He died in 1743, and was succeeded by his only brother, Archibald, who had been previously raised to the peerage by the title of Earl of Islay. Without the brilliant gifts of his more illustrious brother, Duke Archibald had a full share of his substantial abilities, and he continued to be what he had long been, the mainstay of the Government in the management of Scotland.

My grandfather had entered the army at a very early age, and in his twentieth year, 1743—the year of his great kinsman's death—was engaged upon the Continent in the bloody and arduous fight of Dettingen. The foreign campaigns of Queen Anne's time are still well remembered—chiefly owing to our national pride in the great English captain, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, whose military genius has made his name immortal. But the later campaigns abroad, in the reign of George II., are now almost forgotten. No great general left his mark upon them, and they had comparatively little effect on the politics of Europe. Yet in principle and in aim there was a perfect continuity between them—the principle, namely, of antagonism to France, and an instinct that we had a national interest in thwarting her threatened supremacy over other nations.

The battles fought in the Low Countries by George II. were sometimes desperate encounters, and by no means devoid of interest in the art of war. It is curious now to remember that at Dettingen my grandfather saw the last fight in which any English King led his own troops on the field of battle. And on that occasion not only was George II. the nominal commander, but he and his son the Duke of Cumberland personally led their men, and it was by their energy and courage that a difficult and bloody victory was won. But by this time the nation was becoming jealous of wars which seemed more connected with the interests

of Hanover than of England, and which were largely waged with mercenary troops, Hessians, Hanoverians, and Dutch, in British pay. Events, however, soon compelled even the Opposition in Parliament to think better of their jealousy of foreigners and of the necessity of employing them.

Not long after my grandfather returned from the campaign of Dettingen, England was threatened, in 1744, with a French invasion—a repetition on a smaller scale of the Spanish Armada, and an anticipation of Napoleon's Camp of Boulogne. In this new moment of alarm only 7,000 native troops could be collected by the Government to defend the home counties, and the aid of foreign mercenaries was admitted to be indispensable. But, as before, the elements intervened, and the French fleet was scattered by a storm. Then came, soon after, in 1745, the landing of the Pretender in Scotland. The insurrection he raised was immediately seen to be formidable, and again the native British Army was felt to be inadequate.

When the Rebellion of 1745 began, my grandfather was sent to Argyllshire to raise a force to co-operate with the army of the King. This he did successfully. The royal officers, however, had a natural distrust of all raw levies, and invariably managed, if they could, to place them in some position which was disadvantageous or useless. If my grandfather resented this treatment, as Highlanders generally did, he speedily had his revenge, for immediately after joining the King's army, before the Battle of Falkirk, he witnessed there, from a flank position which had been assigned to him, that disgraceful rout of the royal troops which greatly increased the national alarm, already serious, on account of those early successes of the Rebellion which had brought the Pretender's army into the heart of England. My grandfather then joined, with his contingent, the forces collected by the Duke of Cumberland to meet the insurrection

in the North. Again holding a flank position, he was a witness of, and an actor in, that rout of the insurgents which Wordsworth calls 'Culloden's fatal overthrow,' on the 16th April, 1746.

The suppression of the Rebellion of 1745 brought to a close my grandfather's active service in the field. But it did not bring to a close his services in the army. These services were efficient and prolonged. They were rendered at a time when the making of the British Army, as we now understand the term, was a process which had, indeed, been begun, but was as yet very incomplete. The disloyalty of the Stuart Kings to the supremacy of law over arbitrary power had impressed upon the people and upon Parliament the risk of placing in the hands of the Crown so dangerous a weapon as a standing army. The mark of this fear still survives in the limitation to one year only of the Act which enables military discipline to be enforced, and in the consequent annual passing of the Mutiny Act. But the alarm of French invasion in 1744, and the alarming Jacobite Rebellion of 1745, had opened men's eyes to the dangerous military weakness which on both those occasions had compelled the Government to rely on aid from foreign mercenaries. The army which did such good service at Culloden was largely foreign.

It was therefore a happy—and, as it proved, a very fruitful—thought to appeal to the military spirit of the loyal Highland clans, and thus to open a new field of recruitment for the national army of the Crown. By some unaccountable mistake, this happy thought has been universally attributed to a man who had nothing whatever to do with it—except to take advantage of it years after its practicability and triumphant success had been proved on one of the bloodiest of the battlefields of Europe. That man is the elder Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham. It is almost a law that reputations so splendid as his attract to themselves elements which are purely

mythical. My old friend and political chief, Lord Aberdeen, who in his youth was intimate with the younger Pitt, and must have known the devotion of that great man to his illustrious father's memory, used, nevertheless, to say that Chatham was 'a very overrated man.'

The impression, however, which such men make on their own generation is, after all, the best proof of the reality of their power, whilst it leaves us free, without fear of unjust detraction, to deduct whatever items of popular fame may turn out to be untrue in themselves and unjust to others. I hardly know how to account for the blunder which has been made by honest historians in this matter of the Highland regiments. It is conspicuously repeated, and almost ludicrously emphasized, by Lord Mahon, afterwards Earl Stanhope, in his 'History of England.' Not only does he ascribe as a fact the whole merit to Chatham, but he exalts that merit to the skies, as if it were almost the chief glory of his career. After alluding to some acknowledged defects in the character of Chatham, Lord Mahon proceeds thus: 'And yet, in spite of such defects, I must maintain that there are some incidents in Chatham's life not to be surpassed in either ancient or modern story. Was it not he who devised that lofty and generous scheme for removing the disaffection of the Highlanders by enlisting them in regiments for the service of the Crown? Their minds, which Culloden could not subdue, at once yielded to his confidence: by trusting, he reclaimed them: by putting arms into their hands, he converted mutinous subjects into loyal soldiers! Let Rome or Sparta, if they can, boast a nobler thought.*' We may suspect, indeed, that the fervour of this rhetoric has been heated by the natural favouritism of family connection, since Chatham was married to a Stanhope, a near kinswoman of the historian.

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* Mahon's 'History of England,' vol iii., p. 26.

But I knew Lord Stanhope for many years well enough to be sure that he was incapable of intentionally perverting the facts of history so far as he had knowledge of them. Yet nothing can be more certain than that the whole merit of the scheme for the enlistment of Highlanders, whatever that merit may have been, belonged, not to any English Minister, but to two Scottish statesmen, both themselves Highlanders, who were already in possession of power and of a high reputation in years when the future Chatham was yet a boy.

These two Highlanders were Duncan Forbes of Culloden, proprietor of the estate on which the battle was fought, and his intimate friend, Archibald, Lord Islay, younger brother of John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, who succeeded to the dukedom in 1743. Five years before the elder Pitt had even entered Parliament—in 1730—the scheme had been commenced by the enlistment of local companies, which received the now famous name of the Black Watch. They were employed in the service of the Crown and of the established Government, in watching suspected districts of the Highlands. In 1738 Duncan Forbes drew up a paper advising an extension of the policy by enlisting Highlanders in the regular army. It was warmly received by his friend Lord Islay, and by him laid before Sir Robert Walpole. By him also it was approved, and in the following year, 1739, the original six companies of the Black Watch were formed into a regular regiment of the Line—the famous ‘Forty-second.’ In 1743 the regiment was sent abroad to take its part in the campaign of Dettingen. In that year and in 1744 they rose to great honour both in fighting and in the camp. In 1745, in the disastrous Battle of Fontenoy, not only did their gallantry, but their discipline, win for them golden opinions in the face of Europe.

During all these years the elder Pitt was not yet in even subordinate office. As a member of the

Opposition, he not only gave no help to the policy of native recruitment for the army, but he was still denouncing every step towards the establishment of any standing army at all, and was even inveighing against the military life as a profession. He did not become Secretary of State till the end of 1756—a date when the enlistment of Highlanders was no longer in the stage of an experiment, but was a proved, and even a splendid, success. The Forty-second had become one of the crack regiments of the British service. Gentlemen of the oldest Highland families—the most distinguished officers of the army—were proud to be promoted to its command. Accordingly, my grandfather became the Colonel of the Forty-second in 1747, and for seven years, during which the regiment was stationed in Ireland, he devoted himself to the perfecting of its discipline, and to the maintaining of its high moral character.

It is pleasant to know that at this period—some fifty years before the Irish Rebellion of 1798—there was not only no hostile feeling against the British troops stationed in that country, but, on the contrary, such cordial relations with both officers and men of the distinguished corps which my grandfather commanded, that, when the regiment was ordered to Canada in 1756 by Chatham's administration, the Irish people exhibited every mark of sorrow on account of their departure. My grandfather did not accompany the regiment to Canada. But he received the colonelcy of another corps, and was promoted to higher and higher rank in the service during the remainder of his life, until in 1806 he died the oldest Field-Marshal in the British Army.

I must confess, however, that as all this was only one-half of my grandfather's life, so it was not the half which has had any hereditary influence on my own. I never have had the slightest inclination to military service, although—perhaps all the more on that account—I have always had the highest apprecia-

tion of the military character. Pitt's doctrine, when as yet he had not become himself a great War Minister, that the regular profession of arms is an unworthy profession, I have always held to be singularly false. That profession promotes and encourages the highest public virtues—obedience to legitimate authority, the obligations and the sense of duty, and the need of self-sacrifice even unto death. Its code of honour is a high one. The stress it lays on discipline has a far-reaching influence on virtue and success in all the affairs of life; and as the great object of all war ought to be the securing of a lasting peace, so does the military life serve as an admirable preparation for the conduct of civil and economic administration.

Such, accordingly, in a marked degree, was its effect upon my grandfather. The second half of his life was very different from the first. Both were inconspicuous indeed in the public eye, because the work of organizing the first elements of an army is not less quiet and unobtrusive than the work of leading the organization and development of agriculture in a poor and backward country. And the latter was the work to which he was really called. Soon after his service with the Forty-second Highlanders in Ireland had come to an end, the second half of his life may be said to have begun with his marriage in 1759. He was now thirty-three years of age, and the progress of time had then made it almost certain that the last of the two brothers who, ever since my grandfather was born, had in succession held the dukedom of Argyll would leave no son. After his own father, who was still alive, my grandfather was the next heir, and, although he was then only Colonel Campbell, he held, in consequence of this prospect, a position in society which gave him every advantage. This advantage, together with his own attractions, he turned to good account in the choice of a wife.

Some years before he went to Ireland in 1751, that country had made a notable contribution to the attrac-

tions of the English capital. A country gentleman from the county of Roscommon, and his wife, had brought over to London their family of three daughters, to push their fortune in the world. The second of these girls was instantly recognised as the most beautiful woman of her time. Contemporary writings are full of the sensation—rising to excitement—made by Elizabeth Gunning wherever she appeared. Men and women stood on chairs in every crowded assembly to see her as she passed. The door of the theatre or opera, when she was known to be present, was mobbed by crowds to get a glimpse of her as she arrived or left. The highest names in the English aristocracy were at her feet. At last—not very wisely, by all accounts—she accepted the Duke of Hamilton, and was married to him in February, 1752. But his death within six years, in 1758, left her a young widow with two sons and one daughter. I do not know under what circumstances my grandfather met the beautiful widow, nor the story of his courtship. He was himself a good-looking man. His own father had been known as ‘handsome Jack,’ and his mother was the famous Mary Bellenden, one of the greatest beauties of the Court of George II. He had the reputation of a brave soldier and of an excellent officer. He had a courteous and dignified manner, and a most amiable and attractive disposition. Suffice it to say that he was accepted by the still young and beautiful Duchess of Hamilton, and that the marriage took place in 1759—a happy marriage, which lasted thirty-one years, until her death in 1790.

It is often very difficult to obtain any vivid impression of the beauty of celebrated women, or to understand fully the impression they made on their own generation. Their form—such at least as statuary can represent—may have little or nothing to do with it, and even the far more adequate art of painting fails, not infrequently, to translate to us what our fathers saw. Of this, Mary, Queen of Scots, is a conspicuous

example. Not one of her portraits can give us the least idea of what she is described to have been. A miniature of her which is preserved at Windsor Castle, and which was a favourite likeness of his mother in the estimation of her son, James VI., is, I venture to think, not only not beautiful, but not even well-favoured. Movement, grace, and charm, may be all either lost, or but faintly suggested to the imagination, even in the finest pictures. There are, of course, some kinds of beauty which can be represented more easily, and more completely than others. But these are, generally, not of the highest type. The beauty of 'Nelson's Lady Hamilton' is an excellent example. The brilliant colouring and the other physical attractions of that celebrated adventuress are reproduced for our admiration, with probably as much complete success as art can attain, in the beautiful and innumerable reproductions of Romney. But although Lady Hamilton fascinated many men, she never did, and never could, enthrall the world. Crowds never waited on her steps, nor did men and women mount on chairs to see her pass. Beauty of this high type evades the limner's art.

There are some portraits of my grandmother, even by distinguished artists, which do indeed depict an evidently pretty woman, but which give us no explanation at all of the universal sensation produced on a society where beauty was abundant. There are, however, some two or three pictures which, in some measure at least, allow us to understand what her beauty was. One of these represents her as she was when Duchess of Hamilton. The other represents her as she appeared some ten years later—in 1767—as Duchess of Argyll. It is painted by Cotes. The first of these is at Hamilton Palace; the second is in my own possession at Inveraray. My father, who was her youngest child, and who was a boy of thirteen when his mother died in 1790, remembered her well; and his opinion was that the portrait by Cotes is the best he knew. It represents a beauty

of the very highest type—a beauty absolutely devoid of any element merely meretricious. Her general complexion was fair; her eyes were long rather than large, of an almost pure blue, but set off with eyelashes which were dark; all her features were clear-cut, delicate, and harmonious. Everything is in keeping, no colour very brilliant, but enough for warmth. Perfect refinement, and perfect symmetry of features and of figure, with great sweetness of expression, are the predominant characteristics, with a pose of the head and neck in lines of faultless beauty. One sees that her carriage and her walk must have set off the whole effect with extraordinary dignity and grace. The artist in this beautiful picture has represented in the background a sunflower throwing its golden disc towards his lovely subject—a graceful artistic compliment, well conceived and well deserved.

Of my grandmother's mental gifts we have ample evidence that she was a woman of strong character, of decided opinions, and with excellent habits of business. In her correspondence she expressed herself with force and clearness. For many years she was the guardian of her son, the young Duke of Hamilton. As such she was the principal manager of the great estates and of the great political influence of that important family. On one occasion she heard that abuses were arising in the Island of Arran, due largely to the non-residence of the factor. The Duchess at once wrote to her co-trustees that a gentleman who thought Arran not fit for him to live in, must himself be unfit to manage it. She was an excellent wife and an excellent mother. Her children always spoke of her with great reverence and affection. She was a favourite Lady at the Court of Queen Charlotte—a mark, certainly, of that good Queen's amiability, since the contrast between herself and the beautiful Duchess must have been so extreme as to challenge observation, and perhaps sometimes to provoke comment.

The only inheritance of disposition which I have seen

from my grandmother was a great love which my father had for the Irish people. He never forgot that his mother was an Irishwoman, and wherever he came across her countrymen, whether as bands of reapers employed on the English harvest-fields, or as friends in his own society, he had a special enjoyment in their warm-heartedness and humour.

There is, indeed, one anecdote of my grandmother which I record with special pleasure. In the first decade of the reign of George III. it is well known that the folly of the Government and the folly of the House of Commons had elevated into the position of a champion of the cause of personal liberty that notorious and profligate adventurer John Wilkes. More effectually to defy the Government, Wilkes stood as candidate in 1768 for the county of Middlesex. The populace of London was thrown by the contest into the most violent excitement. Riotous and dangerous mobs paraded the streets. One of the amusements was to attack the houses of distinguished families to compel them to illuminate in honour of their hero. Amongst others they assailed the house of the Argyll family. It was situated in a narrow street, still called Argyll Street, which runs to the east of, and parallel to, Regent Street before it joins Oxford Street. There was at the time nobody in the house but my grandmother, who was expecting her confinement. Her husband, my grandfather, was out of town. The mob broke into the outer courtyard, yelling and shouting as mobs do, and calling on the inmates to illuminate the windows. Although alone, the Duchess was not intimidated, and stoutly refused to exhibit a single light. She contrived, however, to send a messenger by a back way to the nearest barracks, and a company of soldiers came to her relief, and dispersed the mob. There are few women, perhaps not many men, who would have exposed themselves to such a danger. I sometimes think that one of the strongest instinctive feelings of which I am conscious—namely, a detestation of mobs—must be an inherited

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Field - Marshal - John Duke of Sutherland.



Field-Marshal John Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

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of the Gareloch lies at its feet, surrounded on east and north-east by steep and lofty hills. To the south-east the view opens out to the Valley of the Clyde and the lower hills of Lanarkshire. To the north-east, the continuation of the Rosneath ridge falls steeply to the shore, well clothed with hanging copse-woods, and fine ash-trees overshadowing little bays of rock and beach. Then, higher up in the same direction, the whole range of the Argyllshire mountains, with unusually rocky and corrugated surfaces and broken outlines, lifts its amphitheatre of rugged battlements against the sky. In the present day these lovely shores are spangled with villas, and the calm waters of the loch are somewhat marred by the Gareloch having been adopted as a hospital for great American liners that have become unfit for active service on the ocean. But in my grandfather's childhood the Gareloch was one of the most secluded sheets of water on the West Coast. There was nothing to remind a dweller on its shores of the stir and bustle of life, still less of bloody fields of battle, like Dettingen and Fontenoy.

If much of my grandfather's boyhood was spent at Mamore, it would account for the facility with which he turned again in middle life to pursuits which took him back to those scenes of quiet beauty in which his childhood had been spent, and in which his destined inheritance was to be. That inheritance, however, did not fall to his branch of the family, in the person of his own father, till 1761, when Duke Archibald died ; nor to himself till 1770, when his father also died. In this year—thirteen years after his marriage with the Duchess of Hamilton—he succeeded to the dukedom and estates of Argyll, which he held and administered with great wisdom and success for thirty-six years, until his own death in 1806, at the age of eighty-three.

CHAPTER II

1770-1816

JOHN, FIFTH DUKE, AND JOHN, SEVENTH DUKE OF ARGYLL

UNTIL his own succession, in 1770, my grandfather had no opportunity of exercising his taste for improvement, except on the farms or residences which he took from his cousin or his father. Mamore had ceased to afford even the scanty accommodation which at that time was deemed tolerably sufficient. At the beginning of the sixteenth century people of gentle birth lived in dwellings which many a modern labourer would not consent to occupy. When Dr. Johnson visited Macdonald of Inch Kenneth in the course of his tour in the Hebrides, he tells us that he was received 'with all the elegance of lettered hospitality.' Yet the houses in which this reception was given were a group of small thatched cottages which no proprietor, however poor, would now consider to be even tolerably comfortable.

But when the heir to his title and estates had married the most beautiful woman of her day, the old Duke Archibald assigned to my grandfather another residence on the same promontory of Rosneath, nearer to his own castle, and in a situation not less beautiful than Mamore. That house still remains, and is a monument of the scanty accommodation which was yet sufficient to meet the demands and habits of the time. It is a long, narrow building, the principal room occupying its whole width, with windows on each side; low ceilings; steep, traplike wooden stairs; and the ground-floor rather below the level of the ground outside. But

the hand of the improver is now conspicuous in the beautiful double avenue of limes and Spanish chestnut trees, which encloses a still older avenue of yews, which must be older than my grandfather's time.

At a somewhat later date, probably after his own father's succession, my grandfather had a farm on the Inveraray estate, about two miles from the castle. Here, on a very steep bank near the public road, he planted a number of silver fir, spruce, and larch, which have been for many years, and still are, among the glories of our woodland. Recent gales of great violence have thrown over only too many of them. But enough still remain to be a conspicuous feature from many points of view. One of the silver firs cannot be less than 120 feet high, and is 17 feet in girth, taken at 5 feet from the ground. The silver fir is the noblest of all European pines when it is really fine and healthy; but no one who has seen it only in England or in the Southern Lowlands can have any idea of its magnificence when it meets with a congenial soil and climate along the western mountains of Scotland. Almost everywhere it is indeed always taller than other trees, but in the Lowlands generally it lifts against the sky nothing but thin and scraggy tops, which look, and are, unhealthy. But at Inveraray, and elsewhere in the Western Highlands, when it has been planted in shelter from the blast of the open sea, it rears a superb mass of very dark green foliage into the upper air upon a straight, powerful, and massive trunk. It is not very often that we can identify magnificent trees with the planting and the care of a particular man. But I never pass under the shadow of these grand old silver firs without having my grandfather's personality brought very vividly before me.

The improvement and adornment of selected bits of land was an employment which widened out into a much larger horizon of work when my grandfather succeeded to the dukedom. He then became a chief among the great band of workers to whom the wonder-

ful economic progress of Scotland during the eighteenth century was mainly due. This is a subject on which the facts are little remembered or considered now. Yet it is the history of changes greater, perhaps, than have ever passed over any people in an equally short space of time. Through all the Middle Ages the agriculture of Scotland was miserable in the extreme. There was chronic poverty and there were frequent famines. In the Highlands agriculture was backward to really an incredible degree.

From the accounts we have of the rural economy of the monks of Iona in the seventh century, it is clear that agriculture in those regions had not only made no progress for a thousand years, but had retrograded until it had become deplorable. The people did not know how to save out of abundant grass a mouthful of hay for the winter sustenance of their cattle. They did not know how to cut their corn, or how to thrash it out, except by processes which wasted by burning a great part of the straw, and damaged a great part of the grain. Their cattle were miserable in quality, and always, except in the height of summer, half starved in condition. Great numbers actually died every winter.

All these results were inseparably bound up with customs of occupation and of tenure to which the people were passionately attached with the deep but stupid attachment of long hereditary habit. Nothing but some external authority, governed by superior intelligence and knowledge, could abolish, or even modify, these ruinous customs. Reform from within was hopeless—indeed, impossible. Ruinous habits were bound up with the very constitution of society, which, as regarded the usual occupation of land, was communal, and not individual. That is to say, land was occupied by small communities, and not by individuals. No individual could adopt any reform without the consent of all his neighbours. This, indeed, was not peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland, but was



*Elizabeth Simmons, Daughter of Rev. Dr. Simmons,
in her room, Newbury, Sept.*

Photographed by J. J. Brown, Boston, Mass.

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*Elizabeth Gunning Duchess of Hamilton
and afterwards Duchess of Argyll.
from the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds at Hamilton Palace*

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common over the whole of Europe, as it still largely prevails in Russia. But it was gradually broken up in Scotland and in England, especially during the earlier half of the century in which my grandfather was born. His eminent predecessors, Duke John and Duke Archibald, under the wise advice of the same remarkable man, Forbes of Culloden, had begun the all-important economic reform which changed the communal holders from being mere subtenants at will under the larger tenants (who almost universally held on lease) to the condition of tenants holding directly from the owner. Mercifully for Scotland, the full rights and powers of ownership had never been muddled away, or confused by any legal recognition of arrangements which rested on nothing but those lazy and ignorant acquiescences which are the greatest of all impediments to human progress. Consequently, the ruinous habits which had so degraded agriculture had never been stereotyped or rendered indelible by being erected into customary rights.

The law of Scotland had a wise jealousy of rights being either lost, on the one hand, or established, on the other, without distinct evidence of intention on the part of those who had the power of keeping or of parting with them. If the long-established usages of a semi-barbarous age had been allowed to establish themselves by mere lapse of time as legal rights and obligations, a large part of the whole rural population of Scotland would have been practically reduced to serfdom. Not money, but personal service, was the form in which rent was paid for the occupation of land during many generations. And these services were often sufficiently engrossing and continuous to impede, if not to prevent, any other kind of industry. But the law never recognised such usages, however ancient, as interfering with the rights of personal liberty. Those who were aggrieved or oppressed by them could always repudiate them by throwing up the possession to which they were attached. On the other hand, the right of ownership in land, which was nothing either more or less than the

right of exclusive use, could not be lost merely because it had not been exercised in some particular manner for an indefinite period of time, and tenants had thus been allowed to sit on, or hold on, without change from one generation to another. The right of exclusive use did indeed also belong to occupying tenants as against all other men, but it could only be acquired by them by express concession from the owner, for a definite time, as by a lease, or for ever, as by a feu charter. What the law demanded, as the law of every civilized country ought to demand, was clear and definite evidence of the agreements by which any man acquired any right not originally his own, or by which any man gave away any right which was in his power to give or to withhold.

It was under this system of legal protection over all rights that, when the owners of land awoke to the inveterate evils which had arisen out of the archaic usages under which they had allowed their estates to be held occupied by the various classes of tenant, they found themselves in possession of the fullest powers to deal with those evils by insisting on changes in the terms of occupancy. Those changes, however obviously salutary to enlightened forethought, and to those who had even the most elementary knowledge of agriculture, were almost always repugnant to engrained habits and affections, and were really tantamount to a complete break-up and reorganization of the whole system of rural society. Nothing could have availed to introduce such reforms except the ultimate power and recognised right of every land-owner to say to his tenants and subtenants: 'Unless you agree to occupy and to hold my land under these new conditions, you must give up that occupation altogether and leave my estate.'

The exercise of such powers on estates comparatively small—consisting of some dozens, or even some scores, of farms—was easy and, indeed, habitual. Such exercise operated slowly and by degrees, affecting only a few individuals at any one time. But on

great territorial estates, such as those of the Argyll family, embracing large areas all over a great country, and containing thousands of people, it is obvious that the exercise of such rights needed the greatest judgment and discretion.

The operation, however, had begun in the days of Duke John, first in a report from his own commissioner, Campbell of Shawfield, Sheriff of the county, in 1730, and secondly on a further report from no less important an authority than Forbes of Culloden, whose devotion to his illustrious friend induced him to undertake a personal inspection of the Hebridean estates in 1738. His plan of dealing with a condition of barbarous ignorance and waste was, in the best sense of the word, radical—that is to say, it went to the root of the causes which had led to such a state of things. But it was a plan which required time and steady perseverance. A whole population could not practically be evicted and removed. Leaseholders could not be changed until their leases had expired. New men had to be found willing and able to take lands on wholly new conditions. Duke John saw the seriousness and difficulty of the task. He wrote to his friend Culloden thanking him for his report and for his advice, confessing that it was a scheme of management which might well engage all the interest of a man younger than himself, and of one who had an heir of his own to follow him. Such, he reminded Culloden, was not his own position. This, however, was only a passing expression of that feeling of discouragement which comes over men who have no children to follow them in the possession of a great inheritance. Duke John ought to have remembered that, though he had no son of his own to profit by his exertions, his next heirs were, after all, of his own blood and lineage.

Only sixty years before that date—well within the compass of a single life—the two branches of the family had a common father in the Earl who had

died upon the scaffold in 1685. It is the duty of every man who occupies such estates to manage them for the best, not only for his own life, but for the lives that are to come. And no doubt, in his more serious moments, Duke John acted on this principle, from that instinctive interest in his family and his name which is the most powerful and salutary influence in the hereditary principle. He did actually begin the reforms so much needed, because he had given full authority to his friend Culloden to take such steps as he could to begin a better system. And, accordingly, such steps were taken. The new principle of emancipating the mass of the inhabitants from the condition of subtenants holding at the will of the large leaseholders, and raising them to the condition of tenants holding directly from the proprietor on fixed and definite conditions, both as to rent and otherwise—this principle was adopted and enforced even against the stupidity and opposition of those whose interests were most directly promoted by the change. But after this principle was established, much remained to be done in the application of it, and in the direction given to the conditions on which definite contracts were to be made with the people. Duke John, his brother, Duke Archibald, and the first Duke of the Mamore branch, all continued to work on the lines laid down by Forbes of Culloden—which, indeed, were the lines on which proprietors' rights were at this time being exercised all over Scotland, as well in the Lowlands as in the Highlands.

When, thirty-two years after the report of Culloden, my grandfather succeeded to the dukedom, the same problems awaited him in the administration of his large estates—problems complicated by the rise of new economic conditions which neither he nor any of his contemporaries fully understood. The truth is that economic changes are hardly ever understood, or even noticed at all, by the generations over whom they pass. Even now, when the science of statistics

gives, or may give, perpetual notes of warning, many silent footsteps are unheeded or unknown. But in the last century, when statistics did not exist, still more did great changes creep on, as it were, by stealth. Proceeding often from causes which appear to be trivial, and are entirely beyond control, they attract no notice until the accumulated effects culminate in some great movement which arrests universal attention, or may even excite general alarm.

Such exactly were the economic causes which were working upon the condition and the numbers of the people of Scotland, and especially of the Highlands, during the whole of my grandfather's life, and with special energy during the latter half of it—that is, from about 1750 to 1806. There was, in the first place, an enormously rapid increase of population with no proportionate increase of the means of subsistence. In the second place, there was a sense of poverty and of danger of actual famine, which, in an increasing degree, was pressing home upon the consciousness of the people. In the third place, there were new possibilities of escape opened up before the eyes of the people, by the knowledge of more civilized laws brought home by their friends and relatives returned from military service in foreign and colonial wars. In the fourth place, there was a demand for labour, and high wages were offered, owing to the rising commerce of the cities and towns of the Low Country.

All those things co-operating resulted in a perfect rage for migration and for emigration from the rural districts all over Scotland, but especially from the Highlands. My grandfather was one of the many great owners who regarded this movement with alarm. He could not get entirely rid of the recollections of his early life, and of the teaching of his distinguished predecessors, who looked upon the population of the Highlands as the best of all recruiting-grounds for the British Army. He therefore threw himself with energy

into every scheme, however artificial, for devising home employment for the people. They were all failures—all except one, and that one did nothing to stop the exodus of a population which had become excessive. On the contrary, that exodus was an essential preliminary, and a necessary antecedent of the only real remedy for the poverty of the people. That remedy was the establishment of an improved system of agriculture. But an improved system of agriculture could not even be begun without the emancipation of the individual from the clogging effects of ignorant, effete communities. Every little farm was overloaded with families which tried in vain to make a living out of the immemorial usages of a barbarous age—usages which were incompatible with the first principles of a successful agriculture.

Fortunately, in my grandfather's case, as in many others, the errors of speculative opinions were effectually neutralized by the practical instincts of the farmer and the land-owner. Those instincts told him that it was his duty, as much as his interest, to make the soil yield its largest possible returns of food, and every measure taken in that direction, and with this object in view, was a measure taken in the interests of his country and of its people. In the application of this general principle to the changes demanded in a long pre-existing system, there was new and ample room for the wise discretion of a just and benevolent mind. This was the work of his day and generation. He took in it an active and distinguished part. He was one of the original founders and first President of the Highland Agricultural Society—an organization which played a great part in the progress of Scottish agriculture. He was, on a large scale, himself a farmer, and an improver of the breeds of cattle. His daily note-books, which I possess, show his attention to every minutest detail of rural improvement, whilst the volumes of correspondence with his factors on his more distant estates exhibit the most business-like

habits, the most just and kindly nature, and the clearest views on all matters affecting the interests of the numerous population who were his tenants.

My grandfather appears little as a politician in the history of his time, but he sat in the House of Commons for the city of Glasgow from 1744 to the year 1761, when, becoming Marquis of Lorne, he was disqualified by a stupid law which then prohibited the eldest sons of Scotch peers from representing a Scotch constituency. As my grandfather was only just of age in 1744, and as the electors of Glasgow at first objected to him on account of his youth, it would appear that on further inquiry they had been satisfied of his abilities and fitness. As Marquis of Lorne he obtained an English seat at Dover, but was raised to the peerage in 1766 under the title of Baron Sundridge. Sundridge is a village in Kent, near which his uncle, Lord Frederick Campbell, had bought a residence. It is the title under which I sat in the House of Lords for many years, until in 1892 the Queen was graciously pleased to add to the Scotch dukedom of Argyll a dukedom of the United Kingdom under the same title. I am not aware that my grandfather ever spoke, or ever took any active part in the somewhat confused politics of the years during which he sat in the House of Commons. His mind lay in a different direction, but he attended faithfully to the interests of his constituency, at that time rising rapidly in wealth and population.

Four children, who survived, were born of the marriage of my grandfather with his beautiful wife—two sons and two daughters. The eldest son, George, succeeded his father as sixth Duke of Argyll in 1806, and lived till 1841. The eldest girl (named Augusta) married a Colonel Clavering, and died in 1831. The second daughter, Charlotte, married John Campbell of Shawfield and Islay. She had a numerous family of handsome daughters, and one son, long well known

as Campbell of Islay. The fourth and last child of my grandparents was my father, John, who succeeded to the dukedom on his brother's death in 1841, and died in 1847. Before giving some particulars of my father's life, which was part of my own, I must say a few words about his brother and his two sisters.

Of my uncle, Duke George, who held the dukedom for thirty-five years, I have, unfortunately, nothing very favourable to record. He was very handsome, of dignified and most courteous manners, and naturally of a kindly disposition. But in early life he fell into companionship with the society which surrounded the Prince of Wales, and from sheer carelessness, idleness, and want of purpose in life, did nothing but dilapidate his great inheritance. For many years he was never able to live at Inveraray, and the estate was put under trust. By a strange fate he did revisit Inveraray after a long interval, in 1841, and there died instantaneously when sitting at his dinner-table with a few friends and relatives. I never even saw him. During all the years of my boyhood he lived always in England, whilst my father lived quite as exclusively in Scotland. When he did come down to his early home to die there, an illness prevented my father from going to see him; so that I have no associations with him except the experience I have had of the injury he did to the family estates.

The eldest sister, Augusta, was not happy in her marriage, and, after having had three children, two boys and a girl, she separated from her husband, and lived and died in a retired villa on the Rosneath estate, not far from my father's home. One of her two sons entered the navy, and became an officer of noted promise and ability. He served in an expedition in 1827 to explore the eastern coasts of Greenland, and several names now recorded on the map of that most inhospitable shore are the names given to them by Douglas Clavering, in memory of places near his mother's home upon the Gareloch. He was appointed

in 1828 to the command of a ship of war called the *Redwing*, and ordered to the West African Station. From the moment of her leaving England that ship, with her whole officers and crew, was never heard of again. Some floating fragments, supposed to be part of the *Redwing*, were said to have been picked up at sea. They had on them marks of fire, and the supposition was that she had been struck by lightning, and that her magazine had been exploded, blowing her to pieces. Douglas Clavering was my father's favourite nephew. The news that he was undoubtedly lost is the earliest event of which I have any memory. Children of five years of age are incapable of grief even when death comes very near them. I had seen nothing of my cousin, but the effect I saw upon my father has never been effaced; and to this day the very word 'Redwing' has to me inseparable associations with sorrow and disaster. Of Lady Augusta's daughter, Charlotte, I shall have more to say in connection with my own life.

My father's other sister, Lady Charlotte, had a happier and more distinguished history. In her girlhood she was in no way remarkable for good looks, and I am in possession of a portrait of her by Opie, the well-known Quaker artist, painted in 1789, when she was about thirteen years of age, which certainly does not suggest any extraordinary promise in that direction. But as with great rapidity her growth went on, she developed, like her mother, into being one of the most beautiful women of her time. There is an entry in the journal of Charles Greville which gives at least the impression she made on the London world. He narrates how, at a great dinner, embracing several members of the Royal Family, a question was raised who was the handsomest woman in society, and Greville says the verdict was unanimous in favour of Lady Charlotte Campbell. A fine picture of her by Hoppner which I possess is an ample justification for this opinion. And yet her beauty was very different

from that of her mother. She was a larger and stouter woman ; and the artist, who in this picture has painted her in the character of Aurora, has had some difficulty in making clouds dense enough to sustain the magnificent figure which is represented as dancing upon them and scattering the roses of the dawn. Lady Charlotte had strong literary and artistic tastes, and great sweetness and charm of manner. She was, therefore, a universal favourite, preserving even to a very advanced age not a few remains of beauty, and to the very last, all the old fascination and refinement. In her youth she was the friend and frequent entertainer of the young Walter Scott, who, sitting at her feet, used to repeat to her the Border Ballads and some of his own early compositions of that kind. When the *Waverley Novels* came out, and speculation was so strangely baffled as to the personality of 'the Great Unknown,' my father always felt certain of the authorship of Scott, chiefly from recognising in those novels verses and fragments of poetry which he had heard Scott reciting to his sister during his visits to her in Edinburgh.

Lady Charlotte published several novels, which, if they took no permanent place, were at least as good as many others of the time. She wrote, also, in later years (1833) a long poem in Spenserian stanza, on the 'Three Great Sanctuaries of Tuscany'—Vallombrosa, Lavevna, and Camaldoli. This volume was published by the great publishing house of Murray, and shows a very considerable power of versification. The King and Queen, William IV. and Queen Adelaide, and almost the whole Royal Family, were subscribers to it. I am bound to say, however, that the chief attraction of the volume consisted in its illustrations. When a widow well advanced in life, she had, much to the dissatisfaction of her family, married an English clergyman, of the name of Bury, whose chief attraction to her lay, undoubtedly, in his really very remarkable artistic gifts. His pencil contributed to her volume



Emily Jane Thompson



Lady John Campbell

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on the great Tuscan monastic sites a series of sepia drawings, which would not be unworthy of some of the greatest of the Old Masters. In accuracy of drawing, in poetry of feeling, and in chiaroscuro splendour of light and shade, they are, to my eye, more beautiful even than anything left by Turner. Lady Charlotte survived her second husband many years, and died in 1860 at the age of eighty-five.

My father, afterwards seventh Duke of Argyll, was born, the youngest of his family, in 1777. He was brought up entirely at home until he was sent to Oxford. Accustomed during all his boyhood to life in the open air, to shooting, fishing, and all kinds of Highland sports, he was wretched in the flat and often swampy surroundings of the great English University. He had no turn for the classical languages, but had imbibed a very early taste for the physical sciences, and especially for chemistry and mechanics. But there was little encouragement for these in the atmosphere of Oxford. He had brought with him an old-fashioned but rather powerful form of air-gun, with which he had been accustomed to shoot rabbits in a wild island of Loch Awe close under the precipitous slopes of Ben Cruachan. But as there were no rabbits in the quadrangle of Christ Church, he felt impelled to practise occasionally on the flower-pots which here and there adorned the windows of the Dons. From time to time utterly mysterious breakages—caused no one knew how—on ledges of inaccessible elevations excited more curiosity than indignation, until, I suppose, suspicion having settled on the young and notoriously idle Highlander, he found less difficulty in persuading his father to allow him to enter the army, and, accordingly, at the earliest possible age he joined the Guards. One of the first services to which he was called was the odious one of suppressing the Irish Rebellion of 1798. I call it odious, both because it certainly was so to him, with his inherited affection and regard for Irishmen, and because the

rough and occasionally cruel work which was of necessity involved was, from the first moment of the outbreak, stimulated and rendered more savage by the cold-blooded and hideous massacre perpetrated by the rebels on the Bridge of Wexford. The worst orgies of the French Revolution, of which it was, indeed, nothing but a horrible imitation, seemed to be reproduced by a hitherto peaceful population, and threatened to be repeated all over Ireland, wherever the infection of its ferocious passions had found admission.

The Rebellion of 1798 was not a Catholic Rebellion. It was not even an Irish Rebellion. It was essentially a Jacobin Rebellion. Its typical representative was not Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the young enthusiast for the restoration of a national independence which never had existed. The type-man was Wolfe Tone, the unscrupulous villain who, before he became a rebel, had twice offered to sell himself to the British Government if they would commission him as a privateer and buccaneer to plunder the Catholic churches and towns on the Spanish Main, and who was not less willing to sell his own country to the French Directory, if only he could wreak his vengeance on England and on her great Minister, Mr. Pitt. The suppression of the Irish Rebellion was, therefore, a work both of necessity and of mercy, however painful the process may have been in particular affairs.

My father never dwelt on this episode of his life. Only one anecdote do I recollect his telling, as a curious illustration of the effect upon men of the near prospect of death, as compared with the effect of an unexpected escape. A band of rebels had been surrounded and caught in a barn with a large number of pikes concealed under some hay. It was impossible to pardon men whose immediate purpose so clearly was to engage in the bloody work of the Rebellion. On the other hand, it was not thought necessary or expedient to hang the whole of them. Some four or

five only were executed, and the selection of them was determined by lot. My father used to relate that those who drew the death lots remained perfectly calm, whilst those who drew the lots for life were violently agitated.

In 1799 my father was elected member for his native county of Argyll, and held that seat in Parliament till 1822.

Three years after his entry into Parliament—in 1802—the greatest misfortune which can befall a man befell my father. He made an unhappy marriage. I know nothing of the details. I only know that before the end of the year he had discovered and had suffered from his mistake—not only in spirits, but in health—and his family and friends advised him to go abroad. His wife, who was Miss Campbell of Fairfield, died in 1818.

The short Peace of Amiens in 1803 was the occasion of a great rush of English visitors to the Continent. It had been practically inaccessible to them since the beginning of the Revolutionary War, and the theatre of so many terrible and extraordinary events exerted an irresistible attraction. My grandfather therefore seized the opportunity to send his son abroad, with the companionship of a medical friend of the name of Robertson, a man of most amiable character, of considerable scientific attainments, and of great charm of countenance and manners. Of this journey I am in possession of a careful journal. They left England on the 16th February, 1803, and went at once to Paris, where Napoleon Bonaparte had established himself as ruler of France under the ridiculous title of First Consul—according to that childish echo of old Roman titles by which the ears of French democrats were at that time tickled and befooled. Provided as he was with introductions to the best people in Paris, my father was anxious to see the men whose names had become so famous. The first sketch he gives is of one of the most famous, and of one who survived almost all his contemporaries, Talleyrand.

On the 6th March Bonaparte was to have a review of troops in front of the Tuileries, and thereafter to hold a levée at which strangers could be presented. But it was a necessary preliminary that they should have been presented first to the Foreign Minister. On the previous day, therefore, March 5th, our Ambassador at Paris, Lord Whitworth, took my father to be presented to Talleyrand. My father's description of that celebrated man is short but graphic: 'Monsieur Talleyrand is the most disgusting-looking individual I ever saw. His complexion is that of a corpse considerably advanced in a state of corruption. His feet are distorted in every possible direction. His having learned to walk steadily with such wretched materials is a proof that he is a man of considerable abilities.'

Next day, March 6th, my father went in the morning with Lady Cholmondeley and an English party to one of the lower windows of the Tuileries, which was a very favourable position for seeing the review which was to precede the levée. 'The First Consul mounted his horse and rode to the right of the line, passing close to the window at which I was placed. He was dressed in a blue coat with broad white facings, white pantaloons, and military boots. His hat was a cocked one, but perfectly plain—without any lace or ornament whatever. After reviewing all the troops, he returned to the Great Gate of the Palace, and remained on horseback surrounded by his Generals, delivering muskets and sabres of honour to several soldiers who had distinguished themselves in various actions. During this period all the troops marched past him and saluted him.'

The levée was held later in the day, and is thus described in my father's journal: 'At three o'clock all the Foreign Ministers with the persons they had to present were admitted. A circle was formed round the room. The three Consuls stood at the fireplace—Bonaparte in the middle, Cambacères on his right, and Le Brun on his left. As soon as all the people were

assembled, Bonaparte began to go round the circle, speaking to several persons. When he came to Lord Whitworth (the British Ambassador), he stopped, and continued speaking to him some time, after which Lord Whitworth presented us, the other Englishmen, to him. He then proceeded round the circle, and returned the same way, again talking to Lord Whitworth. During this time I stood close to him, and had a very good opportunity of examining his countenance. His hair is straight, of a dark brown colour and scarcely reaching the cape of his coat, his forehead straight, but the brow projecting more than is common. His nose is large and prominent, and forms a gentle curve from the forehead to the point. The upper lip is short, and its edge rather turned up. The under lip does not project nearly so far as the upper. The chin, rather long, projects considerably at the end. His eyes are light gray. He has not much eyebrow. His complexion is uncommonly sallow. His limbs are small, but neatly made. His stature does not exceed 5 foot 6 inches. His countenance varies astonishingly in its expression, and when he laughs or smiles is very agreeable and engaging. His teeth are fine, but he does not show them much. When he had spoken to as many persons as he chose, he again placed himself between Cambacères and Le Brun, and made three bows, as a signal for our departure.'

I may add to this short written description that in conversation my father used to express himself with less restraint in respect to the countenance of Bonaparte. He used to say that his smile was the most beautiful he ever saw. Whether from the fascination he had felt, or from the momentous interest which attached at that time to one who was undoubtedly the foremost man in Europe, my father had arranged to attend another levée of the First Consul which was to take place a week later—on March 13th. A slight indisposition led to his giving up this intention, an accident which he never ceased to regret, as he

thereby missed being witness of a scene which became historical. Our negotiations with France in respect to the fulfilment of the Treaty of Amiens had then been going on for some time. The imperious tone of the First Consul, particularly in respect to our evacuation of the island of Malta, together with the development of his aggressive ambition in other parts of Europe, were leading every day to greater and greater estrangement. Two days after my father had been so fascinated by Bonaparte's smile, on the 8th of March, George III. sent a message to his Parliament to ask for armaments as only too likely to be needed. On this news reaching Paris, Bonaparte was much incensed, and had a long interview with Lord Whitworth, in which he raged and scolded for two hours, without allowing Lord Whitworth to get a word in edgeways. But this was not the worst. A few days later, on the occasion of his levée on the 13th March, Bonaparte either was, or pretended to be, in a rage. Never throughout his life a gentleman in his feelings or conduct, he now outraged a ceremony and a time of courtesy by coming up to Lord Whitworth and addressing him in the loudest tones of anger, and even with gestures which suggested the possibility of an assault. Lord Whitworth was a tall, handsome man with great dignity of manner. He stood perfectly unmoved whilst the Little Corporal raged and fumed beneath him—now and then saying a few conciliatory words, as to the desire of his Government to secure an honourable peace. Yet so violent was the demeanour of Bonaparte that Lord Whitworth was compelled to think what he ought to do with his sword, if in his person the Majesty of England was to be publicly insulted by an actual assault.

My father left Paris on the 24th of March without apparently having heard of these scenes with the First Consul, and without, assuredly, any forecast of the experience he was himself about to have of the violence of the character which lay in ambush behind his bewitch-

ing smile. The two travellers posted to Geneva, and on the 30th they were enchanted by that unequalled view of the Lemman Lake below, and the range of Mont Blanc above, which at a sudden turn of the road on the summit of the Jura used to burst like a vision of glory on all who took a route which is now superseded and deserted. At Geneva a warm welcome was given to them by the younger De Saussure, son of the illustrious Swiss geologist and physical philosopher, who first investigated the structure and geology of the Alps, and has left an immortal name in the history of science. His son, although he had not his father's genius, was also eminent, especially as a chemist. My grandmother had wisely engaged him to be travelling tutor to her young son Douglas, Duke of Hamilton, when he made the usual grand Continental tour. De Saussure was delighted to receive the youngest brother of his former pupil, and at once invited him and Robertson to lodge in his house.

Nothing could have been better for my father than the society and the surroundings in which he was now placed. Reserved as his private journal is, it indicates that he was then under the shadow of a trouble which saddened his spirit. Not only the glorious scenery of the Genevan Lake, but the society into which he entered, were both admirably fitted to restore the joy of life. The conversation of De Saussure must have helped that love of physical science to which he was naturally inclined, and which became one of his greatest resources in later life. But the society of Geneva at that time had other elements of the highest interest. Soon after their arrival he and his friend Robertson were introduced to Madame de Staël, and acquaintance with her soon ripened into intimacy. My father's description of this celebrated woman is as graphic as his description of her enemy and persecutor Napoleon Bonaparte. '*Ap.* 16.—We were introduced to Madame de Staël. Her manners are unaffected, and her conversation entertaining. She appears to be near

forty. Her eyes are dark and expressive, her features coarse, and her person tolerably good. She invited us to supper on Monday next.'

From this date forwards till their departure from Switzerland, the house of Madame de Staël was the constant resort of my father and of his friend Robertson. The charms of her society evidently grew upon them, and at all her parties, of whatever kind, and very often when she had no party at all, they were her constant and favourite guests. My father used always to say that she was evidently a good deal in love with Dr. Robertson, whose good looks, graceful manners, and charming voice were well calculated to attract her well-known susceptibilities. Soon after their friendship began, Robertson attacked her one evening for having said in one of her books that Scottish music was 'destitute of interest.' She denied having said so, and professed to like Scottish music much. The dispute ended in a bet, she inviting them to dine a few days later, for the settlement of the affair. On referring to her book, Robertson found her words to be '*comme la musique des Ecossais qui composent des airs dont la parfaite harmonie éloigne tout critique sans captiver profondément l'intérêt.*' Of course, this is a very different thing from Robertson's quotation. When they met again, Madame de Staël said that she might have cavilled about the word 'profondément,' but that she would prefer to confess having been in the wrong, 'and to publish a new edition amended and corrected by Lord John Campbell and Dr. Robertson.' This pleasant bit of raillery—so good-humoured, yet so sharp and so unanswerable—is doubtless a specimen of one at least of the characteristics of those conversational powers which attracted many of the most distinguished men in Europe at that time. Like other very vivacious women with highly strung susceptibilities of character, Madame de Staël seems to have been much dependent on the sympathy of those with whom she was conversing. My father

noticed that her dinner-parties were comparatively dull. This appears to have been largely due to the fact that, from his rank and his being a stranger, he always was seated next to her at dinner, where his sadness and reserve affected the spirits of his hostess. She told Robertson, with whom she was more familiar, that she was conscious of a depressing influence from what she called my father's *mauvaise honte*. At suppers, however, and at what we should now call garden-parties, among the cheerful villas around Geneva, and amidst the rich vegetation of advancing spring in that lovely country, my father continued more and more to enjoy the brilliant society of Madame de Staël and of the wide circle of which she was the centre. He speaks with admiration in his journal of her dramatic powers as an actress in Racine's play of 'Phèdre,' and the frequency with which he closed his evenings at her house, after other parties had broken up, shows how completely the spell of her genius had been cast upon him.

On the 18th of May Madame de Staël sent to her two friends the earliest intimation that had reached her of the rupture of the negotiations between France and England, and the departure of Lord Whitworth from Paris. Nobody at that moment could expect, or even dream of, the disgraceful act of vengeance which Bonaparte was about to wreak on private travellers from England who could be caught in France. My father and Dr. Robertson therefore continued to enjoy their life at Geneva, with excursions to Lausanne, Yverdon, on the beautiful Lake of Neuchâtel, and other parts of Switzerland.

On returning from one of these on May 19th, and repairing as usual to the house of Madame de Staël, they found her engaged with a children's ball; and she explained to them that she had intended to finish her entertainment with a dance for the older generation; but, on consideration, she thought it better not, as she did not know whether the First Consul might

not consider it an insult to himself, as a rejoicing over the renewed war with England. This scornful joke on the meanness of Bonaparte is significant, not only of what she already knew of his character from personal experience, but also, no doubt, of the frequent sayings which, from time to time, were sure to be repeated, and which account in some degree for the increasing and unmanly animosity with which he pursued the illustrious authoress. On the 26th of May my father heard of letters-of-marque having been issued by the British Government, and next day he heard of the retaliatory step taken by Napoleon in ordering the arrest of all Englishmen in France. He and Robertson at once consulted their friend De Saussure, who advised them to leave Geneva—which was then French territory—early next morning, before the mail from Paris could bring the actual order for arrest. Their flight from Geneva being determined on, they repaired to Madame de Staël to tell her of their course. They found her receiving a visit from a French member of the Council of Geneva, from whom they wished, of course, to conceal their communication. My father accordingly undertook to engage the Councillor in conversation in French, whilst Robertson was to speak to Madame de Staël in English. My father narrates in his journal how he was amused by Madame de Staël's evident agitation and annoyance, wishing on the one hand that her friends should escape, but equally wishing, on the other hand, to keep Robertson's society. So evident was Madame de Staël's perturbation, that my father was afraid the French Councillor would see it, and suspect that something was wrong. However, he luckily had only one eye, and only saw enough to understand that his *tête-à-tête* with the hostess was hopelessly interrupted—whereupon he took his leave. The result of the consultation with Madame de Staël was that she advised her friends to go no further than Coppet, her father's famous villa, a few miles from Geneva, but within the

Swiss frontier. Their flight took place on the morning of May 28th. On the 30th Madame de Staël followed them to Coppet, bringing the news that the order for the arrest of the English had been actually received at Geneva.

On the 4th June my father and Robertson left Coppet for Lausanne, to which place Madame de Staël followed them on the 6th. From this date to the 30th of June they moved about with Madame de Staël to various places of beauty and interest in the Pays de Vaud. On the 30th Madame de Staël went home, and my father and his friend continued till the 11th July to travel about the country. On that day they had reached Baden, a small watering-place within a few miles of the Rhine frontier. They had been advised, on account of the unscrupulous violence of Bonaparte, to get out of Switzerland as soon as they could.

On the morning of the 12th July my father had slept unusually long, and at ten o'clock he was surprised by Robertson coming into his room and telling him that a French officer had just arrested him, and that, under a threat of the alternative of a close confinement, he (Robertson) had at once given his parole. Robertson advised my father to take the same course. The officer had asked where his companion was, and Robertson had replied that he was then out, but would certainly be found later in the day if the officer called again. My father at once told Robertson that he would never give his parole—that even if he were made prisoner he would never cease to try to escape. Robertson told him that, if so, he would be sent to confinement in a fortress, and urged him not to incur so disagreeable an alternative. On my father positively refusing to give his parole, Robertson asked him what, then, would he do? as the French officer would certainly return early to effect his arrest. My father replied that he would get up at once and think over the situation.

It so happened that a Swiss lady, who was governess to Lady Charlotte Campbell's children, was at that time on a visit to her own home, and had accepted the invitation of my father to accompany him and Robertson on their return journey to England. She had joined them a few days before, and was at that moment in the same hotel. This lady, Mademoiselle de la Chaux, was a woman of great vivacity and character, much valued as a friend and companion, not only by Lady Charlotte, but by all her family. Hearing from Robertson of the arrest which had fallen on him, and was impending over my father, she, with a woman's ready wit, sent him a message that if he would consent to dress in woman's clothes, and pass himself off as her maid, she thought she could probably get him across the frontier into Germany. My father jumped at the idea. No time was to be lost. So Mademoiselle de la Chaux brought into his room all the necessary garments, and in a few minutes my father was duly habited as a young woman, and acted the part of *fille de chambre* to his deliverer. Her plan was to drive out in a carriage on a road towards the Rhine till they came to some hills covered with forest. He was then to get out of the carriage and conceal himself in the woods till the evening. Mademoiselle de la Chaux was then to return to the hotel, as from a drive, and another carriage was to be ordered, when the shades of evening might facilitate escape from any probable detection. On arriving at the foot of the hills where my father was concealed, she was to make her postilion wind his horn. This was to be the signal for him to emerge from the woods and join the carriage.

This plan was carried into effect with perfect success. My father, although then almost twenty-six years of age, was singularly youthful in appearance. He had fine and delicate features, much resembling those of his beautiful mother, and a stature of only 5 feet 6 inches. He passed through the passages of the hotel without

the least suspicion, and mounted the rumble of the carriage.

About three miles out of Baden, at a solitary part of the road leading to Schaffhausen, he dismounted, and was at once safe in the thick woods which covered the hills. There he remained all day—half starved, since he had had no time to take breakfast or to provide any food for the day. Restive under the embarrassment of petticoats in walking up a steep hill, he had gathered them well up under his arm, when, at a turn of the path, he saw a group of charcoal-burners very near him. Fortunately, the rapid readjustment of his garments by simple gravitation was not perceived, and he proceeded unmolested. The sound of *Mademoiselle de la Chaux's* postilion-horn came none too soon, and running down the hill he joined her carriage, and they drove without interruption to the Rhine. At that frontier there was a bridge to cross, and a French sentry was stationed at it. As it was, of course, now dark, he held up a lantern to my father's face before allowing the carriage to pass on. But not detecting anything to lead him to doubt the sex which had been assumed, he was satisfied with a passing glance, and in a few minutes my father's escape had been effected. He remained some days in the neighbourhood of the Rhine, hoping that Robertson might be released. But hearing that this was improbable, he determined to make his way to Vienna, by the line of march soon afterwards followed by Bonaparte in his famous dash across Europe from the Camp of Boulogne, when his project of the invasion of England had broken down.

At Ulm he overtook a French General and his wife whom he had met in Switzerland, and they offered him a place in the boat which they had hired to carry them down the Danube to Vienna. This was then a six days' journey, floating down the rapid current of the Danube at from six to eight miles an hour. At Vienna Robertson did rejoin him. General

(afterwards the famous Marshal) Ney, who had ordered my father's arrest in Switzerland, was very angry when he heard of his escape, because in his ignorance he imagined that a 'Lord' and a member of the British Parliament would be an important prize. Finding that Robertson was only what he called *un pauvre médecin*, he let him go, as not being worth detention. After a short stay in Vienna, my father and Robertson travelled home by Dresden, Berlin, and the Low Country, to England, where they arrived early in September.

My father now resumed his ordinary life in London as a member of Parliament and an officer in the Guards. In 1809, however, the corps to which he was attached was one of those sent on the splendid but abortive and inglorious expedition to Walcheren, which was intended for the capture of Antwerp. In that expedition he was for the first time under fire, and did not escape from the Walcheren fever, which is said to have carried off, before the return of the troops, about 7,000 men. He has often told me that he first felt relief from the feverish attack after a night's sleep in what he called 'a wet ditch'—a prescription, certainly, on which no medical man would venture.

During a great part of the ten years which elapsed between my father's return from Walcheren and the year 1822, when he resigned his seat for the county of Argyll, his life was one of much trouble.

There are, as we have seen, several indications in his journal that his young life had been saddened. Madame de Staël had noticed the effects, though mistaking the cause. But another lady in Switzerland, to whom, perhaps, he had spoken more freely in the frequent social meetings in Geneva, had penetrated deeper. She told him that she had herself once been under the influence of a gloomy sorrow, which destroyed all the enjoyments of life. She exhorted him to struggle against it, by forcing himself to

take an interest in a variety of subjects, and in Nature. He told her that this was exactly what he was then doing, but theretofore with little success.

The day after my father's escape across the frontier, his friend Robertson wrote to him a most interesting and affectionate letter, from which it is plain that he saw in his friend a deeply wounded heart. He said that he himself felt as if he had caught the contagion of my father's 'extravagant susceptibility,' and urgently advised him to prolong his stay upon the Continent. I have no other record of the details of his life after his return than that in 1816 a haven of rest was provided for him by the death of his uncle, Lord Frederick Campbell, who left to him a small estate on the Firth of Clyde, called Ardencaple. Lord Frederick had bought this estate a good many years before from the Macaulay family, whose seat it had been for many generations. In no long time death relieved my father of his domestic embarrassments, and the beginnings of a more fortunate attachment ushered in the dawn of a happier life.

CHAPTER III

1816-28

ARDENCAPLE

As I am here entering on the horizon in which my own life began, and from which much of its colouring has been derived, I must say something of the physical and moral landscapes which were the surroundings of my childhood and youth. In many parts of Scotland the dividing line between the Celtic Highlands and the Lowlands is well marked. The range of the Grampians generally presents a sudden mountain frontier rising over a comparatively level country, or over lower hills of quite another aspect. This frontier is more or less distinct all the way from Stirling to Inverness. But nowhere is this great natural geographical division more striking than on the estuary of the Firth of Clyde, from a point just opposite to the roadstead and town of Greenock. Looking from that point all round the north-western and western horizon, the typical Highland hills fall steeply to the water's edge, forming an amphitheatre of mountain outline against the sky. Although nowhere within sight attaining any very great elevation, they have a striking effect from the general ruggedness of their surfaces and the broken character of their tops. There are higher mountains than any of them in some parts of what is called the Low Country—as, for example, in the county of Dumfries. But the general aspect is wholly different. The barrier of the Celtic Highlands betrays at once to the eye of a geologist the presence of the ancient metamorphic or crystalline rocks; and the frontage they

present to the Firth of Clyde is the frontage of a range which extends without any interruption to the north-north-west from that line to the borders of Caithness and Sutherland. All along that great distance a line could be drawn passing over the hills in front of Greenock, and terminating at Ben Alisky in Caithness, or at Cape Wrath in Sutherland, and would never cross any plain, or even any broad valley. It would cross only a continuous series of steep ridges, and of narrow glens—some of them occupied by arms of the sea, others by narrow strips of cultivated land. It results from these conditions of physical geography that those who live on the slopes which fall into the Firth of Clyde have two very different kinds of natural beauty to enjoy. Below them and in front of them they have, not a river which, if of navigable size, is always muddy, but a wide yet sheltered inlet of the ocean, with its tides, its seaweeds, and its margins of boulder or of rock ; whilst behind them, and just over a ridge very near above them, they may step into some of the wildest and loneliest Highland glens.

† Such exactly was the position of my father's property of Ardencape. It looked down on one of the busiest of the Lowland scenes—the roadstead of Greenock, full of life and movement, breathing of ' ships, colonies, and commerce.' Yet immediately behind, over the crest of its own hill, there lay the deep and steep Glen-fruin, in which one of the very last and bloodiest of clan-fights took place, so late as the year 1603. A few steps—hardly a hundred yards—over the summit of the ridge towards the north, take us as completely out of sight of the Lowlands as if we were in another country. Very steep green mountain-sides, purely pastoral, shut out all the sights and sounds of human life, and echo nothing but the bleating of sheep and the cry of a startled grouse. The estate of Ardencape stretched along the winding shores of the Firth of Clyde for about a mile. Immediately opposite the eastern gate, the Firth is four miles wide—a space, neverthe-

less, across which in certain states of the atmosphere the noise of hammers comes with great distinctness from the shipbuilding yards of Greenock. But westward the shore of Ardencaple soon passes behind the sheltering promontory of Rosneath, which narrows the waters to half a mile, and leaves a lovely margin to the narrow entrance of the long arm of the sea called the Gareloch. The boundaries of the estate run straight up to the top of the nearest crest, where, however, it narrows very much, having a moor of fine old heather not above 300 yards broad.

One special feature of the whole estuary of the Clyde was conspicuous at Ardencaple. That feature is an 'old coast-line' which marks a higher level at which the sea used to stand, and must have stood for ages, about from 30 to 60 feet above the present level of the sea. This old coast-line is marked by a steep bank, sometimes rocky, with caves eaten out by the waves, or with projecting ledges undercut by passing sheets of ice. The distance at which this bank stands back from the present line of shore depends, of course, on the contours of the land. When those contours are steep, the distance is often very small; where they are gentle and gradual, there may be large and nearly level fields separating the old from the present coast-line. In the Middle Ages all sudden declivities were more or less valuable for the purposes of defence, and fortified houses were often built upon the top of this line of steeps.

So it was with the old castle of the Clan Macaulay. One large field nearly 200 yards broad stood between the castle and the sea. On both sides—to east and west—the same line of bank was covered with old trees, the home of an immense rookery. On the top of the bank there was another nearly level plateau of arable fields stretching to the foot of the mountain slope. On that slope there was a fine old wood, principally of oak, but with groups of beech, Scots fir, ash, and some other kinds of trees. Two

small but rapid and clear streams—locally called burns—came, one from each side of the estate, and, winding through little ravines, united in an outlet towards its western boundary. Above the wood there was a very large field of somewhat wild and rough pasture, much invaded, however, by a perfect forest of very old and almost arboreal bushes of whin or gorse, whose sheets of golden bloom shone in spring above the late and reluctant budding of the oaks. From every part of this field there was a splendid view of the whole estuary of the Clyde, from a point near Dumbarton Castle on the east to the Argyllshire mountains on the west, and embracing the peaks of Arran far away on the southern horizon. The beautiful promontory of Rosneath lay at the spectator's feet, with its fine woods and lawns, and its little sheltered bays, and its stately Italian portico of lofty red sandstone columns. Above that large expanse of wild pasture my father planted a large area with larch and spruce fir, which in my earliest memory had already attained a size so considerable that, from below, the hill seemed covered with wood. Above that wood, again, lay the moor, on which it was always possible to get a few brace of grouse, and from which the view was still more extensive to the east, and looked into the valley which is occupied by the waters of Loch Lomond, although the lake itself was not visible, owing to some woods and intervening eminences.

The old Castle of Ardencaple had been built on the crest of the old coast-line, at a point where it was very steep and formed a projecting curve, so that the walls could have the benefit of a natural defence on two sides. On the third side, towards the level plateau, there were doubtless outworks of defence, which had been levelled when times of security had come, and of which no signs remained on a smooth grass lawn from a period long before my father's acquisition of the estate. The lower part of the walls was of immense thickness, dating, it is said, from the thirteenth century. On the top of these walls a modern house had

been built, of the usual old Scottish-French architecture, which was universal in Scotland during the eighteenth century, and of which the finer specimens are amongst the most beautiful examples of architecture in the country. This, however, Ardencaple was not. It had never been large or imposing, and the more modern parts were simple and unadorned. But the southern front, facing the sea, was picturesque, and included some variety of wall, of towers, and of turrets. The accommodation was limited, but a pleasant library looked inland over the lawn and to the wooded hill; there was a long, narrow drawing-room, a comfortable dining-room, and a long, narrow passage—almost another room. The Castle was surrounded by trees on all sides but one, the trees growing from the bottom of the old sea-bank, and the tops of their branches being little above the level of the roof. Above the narrow drawing-room my father had made a charming workshop, fitted up with all sorts of lathes for turning, and nests of drawers for the appropriate tools, with a store, not far off, of elephant tusks and of rare and beautiful ornamental woods, such as could be combined with work in ivory and in metals. Large dormer-windows let in abundant light and dominated the Firth of Clyde.

As almost the whole estate was in my father's own hands—only one small farm being let to a tenant—it was large and varied enough to give him plenty of occupation, without being so large as to engross his time. It was, indeed, perfect as a haven of rest from the troubles of life—situated in a beautiful country, with only a very few country neighbours, and otherwise a seclusion as complete as he might wish to make it.

But I must now turn to that other of the two sources of human life, from which it has been observed men often derive not a few of the most determining elements of their nature. Motherhood is quite as powerful as fatherhood in the transmission of character, and not unfrequently it is more powerful. If there be in the influence of parentage any advantage from variety

and the absence of even the slightest consanguinity, the union of my parents must, so far as this goes, have had a happy influence on their children. Within the limits of a common country, they came from the most opposite directions of the compass, representing even such varieties of race as can still be traced in our community of origins so fortunately mixed. Whether the name Campbell be of Celtic or of Norman origin has been vehemently disputed, but there can be no doubt that the lineage of my family had a large Celtic element—an element so recently strengthened and renewed from the Irish stock of my beautiful grandmother, Elizabeth Gunning. Old historic families on the Continent have been, both physically and politically, weakened by superstitious usages adverse to the union of class with class. But this, fortunately, has never been the curse of society in the British Isles. The oldest stocks have been constantly renewed and reinforced by fresh blood from families unknown to fame, and flavoured, very often, by as much of racial difference in origin as can be said to be distinguishable in our great amalgam.

My father was certainly in many indefinable characteristics a Highlander, modified by both Irish and English blood. My mother was a Miss Joan Glassell—as certainly of a thoroughly Lowland stock, which, however, had never attained to eminence. Several of the family went to the American colonies and settled in Virginia, where their descendants abound at the present day. Her father was a certain John Glassell, who in the eighteenth century bought the small landed estate of Longniddry, in East Lothian, which yielded an income of upwards of £1,500 a year—representing at the date of his purchase a sum of at least double the amount. His wife—my maternal grandmother—was a Miss Brown of Coulston, whose sister married the ninth Earl of Dalhousie, and through whom the great Marquis of Dalhousie, the Governor-General of India, was my cousin.

Both my mother's parents died whilst she was yet a child—leaving her the heiress of the Longniddry estate, and very much alone in the world. Her guardians sent her to Edinburgh to be educated under the care of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, at that time a well-known, if not even a celebrated, woman. Her 'Letters from the Mountains' had acquired for her a very considerable literary reputation, and the story of her life has been, even in recent years, told in an interesting memoir published in America. Among the young women with whose instruction she was charged, my mother soon took a high place, as distinguished by the vivacity of her mind and by her charms of conversation. Mrs. Grant spoke and wrote of her to friends in terms which made them anxious to secure her acquaintance. Amongst Mrs. Grant's oldest friends were the Smiths of Jordanhill, a family connected with the commerce of Glasgow, by whom an estate to the west of that city had been purchased a good many years before. This was the link by which my father and mother were first brought together.

In the last year of my grandfather's life, early in 1806, when he was living at the old Castle of Rosneath, it took fire, and the greater part of it was destroyed. But a portion of the building was saved. It stood on the top of a very steep bank rising above a little bay of the sea, and close to the point which may be considered as the opening of the Gareloch. As my uncle very foolishly began to build a new Italian palazzo about a hundred yards further inland from the shore, and as the great expenditure he lavished on this house, at a time when everything was very costly, soon plunged him into embarrassment, the remains of the old castle were roughly fitted up as a temporary residence, and were finally let to anyone who wanted a place in one of the loveliest spots in Scotland, with peculiar charms of quietness and cheerfulness, together with great seclusion. As Mr. Smith of Jordanhill had taken to yachting, the

place exactly suited him, and he became its tenant in 1812. The two castles of Ardencaple and Rosneath were exactly opposite each other, and only separated by a narrow strait which could be crossed in a rowing-boat in little more than ten minutes; my father and Mr. Smith were thus very near neighbours, and an intimate and an attached friendship was soon established between them.

Miss Glassell was a favourite guest with Mr. Smith and his wife, a woman whom I cannot mention without saying that her beautiful and spiritual countenance is one of the most treasured memories of my early life. My father was not insensible to the attractions which seem to have arrested the attention and secured the affections of all who came within access to them. These attractions did not depend on feature or on form. My mother was not a beautiful woman in any definable sense. I have a fine picture of her by a Glasgow artist of the name of Milliship, who died young, but whose art would have assuredly raised him, if he had lived, to great distinction. My mother's features were small. But the great characteristic of her face was her eyes—eyes of a fine clear violet blue—large, tender, full of an earnest and inquiring gaze. She was highly intellectual, fond of poetry, lively and specially enthusiastic in her admirations. On seeing the famous tragedienne, Miss O'Neil, performing the part of Juliet, my mother was so carried away by her emotions that she at once bought a diamond ring, and sent it anonymously to the object of her enthusiasm. Miss O'Neil, concluding or suspecting that it came from a man, never wore it until she discovered the real donor, and then wore it for the rest of her long life as Lady Beecher, in loving memory of her young friend. I have this anecdote from Lady Beecher herself, in the course of an inherited friendship with that lady, which ended only with her death at a very advanced age. I have no means of giving a closer description of my mother's character and disposition

than a few such anecdotes as this, with the important exception, however, of a large number of her own letters.

The Smiths of Jordanhill invited my mother to accompany them on a visit to Rome, and for some time afterwards she kept up a more or less continuous correspondence with my father, before their mutual attraction had come to an engagement. Her letters are full of the most lively and varied interest in Nature and in Art, and show great power of expression, and an enthusiastic and poetic temperament. In this she differed wholly from my father. I never heard him quote or refer to a line of poetry, except three celebrated lines from 'Hamlet' which embody in words of characteristic power and beauty a precept of practical wisdom in the affairs of life, of which my father had only too great occasion to observe the truth. These lines are indeed a curious example of the power of genius to lift into the region of true poetry even maxims of the merest worldly wisdom, by expressing them in the stately march of noble and imaginative words. Often have I heard my father repeat those lines :

' Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
For lending loseth oft thyself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.'

But neither in his letters nor in his conversation did he indicate any enjoyment of poetry. His correspondence with my mother was affectionate, sensible, and often humorous, but exhibiting none of that 'exaggerated sensibility' which Dr. Robertson had attributed to him during his sorrow in 1803. Knowing as I do that his nature was very tender, I have no doubt that he was one of those many men who are much in the habit of suppressing their own deeper emotions, partly from natural reserve, partly from a fear lest they should become excessive, and partly from having no great facility of language. Not

unfrequently in later years I saw by a silent but expressive movement of his hands that he was thinking of his own Dead. But I never heard him speak of them. My mother's letters show, perhaps, a much more highly emotional disposition, perhaps a wider range of interests, and certainly a much greater facility and copiousness of expression.

In 1820 my father was married to Miss Glassell, and they then settled down in their country-house at Ardencaple, where, after my father's resignation of his seat in Parliament in 1822, they lived exclusively.

Their first child, my elder brother, was born in 1821. I was born two years later, on the 30th April, 1823. A daughter was born in 1825.* Another daughter was born in 1827, but my mother never recovered well from this last confinement. The child died first, and then she followed, dying in 1828. It will be seen, then, that I was only five years old when I lost my mother. I retain of her only a very few scattered recollections—some of them, indeed, of great vividness, but leaning on nothing except the fathomless mysteries of memory. Those recollections are only, as it were, solitary islands in the waters of forgetfulness, leaving me to know of her only so much as I have gathered from others and her own very characteristic letters. For better access to the best medical advice, my father removed her from Ardencaple to a villa on the Clyde, close to Glasgow. I was temporarily disposed of by being sent across the water, and over a low ridge of hills, to a farm-house called Portkill, on the southern side of the Rosneath promontory. It was situated immediately opposite to the town of Gourock, then a very quiet place, but now chiefly remarkable for the busy railway-station which is the terminus in this direction of all the lines to the South Country and to London.

The house of Portkill was then the residence of

* Emma, married Sir John McNeill, G.C.B.

Mr. Lorne Campbell, who, besides being the tenant of the largest farm on the Rosneath estate, was manager or factor over the whole of it for my uncle George, sixth Duke of Argyll. His was an hereditary office, for his father had occupied the same position before him, and had been a typical representative of a class of man which was a remnant of the feudal ages. Great estates were then generally erected into 'baronies'—that is to say, districts with a regular system of rural government, in which the tenantry of various classes took part, under a president or chairman who represented the proprietor, and was called generally the Baillie. The assemblies held under this system had a large authority in regulating all local matters, and generally adopted in their regulations all the forms and language of statutory enactments, beginning with the words 'It is statute and ordained.' With the abolition of the old heritable jurisdictions and with the speedy introduction of regular courts of law, these baronial courts soon completely disappeared. But the old titles connected with them survived for a time, and the representatives of the owners of great baronial estates continued to be called Baillies. Old Baillie Campbell—father of the first host by whom I was entertained as a child in 1828—had been a splendid representative of the olden time. He and my grandfather were contemporaries, and Baillie Campbell entertained for his chief and for his friend an attachment which was almost like the love of woman. When a messenger came from Inveraray to tell him, in 1806, that his old master had been struck down by a paralytic attack which left no hope of life, old Baillie Campbell was at dinner. He read the letter—laid it down on the table—said no other words than these, 'Then, it is time for me to go, too'—rose and went to bed, which he never left.

His son, Lorne Campbell, was a man of the same type, deeply attached to the Argyll family, and a general favourite of all its members. He was then

unmarried, and lived with an old mother, widow of the Baillie, to whom that dignitary had been married, when he was past eighty years of age, at the express wish, and almost the express orders, of my grandfather, who told him that so good a man ought not to die without descendants.

Although the house of Portkill was within about two miles of the home of my infancy at Ardencaple, it was nevertheless totally different in its position and surroundings. It commanded at close quarters the roadstead of Greenock, the whole lower course of the Clyde as far up the river as Dumbarton Castle, the opening of the lower estuary down to Bute, and the steep declivities of the Argyllshire mountains above Dunoon. With a southern exposure—few trees to hide the prospects on either side—and a gentle slope to the waters of the Firth, it was an absolutely new scene to me, and I look back on the short time I spent there in the fifth year of my age as the first awakening of that consciousness of time and of events in which the work of memory can alone begin. The mechanism of this great faculty is inscrutable to us. But the instinctive interpretations of human speech are probably the best, as they are the only indications of the nearest analogies by which that mechanism can be best explained.

When we speak of new scenes as making a great impression, we employ a familiar image taken from the effect produced on soft substances by the physical pressure of a seal, or by the contact of some other external substance exercising an impressing force, and leaving a mould or cast of itself on a clay, or on a wax, or some other recipient and yielding surface. Those likenesses and parallelisms between the properties of matter and mind are puzzling, and in some aspects they may seem not agreeable subjects of contemplation. That receptivity to impressions which in matter is due to softness of consistency is in mind due to that which we call attention. But attention

is one of the greatest mental conceptions that we can possibly entertain. Novelty in outward things rouses attention, and under the vivid interest of new scenes the mind takes impressions which are deep and lasting. Childish experience is often one of the best fields for observation in regard to these phenomena. Of the home of my infancy, with its unvarying routine of life, I retain nothing but the most scattered and shadowy recollections. Whereas of my life at Portkill, which lasted only a few weeks, I remember with an indelible distinctness a whole series of the most minute details. The old lady of the house, widow of the Baillie, and mother of my host, made a great pet of me, and I still see her figure—especially when it approached the door of a certain press, which I had learned to know was well filled with jam-pots. Then there was the new experience of being allowed sometimes to mount in one of the farm-carts, and to be driven with joltings which, however severe, were indescribably delightful. Nor were there wanting, even at that early age, some of the innate pleasures of disobedience—the eating of the fruit of some ‘forbidden tree.’ I was told I was not to go into the kitchen. Of course, into the kitchen I did go just as often as an opportunity offered. And the opportunities were many, because—*Facilis est descensus Averni*—it was accessible from the floor on which we lived. And in that kitchen I saw for the first and the last time the preparations for the breakfast of the ploughmen and hands of the farm. There was a truly ‘lordly dish’ of oatmeal porridge—an immense bowl almost as large as a foot-bath, full of a glorious mass of steaming stuff, so solid in its consistency that a mast would have stood upright if it had been well planted there. Spoons and mugs of horn were another wonder and delight—now banished from even the humblest homes by the cheapness of metallurgy, which has supplanted these, and other long survivals of the ages of stone and of bone and of horn.

One morning I remember there was a great excitement. Behind the house there was a walled garden, which, however, was protected on one side by a not very formidable fence. The smell of delicious vegetables had led one of the wild roebucks which abounded in the woods to approach the fence, and with one flying leap he cleared it—as, indeed, it was easy for him to do with those thin, fine legs and springy muscles which are so specially fitted for such work. In the morning he was discovered half hid among the beans and peas, and busy with a repast as delicious to him as it was destructive of much careful gardening. A gun was procured, and, as its discharge would be very close to the house, I recollect being taken out and perched by my nurse on the top of a railing some little distance off. I recollect, as if it were yesterday, the moments—it seemed the many minutes—of suspense, and then the report, which sounded to me as if it came from some violent blow upon a sounding-board. The dead roedeer rather excited my horror; and although I have myself shot many since, I have never quite got over the dislike of seeing the death of those loveliest of all the kinds of deer.

After a time, the length of which I cannot recollect, the weary fight which my mother had long maintained was evidently drawing to its close. Wishing to see all her children before she left them, she sent for me, and the messenger was my pet cousin, Adelaide Campbell, the youngest of the many beautiful daughters of my aunt, Lady Charlotte Campbell, and one of the two to whom my mother was most attached. She had been for some time helping to nurse my mother in her illness. I perfectly recollect her arrival at Portkill to take me away to Clyde Villa. I recollect my arrival there, and being taken to see my mother along with my elder brother, who had not been separated as I had been. I dimly recollect her desiring us both to read the Scriptures every night and morning, but neither voice nor face can I recall. The fact

was, however, kept alive by the reminders of those whom she left in charge of us, and by two copies of the Bible given to us at the time, one of which—mine—was in a single volume, the other—my brother's—in two volumes. The difference attracted my attention, and remains, accordingly, in vivid memory. I recollect, farther, having been taken by my father to see her in her coffin and to kiss her cold brow. All else is gone—except the funeral. We all went in a steamer to the old church of Kilmun, the remains of a monastic establishment founded by the Argyll family in the fifteenth century, and which has ever since been our burying-place.

On this little journey by water, little more than twenty miles, another great novelty aroused all my attention, and remains, accordingly, deeply impressed on my memory. It is to be remembered that at that time steam navigation was only a few years old. The boats were very different from those we see now. In that which took us to Kilmun the engines worked in an open well, and the piston-rods rose high above, and fell deep below, the level of the decks. The passengers were only saved by a low bulwark from the danger of falling in. The first alarm gave way to wonder and curiosity—as, indeed, to this day I never see a great steam-engine at work without something approaching to emotion.

The burying-place at Kilmun is called a vault. But it does not at all correspond with that description. It is simply a part of the chancel of the old church, wholly above ground, and to which access was obtained by large folding-doors. Each side of the aisle was fitted up with a broad shelf of stone, on which the coffins were deposited and were fully exposed to view. My mother's coffin was laid near that of my grandfather, who had died in 1806. On this being done, the bearers retired, and shut behind them the folding-doors, leaving us all in a dim and gloomy light. I still recollect the panic which then seized

me, and the tall, deeply craped figure of my cousin, Adelaide Campbell, trying to pacify my terrors by assuring me that we were not to be there long. I recollect, too, my father kneeling on the slab beside my mother's coffin, and seeing that it was carefully adjusted with reference to the position of the other mouldering remains. But my panic was little abated till I saw the folding-doors reopened, and until we emerged into the light of day, with the sea at our feet and the mountains all around. A few days later we all left the fateful villa near Glasgow, and drove to our old home of Ardencaple.

Such were the occurrences and scenes by which my young life was first awakened to the light of memory and to the consciousness of time. Almost everything before then is a blank to me, whilst every subsequent year is more or less stored with recollections. Few of those occurrences were in themselves pleasurable. Most of them were very sad, whilst some were even terrifying to a child. They left, however, no permanent atmosphere of melancholy about my father. He busied himself in his estate, in his workshop occupations, and in his constant interest in the progress of mechanical science. For fifteen years he never left Ardencaple, except—if this can be called an exception—on short excursions into the neighbouring county of Argyll, in which he always retained his position as Colonel of the Militia. He had also, under the trust arrangements on his brother's estate, some personal responsibility for the management of the extensive woods at Inveraray. These occupations gave him annually something to do outside his own home. But with these short interruptions he lived entirely at home, rarely even going outside the boundaries of his small property, except on Sundays to the parish church of Row. For a couple of years after my mother's death his favourite niece kept house for him, and her care and affection afforded me all the knowledge I ever had of motherhood.

She was of a very lively and cheerful disposition, with a great love of sculpture, and her work in making busts and medallions in the fine blue clay of the Clyde 'till' was always a delight to me.

In 1830 my father married the widow of the medical man who had attended my mother in her last illness. She was one of the Cuninghames of Craigends, a family descended from the Earls of Glencairn, the last of whom is so touchingly addressed by Burns.*

My father's marriage made no difference in his habits. From my mother's death in 1828 till 1836—for eight years—he never left his quiet home, so that the whole of my boyhood till the age of thirteen was spent in the entirely rural and secluded life which I have described.

* 'Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn' (Robert Burns).

CHAPTER IV

MY EARLY DAYS AND PURSUITS

THE events which first awaken memory are not necessarily the same as those which first call forth any of the higher exercises of mind. Of course, the mere memory of an event is in itself the memory of some thought about it. But that thought may be unconnected with any other. I have often tried to recollect what it was that first awoke in me anything like reflection. It is a mistake to suppose that a life led wholly in a remote country home could have been a life secluded from the great thought movements of our time. The tides rise and fall as freely at the farthest ends of a long arm of the sea as at the gateways through which the ocean finds admittance among the hills.

The four years after my mother's death were years of great events. In 1829 there came the settlement of a long contest in the concession of Catholic Emancipation. In 1831 came the visitation of the Asiatic cholera in Britain. In 1830-1832 there followed a desperate struggle for the reform of Parliament. My father had been too long a member of the House of Commons not to take at least such part as could alone remain to a mere country gentleman in these great events. And yet, as regards what was called the Catholic Question, I remember nothing more than an echo that must be largely mingled with the sounds of somewhat later years. He had followed the politics of his family—which I need not say were Whig. The very word Whig is said to have been originally derived from some local name connected with one of the Covenanting

military associations of my ancestor, the Marquis of Argyll.

For a long time Whig politics were essentially antagonistic to the Roman Catholic cause—for the natural and sufficient reason that for centuries the Roman Catholic Church had been hostile to the liberties of the British people. But with the final settlement of the Protestant succession, and the failure of the two Jacobite Rebellions of 1715 and 1745, this association of ideas slowly and gradually disappeared—how slowly and how gradually is well seen in the persistent resistance of George III. to the views of his favourite Minister, Mr. Pitt. That resistance rested on the traditional policy which was identified with the establishment of his family on the throne, and with the literal meaning of the Coronation Oath. But security had brought confidence, and the undoubted good conduct of the Catholics as a body in the dangers which arose out of the French Revolution, as well as the felt necessity of conciliating, if we hoped to rule, the great bulk of the people of Ireland, had wrought a complete change, and had converted a change of policy into a necessity of State. All that I recollect my father saying was that he had voted with his party for many years in favour of the Catholic claims; but he was shocked when the Duke of Wellington confessed that he was afraid of Ireland, and based his change of policy mainly on that ground. To that argument my father would not bow, and always said that he would not have voted as he had before done. This recollection convinces me that my father had not a political mind, in which I am farther confirmed by the fact that, although he was for many years in the House of Commons during the ministry of Mr. Pitt, which lasted from 1784 to 1801, and although he must have heard many of the great oratorical encounters between that master of speech and his rival, Mr. Fox, I never heard him refer to any one of them in his conversation. The only leader of whom I ever heard him speak with any

admiration was the Duke of Wellington, and that in his character as a soldier rather than as a Minister.

The Reform Agitation, which immediately succeeded Catholic Emancipation in 1829, has left far more distinct recollections in my mind. It is now much forgotten how violent and universal the excitement was. But it was specially violent in Scotland. This arose from the circumstance that the previous condition of things had come to be far more obviously absurd in Scotland than in England. The number of men entitled to vote for members of Parliament had come to be the merest fraction of the people, and this fraction belonged exclusively to one class. When the public mind came at last to be fixed upon the subject, the condition of things was too glaringly at variance with any possible theory of Parliamentary representation to stand discussion for a moment. So, at least, we think now. And yet, as a matter of fact, it had stood discussion for no less than half a century, not only without any general recognition of any necessity for a change, but with a general acquiescence in the arguments by which it was deprecated and resisted.

The dread and horror inspired by the madness and the wickedness of the French Revolution had, no doubt, much to do with that resistance, as it was the main influence on the mind of Mr. Pitt, who had been one of the earliest reformers. But we shall do little justice to the attitude of those who resisted the change to the very last, unless we recognise the truth of many of the arguments used by the opponents of reform. The doctrine of 'virtual representation,' which played a great part in their reasoning, was, within limits, perfectly true. It is quite possible, under special conditions of society, for a very few actual electors to be, on the whole, fair representatives of almost any number in a possible constituency. The Parliaments of the United Kingdom had been always on at least a full level of intelligence with the great body of the people. They had fully represented the aggregate opinion of the

country, both during the great contest with Napoleon and since its close. Nor was there any new measure or system of domestic policy, clearly desired by the people, the denial of which would be a source of anger, or even of agitation. It is more than doubtful whether the public generally, either in Scotland or in England, if popularly represented, would have granted Catholic Emancipation. It is much more probable that this act of true wisdom would have been violently resisted by the ultra-Protestant feeling of the masses. Nor was the old Parliament open to the charge of standing in the way of those other measures which, at a later date, came to be identified with the interests of the people.

Most of us have now come to the conclusion that the old Corn Laws had been a mistake, and that restrictions in the import of food were an impediment to trade and to a rise in the value of labour. But the mobs who shouted for reform of Parliament in 1831-32 had no idea of this, because the theory of Protection was then the theory of all classes, and especially of those who were concerned in manufacture and commerce. Accordingly, as a matter of fact, it was thirteen or fourteen years after the passing of the Reform Bill that the new Parliament began seriously to adopt the policy of Free Trade. Even then it was driven to the adoption of it by the unprecedented calamity of the great Irish famine of 1846-47. It is a mistake, therefore, to suppose that opposition to a great change in the constitution of Parliament was an error which convicts all those who joined in it of all that purblindness and political stupidity which we are apt now to attribute to it. This is one of the many cases in political affairs in which all sense of true perspective has been lost in the fore-shortenings of history, and in the sharp turnings taken by events rapidly accomplished, and by doctrines suddenly, yet universally, accepted. It is still vulgarly believed by many that the resistance to reform came mainly from the House of Lords, whereas the fact is

that the resistance of the House of Commons lasted during fifty, whilst the resistance of the Lords lasted barely for two, years.

When a man of the genius, imagination, and liberal disposition of George Canning was one of the sturdiest opponents of the Reform Movement, we may be quite sure of at least the reality of some of the dangers which beset it, and of the possibility of a rational opposition. My father was strongly opposed to it—an opposition which I think was largely founded on that fear of Jacobinism which had been so powerful an element in the hand of Pitt, and had been to some extent renewed in much later years by symptoms of popular disaffection, and even of contemplated insurrection in certain parts of Scotland in 1821. I can still recollect his speaking of drillings by night, and of the discovery of hidden pikes, which must have reminded him of the sad work he had to do in Ireland in 1798. The result, though certainly not a logical result, of all these facts and associations made him an eager opponent of the administration of Earl Grey—a man whom he remembered for years in the House of Commons as one of the determined enemies of Mr. Pitt, and of whom he used to tell the story, which I have been unable to verify, that he was the only member of the House of Commons who ostentatiously wore coloured clothes, when all others came down in mourning, on the murder of Louis XVIII. being announced from Paris. My father had erected a high flagstaff on the top of a new tower which had been built in connection with an addition to the castle. On this flagstaff he used always to hoist a large Union Jack whenever Lord Grey's Government received any check, so that very often the country people round, who saw the well-known flag before they knew the cause, used to say, 'Hech, sirs! what's come over the Whigs noo?'

When the riots and the incendiarisms at Bristol and elsewhere took place, little local echoes of the same spirit reached even the quiet shores of the Gareloch,

and I recollect hearing the shouts of such a mob as the village of Helensburgh could then afford, coming along the road between the castle and the sea. No doubt my father's somewhat provocative defiance of the popular side in his flaring flag hoisted on all occasions might, if near great popular centres, have brought down on him dangerous attacks. In one of the elections held during those years, the mob in the burgh of Dumbarton, nine miles off, had exhibited a very ferocious temper. The Tory candidate, Lord William Graham, one of the Montrose family, had to seek refuge for his life in a house in the town, where he was surrounded by a besieging mob. He was only delivered by my old friend and host, Lorne Campbell, who, though acting on the Whig side, rallied a body of ship-carpenters from the building-yards on the Leven, rescued Lord William, and took him to a place of safety. One day is vividly impressed on my memory, when either from threatening letters or some other source of information my father anticipated a possible attack on his house. This he was determined to meet, if it came, by an armed resistance. He had many guns of various kinds in his possession. With these he armed all available men-servants, the tutor of his boys, and himself. The spirit of his brave mother, when she refused to obey the mob whose idol was a disreputable scoundrel, was the spirit of her son, when the right of any man to express his political opinions freely was openly threatened by howling mobs. Fortunately, no attack was made; for I am sure that in self-defence he would not have hesitated to open fire on those who had first recourse to violence.

But, although these memories of the Reform Agitation are vivid in my mind, they stand there absolutely isolated and alone; they have no organic connection with the history of my life or with the development of my mind. Neither then, nor for a good many later years, had I awoke to political feelings of any sort or kind. It is true that the atmosphere of opinion in

which we live as children may have an unconscious effect of which no trace is left in memory. But in my case that atmosphere was on the whole essentially non-political, and when the tempestuous squalls of a temporary excitement had passed away, the air I breathed was one of altogether peaceful interests and pursuits. My father was so busy with his plantations, with his turning-lathes, with his sawmill, and with such scientific reading as the *Mechanic's Magazine*, that I do not recollect his ever speaking on politics at all. Nor is this surprising, for it is to be remembered that the Reform Act of 1832 was absolutely successful in allaying the almost revolutionary agitation which alone had carried it. The delusive fears, and the not less delusive expectations, it had roused were alike submerged under those deeper-seated currents of our political system, which immediately resumed their sway, and under which, within the short space of nine years, so great a reaction was brought about that the Conservative party, which had seemed to be completely overborne, returned to power in 1841 with a majority of ninety-one. During all those years of slow but steady reaction there was nothing to arouse my father's political feelings, though he watched with interest the gallant and skilful tactics with which Sir Robert Peel dogged the faltering steps and the declining credit of the Whig Ministries which succeeded that of Lord Grey. I recollect, indeed, his amusement and delight when in 1834 all the offices of the State were temporarily held by the Duke of Wellington, pending the return of Sir Robert Peel from Italy. But this, too, was a passing incident, and it hardly sufficed to change even for a moment the placid tenor of my boyish life, or to call away my thoughts from the very different subjects with which they were habitually engaged.

It would be very difficult for me now to define even to myself in any form of words what those subjects were : they were so merely boyish in their beginnings,

so far-reaching and so various in the issues to which they led. Natural history in all its branches, but in particular ornithology, was the substratum of the whole. My father had given me a small hand telescope. With this it was my special delight to identify every bird with its peculiar song, securing for this purpose by the glass an artificial nearness which is often much needed with the shyer warblers. In this way I became familiar with the notes of all the species which were common, and of some that were, and are, comparatively rare. In this way, also, I was able to watch the habits of birds at a distance, when they could not know that they were seen, and when, therefore, their natural manners were undisturbed. Moreover, at a very early age, how early I cannot quite remember, I began to write careful notes of every day's observations on my favourite pursuit. This journal I kept quite secret, never showing it even to my brother. The bird fauna of my father's estate was not a very large one; and the absence of many species of which I read in Bewick and other books was a standing trouble to me, but also a standing incitement to closer watching in the woods and fields. One case of absence gave me special trouble. It was that of the marsh tit, since the whole tribe of titmice were my greatest favourites, and all were abundant except the crested tit, which I could not expect to see, and the marsh tit, which I knew to be abundant in England. For a long time I suspected that it must be escaping my observation owing to its general resemblance to the cole tit, both species having a black head, but the cole being distinguished by a white space running up from the nape of the neck to nearly the top of the head. Frequently I was rejoicing in seeing some little black head which looked like the marsh tit, and my telescope was fixed on every movement of the bird, so as to identify the species. But, alas! always when the nape of the neck became visible, the obnoxious white stripe of the cole destroyed my hopes. My eager watching, how-

ever, for this absent species had one good effect, in leading me to appreciate better the extraordinary charm of the cole tit. With the exception of the goldcrest, it is the smallest of British birds, as it is also the most active and alert. Never for an instant still, it more often feeds on the ground than any other of the titmice, hopping eagerly and lightly over the fallen leaves in winter, digging under them, tossing them aside in search of buried treasures of insect life, or of beech-mast and other seeds. When any prize is found, the cole instantly darts up to the nearest bough, and there, holding it down by one claw, hammers it with the bill till all edible contents are extracted and devoured. This done, the mercurial little bird darts down again to the ground, and resumes its rapid and eager flittings over the mosses and the leaves. And during all the manœuvres the head and neck are in perpetual movement, turning and stretching from side to side, with an eager and impatient curiosity, but always in attitudes expressive of the most charming archness and full of the most perfect grace.

It was in connection with this constant quest for missing birds that I had my first experience of those curious coincidences between certain vivid impressions of the mind and corresponding outward occurrences, which few people pass through life without encountering occasionally, and which always strike them as mysterious, suggesting as they do some channels of connection between the internal and the external world which in their nature are unrecognised and unknown. There was one bird, represented in the books as not uncommon, which, from a coloured plate, seemed to me the most beautiful of British birds, but which I had never seen. This was the redstart. It is a species which is widely distributed in the British Isles, but is nowhere abundant. I have since seen it on the wild but sheltered shores of Loch Torridon on the north-west coast of Ross-shire, and more abundantly than elsewhere among the fine old

trees of Richmond Park. But in my boyhood I had never seen it among the woods of my home, till on a certain day I was sitting at my desk in the schoolroom working at the Latin grammar, or some other horror of the like kind, when suddenly the name and idea of the redstart was flashed upon me as somewhere near at hand, and, on looking out of the window near which I was sitting, there was the bird perched on the apex of a conical stone belonging to the old castle, which had been taken down during some alterations, and had been placed as an ornament on the gravel walk in front of the house. My delight and astonishment were unbounded. The recognition was instantaneous and conclusive—for, indeed, there is no other bird with such an assemblage of peculiar characters. The pure white brow upon a head otherwise very dark, the pale red breast, the fiery tail with its very singular vibratory motion—all these are unique among the tribe of the warblers. It must be about sixty-five years since this circumstance occurred, and the pleasure it gave me is vivid still.

But my greatest amusement among birds was derived from an immense rookery which I looked upon as the glory of Ardencaple. The whole of a long and broad wood through which the approach ran for about a quarter of a mile was thickly peopled by those curious and entertaining members of society. The trees which had been planted at the foot of the steep bank on which the castle stood were all covered with the nests, and, as the roots of those trees were some 30 feet below the foundations, their top branches were no higher than the upper windows, some of which were almost touched by the boughs and birds. The nests were therefore largely on a level with the windows, and accessible to continuous observation. There was one window on the upper story of the house which was circular in form, with a sill which sloped inwards. On this sloping surface I contrived to perch myself, whilst, with a book in hand, I used to watch all the habits of

the 'crows,' as rooks are always called in Scotland. Many of these habits are very curious and interesting. Many of them have been well described. But two things specially attracted my attention: one was the great distance off at which the hen birds, when sitting on their eggs, could recognise their mates coming with food, although these mates were flying among a crowd of other husbands, all coming on the like errand to other expectant wives. The walk of a man is sometimes so distinctive as to be easily recognisable at a considerable distance. But I question whether it is ever so distinctive as to enable a human friend to recognise his nearest at a distance comparable with that at which a sitting crow can instantly recognise the flight of her coming mate. It impressed me with the distinctions which our blind eyes are incapable of seeing; and this is a thought which has wide and instructive applications in many other spheres of knowledge and observation.

But there was another conviction pressed home upon my mind by watching my friends the crows, and that was a conviction which relates to much higher qualities in those birds. I felt certain from what I saw that in cases where one parent had been shot on some farmer's field, and the young were left at least half orphaned in their nest, some neighbouring parent helped the widowed mother in the feeding of her young. This conviction arose from often seeing one crow feeding the young in other nests besides his own, a fact for which it is impossible to account by any other explanation. We have here a very high development of the social instinct—not higher, however, than in some acts of creatures much lower in the scale of being than birds, such as ants and bees. But instinct rises in its quality with the comparative elevation of the organism with which it is associated; and the near approach to moral qualities which is represented in one crow feeding the orphaned young of another implies a far higher nature than is represented in the act of an ant taking charge

of derelict eggs or pupa which have been scattered from its native ant-hill.

The educating effect of the physical sciences, and of natural history, considered as one of them, depends entirely on the conditions under which they are pursued. It is quite possible to finger the facts of Nature without even a passing thought of any of the wonderful problems they involve. On the other hand, there is no door into those facts, however small, which does not lead by endless passages into the deepest questions of philosophy and religion. Tennyson's few lines concerning one of the most familiar plants that nestle in old walls are literally true :

‘ Little flower that grows upon the wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies ;
Could I know what you are all in all,
I should know what God and man is.’

Any complete separation between the disposition to enjoy Nature and at least some desire to understand her may be a temporary mood, as Wordsworth has expressed it :

‘ Contented if I might enjoy
What others understand.’

But this cannot be a permanent attitude of the mind. The relations between all natural phenomena and corresponding affections of the human spirit are too many and too near to allow of this divorce. If the tendencies of my own mind had been such as to favour a mere passive enjoyment of things beautiful and curious in Nature, I should have been saved from such an intellectual sleep by my father's favourite pursuits and his frequent conversation. It so happened that, years before I was born, he had been attracted from human mechanics to the great subject of animal mechanics in the structures of organic life, and especially to that most wonderful example which

is presented in the flight of birds. He had grappled with the difficult and complicated problems it presents in every point of view, testing his theories by experiments, by calculations, and by machines of most ingenious construction. He always saw that the true explanation of the phenomena of flight had been correctly given by an old writer, Borelli, in his work '*De Motu Animalium*,' and that all late attempts to navigate the air had been founded on complete ignorance of the fundamental mechanical laws which must be recognised and obeyed.

The field of animal mechanics is one of enormous breadth, and in every corner of it we meet with organic structures which are examples of the most complicated mechanism for the doing of some special work which could not be done without it. In so far as this general principle of explanation is concerned, there is no difference whatever between the wing of a bird and the hand of a man. But there are some special circumstances affecting the machinery of flight which do not belong to the machinery of prehension or of walking; and these special circumstances make the phenomena of flight more striking, and in some respects more instructive, than those of any other function among living things. One special circumstance is what may be called the externality, and consequent visibility, of the tools which are employed. If our own structures were as naked and visible to the eye, if our outside coverings were as diaphanous as they are in some of the lower creatures, we should be in perpetual astonishment at the infinite complexity of the purely mechanical apparatuses of which our vital tissues are composed. These indeed are to a large extent the same as in birds. The bones of birds, and the muscles which move them, are constructed on exactly the same principle as our own, although with special modifications as to shape, concentration, and relative position, which are all in harmony with the object to be attained. But neither the wing-muscles nor

the wing-bones would of themselves enable a bird to fly.

During the years in which my father was studying this problem of the flight of birds, the great Cuvier was carrying on those profound researches which raised up, on broad and deep foundations, the splendid science of comparative anatomy. It was comparative not only as between living animals, but as between them and animals long extinct. It was at a later date that Owen, Cuvier's pupil and successor in England, built upon the same basis those conclusions as to the unity of plan in the skeleton of all vertebrates which were popularized in his work, 'On the Nature of Limbs.' Of all this order of ideas my father knew nothing. I never heard him even allude to the wing-bones of birds, or indicate an idea that they were fundamentally the same as the bones of his own forearm. All these conceptions came later than his day, and they would have been a destruction rather than a help to him in his special work of explaining the mechanics of flight in birds, as distinguished from all other methods of animal progression.

In all quadrupeds, in man, and in birds, too, so far as regards their feet, the mere anatomical structure of their limbs—their bones, muscles, and sinews—are all-sufficient in themselves, when fully developed, to enable the animal to support its own weight, and to stand or leap or run on the solid ground. They need no adjuncts of an external kind. But this does not apply to the fore-limbs of birds. In their own anatomical structure they are incapable of giving the power of flight. In the thin and invisible medium of the air, they are in themselves merely parts that add to the weight of the whole, and thus add also to the difficulty of overcoming the force of gravity. Unless furnished, therefore, with some—in a sense—artificial and external adjunct, that great difficulty could not possibly be overcome. This was the point on which my father always fixed his attention, and he was never tired of

dwelling on the truly wonderful device, first, in each separate wing-feather as regarded its own properties and structure, and, secondly, in the combination of the series of them in one special arrangement for the production of a very special and a most difficult mechanical result. The great complexity both of the separate units and of their combined arrangement was always pointed out as a necessity for making successful use of the elastic properties of the air. If heavy bodies were to be made capable of navigating the thin and yielding atmosphere, and of exercising in it the most easy and beautiful evolutions, a very peculiar machinery had to be provided for the purpose. It could only be done by knowing how to do it, and this was the knowledge which we must make our own if we were to understand the machinery of flight. We might or we might not be able to imitate it, but we could certainly understand it. It was not effected in Nature by any miracle, but by the use of certain appropriate means, which are as purely mechanical as in the case of any other apparatus.

It was in the light of this idea that my life as a boy was spent in continual observation and in continual reasoning on what I saw. It never was to me in the least degree a theory or an abstract conception. It was a simple matter of obvious fact. My father never concerned himself with what is ordinarily called philosophy, or with any arguments on natural theology. His mind was eminently practical, and his explanations of the mechanics of flight were founded on the same fundamental principles on which he would explain the action of the then newly-invented paddles in steam navigation. With this principle in full and unquestioned possession of my mind, I was continually testing by observation the explanation he gave of the power of a bird's wing. And my observation confirmed it. When a crow was seen on a level with my eye flying either to or from me, I used to note the bending up of

the wing-feather tips, answering exactly to the function he assigned to those quills—the double function, namely, of at once sustaining and propelling the body to which they were attached. The simplicity and beauty of this contrivance was deeply impressed upon my mind, and the general ignorance of it even in our own day, despite all our advances in practical mechanics, is a standing astonishment to me. But the whole subject becomes clear, if one is once in full possession of this principle of interpretation, namely, the principle that the function or duty which every part of an animal was destined to discharge must always be the antecedent explanation of its structure, whilst, conversely, that structure must be governed by the necessity of conforming to certain fixed conditions if it was to be competent for its work.

In handling and skinning dead birds I soon came across variations in the structure of feathers, which proved their subservient adaptability to kinds of work which are not only various, but opposite and contradictory. One essential quality of the wing-feathers is their imperviousness to the passage of air through the quill-vanes. If these were pervious to the air they would be useless for the purposes of flight, because that purpose absolutely demands that aerial resistance to the wing-stroke should be economized to the very uttermost. But as the whole body of a bird is equally clothed with feathers, it becomes a question whether this characteristic is equally suitable for the needs of other parts of the body. Would the texture of wing-feathers do well, for example, for its underclothing—for the keeping out of cold, for the non-conduction and consequent saving of the animal heat? Clearly not. I was struck, therefore, by the fact that, where those purposes have to be served, the structure of feathers is so modified that, always recognisable as consisting of the same elements, they are absolutely different in their function and effects. The down of an eider-duck, although a finer article than

the down of other birds, is essentially of the same structure as theirs, whilst the wing-feathers of all are equally different in essential properties. But there was another illustration of the same general law which struck me even more. How could feathers impervious to the passage of air be adapted to the covering of the ear in birds, seeing that the ear is an organ depending for its functions entirely on the free access of those fine aerial pulsations which we know as sound? I was struck by discovering how this problem was solved. Just as the texture of wing-feathers would have been useless for warmth, just as the warm texture of down would have been equally useless for affording free access to sound, so a third modification of structure had to be provided for feathers covering the ear. Accordingly, I found that modification provided in a patch of feathers on the cheeks of all birds round the opening of the ears, which by a beautiful and special adaptation is perfectly fitted for the purpose. In all respects they are true feathers, and not mere hairs. They have the same root and stems of quill. They have the same attached filaments. But these filaments, instead of being hooked together so as to form a continuous web, are, on the contrary, separated by empty spaces, and are thus rendered completely discontinuous. Thus, the air passes completely through them, with the result that sound is not impeded, and the hearing of birds is singularly acute.

There was, again, another case of special adaptation in the feathers of birds, which to my mind was almost more striking than any other. The blow of a bird's wing upon the air in flying must be powerful to produce the requisite resistance. But such blows cannot be delivered without the production of noise. In some birds, such as swans, the noise is very loud indeed, audible at a great distance. Even in the common wood-pigeon the swishing noise of their wings may often be heard when they are at a great height. In all ordinary cases this production of noise is no injury to birds. Those

that are the prey of others are never detected except by sight, and noiselessness in movement would be no protection. But there is one class of birds to which a noisy flight would be so injurious as to be incompatible with the getting of their food. These are the owls, which prey upon the small nocturnal mammalia, such as mice, or on larger creatures, such as rabbits and hares. What owls therefore require, above all things, is a soft and noiseless flight. And yet their wing-feathers must be not less continuous and strong than those of other birds. Accordingly, again, the absolute need is met and provided for by another purely mechanical device—analogous to that of muffled oars for the silent rowing of boats upon the water. The whole wing-feathers of owls are fitted out with loose downy filaments, which quench sound by causing the escaping air, after it has done its work, to pass through a downy and soft material.

There was another department of natural history with which I was early brought face to face in Nature, and through which I drank in the indelible impression of her inexhaustible mechanical ingenuities. There were then none of those charming aquarium tanks which have since become so common. In stooping down to drink out of the most crystal streams, or in chasing water-beetles on stiller ditches, I had often seen mere bits of sand suddenly appear to put out legs and move, or bits of mud as suddenly reveal themselves to be living creatures.

We took a capacious tub for our aquarium, and soon gathered together a goodly collection of everything we could catch alive. Their structures were various and wonderful, but we could always see their purpose. If sometimes we wondered how a caddis worm could glue to its own sides bits of rotten stick and bark, we always saw in a moment the reason why. By means of this power they often deceived ourselves, and by means of it they could obviously deceive even the most watchful trout. How sometimes they could

encase themselves wholly in the loveliest and most transparent grains of sand, selecting these from all coarser material, was a perpetual wonder to us. But the reason why they should do so, if they could, was a direct and intuitive perception. The concealment was so perfect as to defy detection. Then the various apparatuses for different kinds of movement in and under water, for rowing, for punting, for rapid burrowing, for running, even, and leaping on the surface—all these were impressed upon me by watching the life and doings of aquatic larvæ.

Above all I was impressed by what is now called the metamorphosis of these creatures. The hatching of birds from eggs had attracted my father's careful attention before I was born. He had investigated it systematically. Like a cuckoo, he had introduced an egg of his own making under sitting hens—a metallic egg with a small thermometer put inside. This egg he could rapidly open and read off the hatching temperature. Applying this knowledge, he had hatched multitudes of chickens by artificial heat, and I was familiar with the facts. But my father told me nothing of that second hatching by which the most hideous aquatic larvæ, after leading an independent life in water, are rapidly transmuted into gorgeous winged creatures, living in a new element, and having no recognisable likeness to their former selves, either in form, or in structure, or in habits. I had often wondered silently how so short a time as twenty-one days could be enough to transform the yolk and white of an egg into a completed chicken, with even its wing-feathers so perfect in form as to be ready for at least a fluttering flight. But this seemed nothing to the wonder of a hideous aquatic worm being transformed into a terrestrial fly in the course of a few hours. I never heard any argument relative to the subject, nor did I ever think of one. I never heard anybody argue or assume that long ages of time could alone produce great changes in living things. But in later years,

when such reasonings reached my ears, my mind was too full of the presence and the power of well-remembered facts to allow of such a conception finding entrance.

The educating effect of these pursuits was to me enormous. The mere collecting of stuffed birds, or even the study of the classification of species and genera, could never be of equal value. I had few books of any use for such purposes. Sixty years ago the literature of natural history was poor and scanty. Bewick, of course, was constantly in my hand, but he is only valuable for his incomparable woodcuts. White's 'Natural History of Selborne' was indeed a more enduring resource—as it has been throughout my life, especially during illness. But the charm of Gilbert White lies in its simple and calm reflection of the woods and fields. He has no recondite reflections on Nature. The profounder questions more recently raised by the expanding science of biology lay deep under the surface of his letters, as they do under the more familiar aspects of external things. In such of these profounder suggestions as arose out of my father's teaching I had no other book than the Book of Nature. I valued all other books in proportion as they explored with truth her inexhaustible facts and aspects. I can never forget the delight with which I recognised one day in the woods of Ardencaple, solely by the graphic description of Gilbert White, the song of the largest of the willow-wrens discovered by him, since called the wood-wren (*Sylvia trochilus*).

The evoking of our mental powers, and the supplying of them with the ordinary elements of instruction, are two very different kinds of work. My education in the latter sense of the word was entirely conducted by private tutors. All of these were young men prepared, or preparing themselves, for the ministry of the Established Church of Scotland. They were all most worthy men, but only two of them attained to even

local eminence in their own religious body, and not one of them ever exercised upon me any influence which I can now trace. None of them cared for my pursuits, and I never spoke to them on the subject. None of them were enthusiasts in anything which they did teach, and without enthusiasm in teaching there can be no influence on the taught. I never was brought to care for the classical languages, or—with one exception—for any of the authors whose writings I was compelled to read. That one exception was Virgil. I enjoyed the beauty of his verse, and the frequent images he drew from Nature. There was one passage in particular which gave so perfect a picture of the flight of birds that it seemed to me as if the genius of the poet must have almost penetrated, by a kind of inspiration, the secret to which I had acquired the clue from my father's teaching. It is the passage in which the first rush of triremes in starting from a harbour is compared to the first flight of startled doves from their favourite shelter in rocky caves. The vehement agitation of their wings is described in beautiful contrast with the ease, confidence, and tranquillity of the later course when once well under way. It is a passage which exhibits in perfection that complete harmony between the sound of words and the pictures they are intended to recall which is one of the highest perfections of poetic form. The first and the last lines, even when pronounced in the barbarous English fashion, still more when pronounced in the Continental and Scottish fashion, are perfect examples of the assonance of sound and sense:

‘Qualis spelunca subito commota columba

* * * * *

Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.’

But though I am afraid I was idle and listless in the schoolroom, I was full of activity outside of it. I was an omnivorous reader. My father had a tolerably large library, very miscellaneous in its character.

Yet it was almost entirely deficient in poetry and in fiction. I read with pleasure those standard works of Hume and Robertson whose classic style first inspired the young ambition of Edward Gibbon. The shelves were rich in voyages, and I devoured with intense interest the narratives of Parry and of Scoresby, as well as of Dampier and of Cook. Of tales about the French Revolution I was never tired, and I drank in from them that horror and hatred of unrestrained humanity, when let loose from the bonds of authority and of law, which I have ever since retained. All such books were natural to the taste of boys. But there were some which exercised over me a great attraction, respecting which I have often wondered since both as to the cause and the effect. Amongst these were the famous 'Letters of Junius.' Whether the mystery of their origin was to me a great attraction, as it undoubtedly was at the time they appeared, I find it difficult to say. But of one thing I am sure, that my pleasure in reading them was not founded on, or accounted for, by any equivalent knowledge of the political transactions or of the political personages which were the subject of those famous compositions. So far as I can now judge, I was captivated entirely by the vigour of the writing—by the incisiveness of the style, by the strength, and the apparent virtuousness of the indignation they expressed.

Amid all these miscellaneous interests, there was one to which I must refer because I am sure it had a special effect upon me. My father's interest in mechanics was not purely scientific or theoretical. He was himself a highly-skilled artisan. Besides ordinary turning-lathes which abode in a workshop at the top of the house, he had brought with him to Ardencaple one of the finest of those beautiful machines made by the firm of Holtzapfel in London which were called Rose Lathes. I am told they are now unknown. It was the only ornamental piece of furniture in the library; its elaborate apparatus of polished steel and

its 'barrels' of richly-burnished brass were the delight and wonder of my boyish eyes. With it my father used to make many beautiful objects of rare woods and of ivory, and of those lovely materials in combinations which were highly ornamental. There is one tropical nut in particular, about the size and shape of an ordinary hen's egg, out of which he made pocket drinking-cups with rims of ivory, and these all his friends were glad to get as valuable presents. The kernel or seed of the nut occupied a very small cavity in the centre, and was surrounded by a great thickness of dense, hard, ligneous material, which was susceptible of the highest polish. The colour was of rich yellow brown, and when the cavity was hollowed out, and the edges of the cup were lipped by a deep border of the best ivory, the effect was as charming as it was unique. The tops of snuff-boxes, the handles for various implements, such, for example, as his own hatchets for marking trees to be cut, and many other articles, were the products of his skill. He mended everything that was broken, even china. He made the steel rod to which the padlock of his private post-bag was attached, and well do I remember the lovely iridescent colours on the bar of soft iron which, in a carbonizing bath of hot charcoal, passed over the rod as the quality of steel was imparted to it.

The speciality of my father's work was its perfectness. All the joinings, as between wood and ivory or between different kinds of wood, were so smooth as to be impalpable. Nothing was done in a careless or slovenly way, nothing was scamped. Surfaces out of sight were as carefully attended to as those exposed to view. Nothing of strength or of solidity, in so far as these were requisite, was sacrificed to appearance. He used to inveigh against careless or superficial work as a discredit and disgrace. He maintained that in this respect there was a great difference between the British and the Continental—particularly the French—mechanic. French work, he said, was often super-

ficial—made for the eye alone—and constantly gave way under the actual stress of use. As an illustration, he used to take out of their case two French sporting rifles, which had been made for, and sent as a present to, General Napoleon Bonaparte when he was in Egypt. The vessel carrying this tribute was captured by one of our cruisers, which happened to be commanded by an old friend of my father's, a Captain Campbell (of Barbrech). The rifles, which were part of his prize of war, he sent to my father, and I still possess them. They appeared to be beautifully made—the stocks of fine wood elaborately carved, and the flint and steel locks highly wrought and ornamented. Among the apparent beauties of the locks were the 'pans' for holding the priming into which the flint sparks fell to ignite the charge. These pans had all the appearance of solid gold. But the first time my father tried the new rifles the deception was revealed; the pan, instead of being gold, had been only slightly gilt, and by the first discharge the gilding was, of course, corroded and destroyed. My father treated so seriously all such sins against the honour of true mechanical work that he always spoke of them with indignation and disgust. It was a splendid spirit of truthfulness carried into the work of the hands, and it was a constant and an inspiring lesson to me on the value of that spirit in all work whatever. One of the rules he used to lay down in his handling of tools, was never to use a tool for any purpose for which it was not intended. The tool, he used to say, might probably be spoiled, as well as the material to which it was wrongly applied, and the purpose, after all, not attained. In later years this rule has often come back upon me when I have heard the reckless use made of words which are the tools and implements of thought. They are perpetually misused and misapplied—to the great damage of their proper use, to the concealment of the grossest error, and often to the destruction of all sense of truth.

Then there was another lesson which I imbibed silently and unconsciously from seeing my father's work. I used often to wonder at his dexterity—how by a slight difference of pressure from his finger or his tool, or by an almost invisible turn of his wrist in holding it, great effects were produced on the block of wood or of ivory which was revolving before his hand. But there was another thing I saw, and that was that the finest and most beautiful patterns never were, and never could be, thus produced by any amount of mere manual dexterity. I saw that the exquisite concentric lines, the crossing and recrossing of which upon each other constituted the beauty of what were then called 'Rose lathe patterns'—these lines followed with absolute mechanical precision certain curves, and all the beauty depended on that absolute precision. I saw my father so setting the machine that, by its own structure, a certain wobbling movement was established in it when the whole was set in motion by the driving-wheel. My wonder was then transferred to that structure—to its adaptation to a definite end, so that the lovely pattern was the mere natural consequence of a mechanism prearranged for the purpose, and was thus, in a sense, automatically produced. I at that time connected this vivid perception with no argument of any kind, any more than I had long contemplated in the light of any argument the automatic action of the flight quills in a bird's wing. But in later life, when I came to read and hear of arguments which accounted for lovely effects in Nature by the mere natural consequence of some mechanical necessity, I fell back on my early education and on facts which revealed the fallacy. The automatic action in human machines, which plays a large and ever-increasing part in their efficiency, instead of being that part which takes us behind the power of human ingenuity, is precisely that part in which the agency of the human mind stands on its highest and most conspicuous level.

CHAPTER V

1830-38

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES—VISITS TO ENGLAND

So passed quietly the smooth and peaceful years between 1828, when my mother died, and when I first awoke to memory, and the next great epoch in my life, which was the year 1836, when I had reached the age of thirteen. But before I enter on that year I must go back for awhile to describe one other element in the atmosphere which I breathed during my growing boyhood, which, like others I have named, seemed to have no effect upon me at the time, but which undoubtedly stored up in my mind some vague general impressions which were not without their own later influences.

We all know how the political agitations of the years from 1830 to 1832 awoke, by strangely circuitous avenues of thought, corresponding movements in the religious world. It is always said that the Whig measures of Church Reform—the suppression of some Irish bishoprics, and other proposals of the same kind, taken together with the language and arguments by which they were defended, were among the causes that set up the undulations which, gathering from more to more, culminated in the Oxford Movement. The truth, however, is that a time comes every now and then in human affairs when new thoughts and aspirations seem to be epidemic, and it is often difficult, sometimes impossible, to say what is the particular exciting cause.

The movement in Scotland took a very different direction. For a good many years there had been growing a steady reaction against a dull, unspiritual

teaching of Christianity which had taken possession of the pulpit. This reaction had been powerfully stimulated by the hold it secured over the masculine understanding and the fervent eloquence of Thomas Chalmers. His ministry in the great parish of the Tron Church in Glasgow was an epoch in the religious history of Scotland. His famous astronomical discourses, delivered on week-days in various churches in the city, drew every man who could afford for an hour to leave his counter or the Exchange. They were directed to defend the Christian faith from some of the most subtle objections which had been suggested by the noblest of the physical sciences, and they were in themselves a splendid poem, as well as the embodiment of a powerful argument. But the strong wine of Chalmers' new convictions was always poured into the old bottles of the standards of his Church. He never consciously departed from them. He treated them, indeed, with a robust understanding, and in regard to the tenet which in popular estimation is most characteristic of Calvin's theology—namely, predestination—Chalmers fought powerfully against necessitarian interpretations. He dwelt with delight on the language of St. Paul in St. Luke's account of the shipwreck on the coast of Malta—language in which he combined an apparently absolute prediction of safety for all the passengers and all the crew with an equally absolute declaration that these results must depend on a definite course of conduct. In this matter Chalmers did good service, although there was no special danger in respect to it as arising out of the formularies of his Church.

Chalmers as a philosopher was a disciple of the great New England theologian, Jonathan Edwards. But, with an inconsistency in abstract thought, he was a firm and enlightened preacher of that freedom which is inseparable from the responsibility of will. Some of his finest sermons were in vindication of this fundamental principle. And in this he did but follow faithfully the authoritative standards of his Church. The idea

common in England, that the Church of Scotland is more 'Calvinist' than itself on the doctrine of predestination, is nothing but a vulgar error. It is true that in the Westminster Confession there is a strong assertion of the pre-ordination of all events, but so also is there this assertion in the Articles of the Church of England (Art. XVII.); and in those Articles, moreover, it is not balanced or qualified, as it is in the Scottish Confession, by any equally clear assertion of the freedom of the will. On the contrary, the Article which deals expressly with free-will starts with a negation, not with an affirmation, and is little better than an express denial of that freedom, or, at all events, a most dubious assertion of it. Whereas, on the other hand, the corresponding Article in the Westminster Confession is an emphatic assertion of it, in language on which it would be difficult to improve (Chap. X.): 'God hath endued the will of man with that natural liberty that it is neither forced, nor by any absolute necessity of nature determined, to good or evil.'

Chalmers vindicated this doctrine, and threw new light upon it, in all his teaching, whenever the question came naturally in the way. I do not know that he was peculiar in this, for I never heard a predestinarian sermon in my life from any pulpit in Scotland. But everything he touched, he touched with power to impress the truth on the minds of men. He was an eager student of political economy, and had a splendid triumph in dealing with the difficult subject of pauperism in one of the largest city parishes of Glasgow. When he undertook a campaign in England to defend the principle of Established Churches, his lectures and speeches drew all classes, from the highest to the lowest, both in London and in the provinces. It may be said with truth that they had a lasting effect on the public view upon that great and difficult question.

In Scotland children are taken to church at a very early age, and the more I think of my own early years, and the more I have observed the effect of as early years

on the recorded biographies of other men, the more I am convinced that mere children receive impressions from the atmosphere that surrounds them of which they are entirely unconscious at the time. I only remember some sermons of inordinate length, from which I have no recollection of having derived any ideas whatever. My father was no theologian, and inside the quiet home of Ardencaple I never heard a dispute or controversy of any kind on religious subjects.

How early it was that I first began even to think of any difficulties besetting the popular expositions of religion I cannot distinctly remember. But I am sure it was some time during the five years between 1831 and 1836. An anecdote has reached me of my very early childhood which indicates a somewhat precocious spirit of independence and of reasoning. The very rigid rules which came to prevail in Scotland as regards the observance of Sunday, as representing the Jewish Sabbath, have been usually ascribed to the influence of the Puritan history. There is, however, reason to believe that this idea is erroneous, and that the custom began in what are called Catholic times, through the instrumentality of St. Margaret of Norway, Queen of Scotland. However this may be, one of the things specially forbidden in Scotland on the Sunday was whistling, or even singing, except in church. It so happened that both my father and my mother were very fond of whistling tunes, and they used to perform duets together in a way which I have heard described as very peculiar and attractive. As a child I seem to have caught the habit, and on one occasion was rebuked by my nurse for whistling on a Sunday. 'Why not?' I am said to have replied; 'the birds whistle on Sunday.' This was undoubtedly a very early essay of what my friend Mr. Lecky would call the rationalistic spirit. But I do not think it represented at all the habitual attitude of my childish mind. I think I was disposed, on the contrary, to be submissive to legitimate authority, even when I doubted the reasonableness of its commands.

On the other hand, I have a consciousness in memory of a very early tendency to vague speculative thought—to a spirit of wonder and perplexity concerning both myself and the world around me. Some of the lines in Wordsworth's well-known 'Ode to Immortality,' from the recollections of early childhood, are no poetic dream, but a close counterpart of thoughts and suggestions which I dimly—and in some cases vividly—recollect :

'Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized.'

This is an exact description of at least occasional moods through which I passed. Some were more distinct than others. One I recollect as vividly as if it happened yesterday. It was on a glorious day in a fine spring well advanced. The crimson cases of the sycamore buds were falling through the air, pushed off by the unfolding flowers and leaves. The sunlight glowed through these with an intensely luminous green. The whole air was full of song, and even my friends the crows were flying with a peculiar flap of wing which was full of joy. I recollect looking up into the sky palpitating with light, when, as it seemed, a voice arose within me saying: 'What can people mean when they speak of death? There is no such thing as death. Death is an impossibility.'

I cannot pretend to reduce to any definite, perhaps to any logical, form the suggestion thus arising in my mind. I should say, as nearly as I can now trace my thought, that it was the imminence and universality of life which was thus borne in upon me—life so filling and so full that it was, and must be, a fountain inexhausted and for ever inexhaustible. The extinction of my own share in life—that life would go on, whether I was or was not there to see it, became an inconceivable idea. When, in long after-years, I read the beautiful little poem of Tennyson called 'Love and Death,' I recognised something of the thought of my boyish imagination, but with a difference. The

poem approaches the subject from one side, whilst the vision that had come to me approaches it from another. Tennyson sees Death in possession of 'the thymy plots of Paradise.' To me Life, not Death, was in possession. "'Thou must be gone," said Life, "these walks are mine,"' would have been my version of the interview. But when I came to the later lines, I recognised the near relationship of thought between the fundamental conception of the poet and that which had been so suddenly and so strangely impressed on my mind when I cannot have been more than ten years old:

'Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight ;
Yet ere he parted said : "This hour is thine :
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shade of death ;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign for ever over all."

Whatever may be thought of my early imagination, it is certainly not what Wordsworth meant by a 'blank misgiving.' It added no new doubt to the burdens of life. Rather, on the contrary, it tended to lighten, if not to remove, the heaviest of all the misgivings which beset us—namely, this, that everything ends in death. Although in my mind at the time it was absolutely unconnected with any religious thought, I saw afterwards, and I see now, that it was at least in harmony with that idea of Christianity which regards as its great result that 'mortality might be swallowed up of life.'

I cannot say, however, that the range of my speculative faculties tended always in the same direction. They were always set agoing by suggestions from external Nature, never by the suggestions of books or of human conversation. It cannot have been more than a year or two after my vivid impression of the

eternity of life that another very different impression was made upon my mind by the starry vault of night. In the year 1832 my father was much interested in the predicted reappearance of the comet known in astronomy as Encke's comet, from that German observer having calculated its orbit in 1828. It came true to the anticipated time. It was indeed a far less striking and conspicuous object than several other comets which I have lived to see in later life. Still, it was very visible, and my father used to take us to the top of the highest tower of the castle to see it, and to talk of it to our tutor. The effect which the mysterious visitant, and the speculations which I heard about its nature, produced upon me I can only describe in those other words of Tennyson, of which I was then entirely ignorant :

‘ Pitiless, passionless eyes,
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand
His nothingness into man.’

I was oppressed by the immensities of Time and Space. They entered into my very soul as a serious trouble. I did not ask, as the Psalmist does, a question based on the accepted and undoubted fact that the Creator is ‘ mindful ’ of man—a question pointing to his smallness, and dwelling with wonder and adoration on the place which nevertheless he has been allowed to occupy in the dealings of the Almighty with the universe.

The question which arose in my mind was founded on a real ‘ blank misgiving ’—a doubt whether it could be true that a world, so infinitesimally small amidst countless millions of other worlds that it might be likened to a single grain of sand in the middle of the Sahara, could be the seat or theatre of such great transactions as those enrolled in the system of Christian belief. When I read, a little later, the astronomical discourses of Dr. Chalmers, I found that this phase of unbelief was one of those with which he dealt ; and one of the arguments he used, drawn from the regions

of analogy, struck me much at the time, and has often recurred to me since. It was common, he pointed out, that in human history the fate of great empires has been decided on some field of battle infinitesimally small in geographical importance—on some little ridge of hills, or on the banks of some narrow stream, or on the shores of some little island. There was, in fact, no relation whatever between the bigness of such an area or such a spot and the greatness of the issues which might be decided on it. This, however, like every other true analogy, is only one particular application of a general law, which establishes an absolute irrelevancy and incommensurability between the dimensions of matter and the power of the spiritual agencies with which it may be externally associated. There is, however, nothing like the teaching effect of difficulties if they are sincerely dealt with. No man so appreciates any ray of light which can dispel them as he whom they have deeply exercised. I have since wondered how even at that time I failed to see that the physical littleness of man, and of his whole earthly habitation, cast a glorious light on the marvel of that intellect which could penetrate the depths of space ‘and pour the light of demonstration over the most wondrous of Nature’s mysteries.’

But thoughtful as I was in the sense of being mentally awake and highly receptive to many obscure suggestions, I was not so consecutively thoughtful as to rise to this conception, still less to pursue it to its many far-reaching applications. I fell back upon the idea—as true as it was important—that, after all I heard of astronomy, it left us in such profound ignorance on the nature of the heavenly bodies, that it was idle to found, upon our very meagre knowledge of them, an argument or conclusion adverse to any beliefs which had solid foundations in consciousness, or in observation of the condition and history of our own planet. Any clear light from these sources, even if it left much utterly unknown and unexplained, was a safer guide

than guesses or assumptions about the nebulous luminosities which were faintly visible in the depths of space, and of which absolutely nothing that was relevant could be known.

In this argument with myself, begun so early and often renewed in after-years, I was partly right and partly wrong. It was right to dismiss perplexities founded on assumptions which might be quite erroneous. It was wrong to conclude that further knowledge, to be relevant, must necessarily be unattainable. It would have helped me much at that time to know what I have now lived to see—namely, the birth of that science which one of its leading spirits has called the ‘new astronomy.’ I suppose that in its measure as a purely mental effort, Newton’s discovery of the law of gravitation still stands where it has ever stood, as the supreme achievement of the intellect of man. It may well be questioned, however, whether a still wider door and still longer vistas have not been opened out into the mysteries of knowledge by the discovery of the spectroscope, and by the significance of the ideas it has established. Equal to the discovery of gravitation in its bearing on our estimate of man, it is immensely superior to it in its bearing on our estimate of his earthly home. It was indeed a great triumph to be enabled to know the paths and the masses of many of the heavenly bodies. But it was a still greater and a more unexpected triumph to be enabled to know the physical constitution and the chemical composition of every visibly luminous body in the universe. It is part of this astonishing revelation that few, and probably none, of the elements of matter which exist everywhere in space are absent from this little world of ours—that it contains them all, and that it contains them, too, in forms of combination and under conditions of temperature which are absent elsewhere, but which alone have fitted it to be the abode of what we know as organic life.

But if the year 1835 was something of an epoch in my

life, with its comet and its first introduction to the confounding problems of astronomy, the following year, 1836, was an epoch much more practical and immediate. I have referred to the great effect of a mere change of place and scene on my life as a child, when I was removed to a farmhouse not three miles off from my early home ; and now I have to note a corresponding effect upon my life as a boy of thirteen, by my first introduction to a new country. Up to that date my life was almost as 'sessile' as that of a limpet.

On our occasional visits to Inveraray, my brother and I spent our whole time in learning to fish with fly, and in practising that art, in which we acquired very considerable proficiency. We could both cast a long line, and could make the fly alight with accuracy in whatever bit of stream or eddy was most likely to hold a trout. It is a taste which has remained with me through life, and in which I have spent many pleasant hours by stream and lake, and even sea ; for there are a few spots in Scotland where salmon can be taken with fly in rapid tideways from off the shore. As regards our visits to Campbeltown, I have no recollection of interest except one, and that is seeing the militia practise ball-cartridge at a target inside of an open quarry. The range must have been not more than 80 yards. But with 'Brown Bess' and an unpractised corps the distance was quite sufficient to render bull's-eyes scarce. It is almost like going back to the days of bows and arrows to think of the change in firearms which has taken place in my own memory.

In 1836 my father determined on taking us all to England. The object in view was health. For a good many years both my brother and myself had been liable to sudden attacks of illness from some affection of the liver. In my case recoveries had been generally rapid and complete, but in my brother's case the attacks were observed to leave a gradually increasing debility, which caused anxiety to my father. According to

what seems to be a law of Nature, I have no recollection of the suffering, but I have a most vivid recollection of the joys of convalescence. Nor, as is usual with boys, did I at all notice my brother's declining strength.

The medical fame of Dr. Jephson at Leamington in Warwickshire was then at its height, and my father was advised to try for my brother and myself the waters of that place, and the system of its eminent physician. Of course we posted all the way—first to Manchester, where my father had friends of the name of Stirling, who were large mill-owners. My father's mechanical tastes were gratified by the ingenious machinery, in which many automatic improvements had then only lately been introduced. There I reheard and relearned the great lesson that automatic work is the very highest result of contriving mind and of directing will. I was delighted and impressed by the immense steam-engines which supplied the moving power to a thousand wheels and spindles; but I was not less fatigued and oppressed by the heat and smell of oil which pervaded the building. The fatigue and exhaustion which I felt from any but the very shortest stay in the mills were not forgotten by me when the Factory Acts became in later years the subject of agitation, and the recollection was one of the influences which made me a keen supporter of my friend Lord Shaftesbury, in his great efforts for the redemption of women and children from exhausting labour in the mills.

The waterless landscapes of England were an absolute novelty to me. All the hills I had ever seen had their feet in the waves, or else were within sight of the water. I soon learned, however, to admire the abundant trees, the comfortable farms, and the pleasant windings of the road among endless fields of luxuriant grass. A few incidents appealed to my own special pursuits, and one of these is connected with a very curious subject—namely, the varying range of some species of birds as to geographical distribution. I had often as a child admired the characteristic figure of the starling among

Bewick's famous woodcuts. But I had never seen the bird. It was unknown in Dumbartonshire when I was a boy, nor had I ever seen it in the adjoining county of Argyll. The first sight of a starling was therefore an event of great interest to me, and I remember to this day the exact place where it occurred. It was at North-allerton in Yorkshire, whilst my father's carriage was changing horses at the inn. There for the first time I saw a starling sitting on the roof of a house, and, of course, immediately recognised it. Yet this bird is now as common in the West of Scotland as it is in most parts of England. It began its invasion about thirty years ago. It breeds in hundreds both at Rosneath and at Inveraray, and its lively manners and rapid flight are a great addition to the interest of our woods and fields.

Another standing impression of our journey was one lost to the new generation. I refer to the inns at which we slept on our leisurely stages to the South. They seemed to me the perfection of cleanliness, comfort, and sometimes of picturesqueness. A chief delight of the old inns was their admirable posting arrangements—neatly dressed postilions, with good, strong, and fast horses, trotting at an exhilarating pace through a lovely country at the steady rate of from eight to ten miles an hour. No doubt this was a pleasure confined to the wealthier classes; but the stage-coaches were no bad substitute—at least, in summer—and the sounding bugle with the dashing four-in-hand rushing past along the winding roads and under the overhanging boughs of the 'greenwood tree' were among the delights of English life. Nor must I omit to mention one feature of English rural scenery which was entirely new to me—the long and capacious waggons drawn by two horses, sometimes by four, and driven by men in smock-frocks—the 'wain' of poets. Their curious long and narrow prototypes which are drawn by dove-gray oxen in Italy are not more new to the English traveller than these great English wains were then to me. I hope the iron horse

has not abolished them, like so many other things. I have not seen one for many years.

The Northern counties of England are not much unlike some of the Lowlands of Scotland. There are the same great stretches of bareness devoted to agriculture, with such wood as exists disposed in separate plantations and isolated patches, or in groups round the farmhouses. It was not until we entered the Midland counties that I first saw and appreciated the typical characteristics of English scenery. But there, as the road passed over some eminence, I saw what seemed a sea of foliage—a vast plain apparently covered with forest, with church spires and towers rising out of it, and marking by the perspective the distances of a wide horizon; the fine green in the foreground merging gradually and softly into more and more fading tints of blue, till the vast plain seemed to meet the sky. This sight gave me a new and vivid sense of admiration, which still makes me feel how true the poet's words are that 'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever.' I was all the more struck by the effect when I found, as I did at Leamington, that it resulted from no forests, or even very large woods, which are comparatively few, but entirely from the universal margining of almost every separate field with timber trees in its hedgerows. This, again, was the indication of a land full of ancient homes, and immemorial settlement. From it primeval forests had so long disappeared that 'clearances' had been effaced. The whole surface was covered with the growths of unnumbered generations, each having ornamented its enclosures by planting in them oak and elm.

In no part of England is this lovely scenery more typically shown than in Warwickshire. I was never tired either of the general effect as seen from any rising ground, or of the detail as seen on the roads or along the many footpaths which crossed the fields. The magnificent oaks and elms were a perpetual delight.

But I must turn from the country to the place and

to the man who was at that time attracting half England to the woods and fields of Warwickshire. There is nothing more curious and pathetic in the history of human disease and suffering than the occasional and sudden rise of masters and of systems of treatment that attain a wide celebrity, and apparently a wide success, and then suddenly disappear for ever. It does not give one a high idea of medicine as a science. It looks like the temporary sway of fashion, largely founded on personal influence, not unmingled with delusion. And yet I am satisfied that there is an explanation which at least diminishes the many deceptive elements. It is no fancy that in the medical as well as in any other profession there are every now and then men with a wonderful power of diagnosis. Neither is it any delusion that such men are sometimes also remarkable personalities, who impress their patients with confidence and persuade them to obedience. Then, there is always some decided change in the routine of diet and of life—some relaxation from business, some rest of thought; whilst to all these powerful influences there is often added some mineral water which, simply as water, irrespective of its dissolved contents, may have a great effect upon the system.

All these influences were combined at Leamington under the famous Dr. Jephson in the third and fourth decades of the nineteenth century. But he had better weapons in reserve on which his real success depended. He had a most gentle and charming voice when speaking seriously. There was as much benevolence as humour in his countenance, and, like most remarkable men, he had a beautiful and expressive smile. His patients all came to love him. I shall never forget—I still seem to hear them—the low, serious, and persuasive tones in which he addressed me after having heard all the particulars of my case, and after having examined me himself. The purport was to impress me with the idea that my frequent

illnesses were not to be trifled with, that they were serious and might be dangerous, but that with care I might live to be, if not a strong, at least a fairly healthy man.

My brother and I had brought our fly-rods with us from Scotland, under the delusion that we might find occasion for their use in Warwickshire. When we saw the river Leam we were terribly disappointed. But the feeling gave way to great interest in the new fish and the new methods of fishing which we saw for the first time in England. In the Highlands of Scotland there are no fish in the rivers except the Salmonidæ and a few eels. All the fish called coarse fish in England are absolutely wanting. Clear and rapid rivers have too little food and far too strong a current to hold such fish. They were, therefore, all quite new to me, and, however poor as objects of sport, they were certainly interesting as objects of natural history. Their beauty, too, is really very great. The red fins and the brilliant silvery scales of the bream, the dace, and the chub make very handsome fish. But the one I admired most of all was the bleak, that lovely little fresh-water herring which swims in small shoals near the surface of sluggish rivers, and is very active in picking up flies and other food floating upon it.

The great delight of our lives at Leamington was the magnificent deer-park of Stoneleigh Abbey, the family place of the Leighs of that ilk. The then Lord Leigh had been a friend of my father in his early life, and he most kindly allowed us to shoot rabbits in his park, and to fish in a tributary of the Avon which runs through it, and past the house. The deer-park and the home-park of Stoneleigh Abbey were my first introduction to the park scenery of England. It can hardly be said to exist in any other country in the world. It was, of course, absolutely new to me, and it made a deep and lasting impression. I have often since tried to analyze the cause of

this. I had not been unaccustomed to fine trees. The woods of Inveraray are full of them, especially of splendid specimens of beech and pine. But I do not recollect that in those early years of my life I had ever been struck by them. What was new in England was the wide expanse of ancient turf, varied by fern and by magnificent oak timber. The oak is indeed indigenous in Scotland. Many of our hills are well clothed with oak-coppice, and there are some fairly large standard trees. But oaks such as are common in English parks are unknown in Scotland. The tree needs for its perfection the rich, deep, loamy clays which are common in England; and, of course, very ancient planting is required. There can be no doubt that a great oak, which may be as old as the Conquest, is indeed the very 'monarch of the forest.' Its massive limbs and the character of their growth, as well as of the leaves, are all majestic and imposing. The specimens in Stoneleigh Park are among the finest I have ever seen, and they still dwell on the horizon of my memory as a splendour and a delight. The beautiful lines of Mrs. Hemans on the stately and the pleasant homes of England always recall the happy memories of Stoneleigh Abbey.

Turning now to a very different class of first impressions, it was at Leamington Parish Church that I first heard the English Prayer-Book service. In 1836, let me remind the reader, the famous Oxford Movement was in its full swing. The air was ringing with the cry of Puseyism. But the influence of the new school of thought was then merely confined to Oxford. It had not yet leavened or changed the ordinary conduct of public worship. Under these circumstances, I heard the service performed in a way that could not make on me any favourable impression. A droning clerk, whose pronunciation was guiltless of an *h*, repeated almost alone the responses; the reading of the whole service was such as to conceal as much as possible the beauty and power of the individual

prayers; and the repetitions of the Litany sounded to me very formal. In one country church near Leamington the choir was accompanied by flutes and fiddles. The change in all this in my time has been indeed enormous and in the main beneficent. But to me the new habit of intoning monotonously all prayers, as well as all Psalms, completely deprives them of expression, and is almost as mechanical as the droning of the old clerks. Good and expressive reading is above all things required to bring out the force and beauty of the Scriptures. And such reading—very rare, alas! in all the churches—is very often a sermon in itself.

Although I heard at that time more or less frequent reference in conversation to Puseyism, I never did hear any definite account of it, and I received nothing more than a vague impression that somehow it was a Romanizing movement. It so happened that there was then resident at Leamington the aged mother of Dr. Hook, the famous Vicar of Leeds, who was one of the leaders of the older school of Anglican High Churchism. With this old lady and her agreeable and excellent daughter we all became very intimate. But I do not recollect that we ever heard from them any expressions of sympathy with the new Oxford Movement. The creed of the older High Church School, if it was very narrow, was at least intelligible and robust. It always seemed to me a sort of glorified John Bullism. The successive and fitful changes effected in the Church during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Elizabeth, and James, in so far exactly as these changes went, were considered, precisely where they stopped, and in their exact condition when they were arrested, to have culminated in the absolute perfection, not only of human, but of Divine wisdom. The result was the only true *via media*. All other churches in every part of Christendom were, by comparison, more or less false and wrong. This patriotic, not to say provincial creed, was so natural to an

insular school of thought that it never excited my surprise. I first began to encounter it in the Hooks. But although in later years it has become largely absorbed in, and amalgamated with, tendencies inherent in Newman's teaching, yet at that time it still stood apart, and their close kindred was unknown to me.

With the end of the summer of 1836 we all returned to Ardencale, and resumed that strictly home and rural life which we had led from childhood. I came back with an entirely new stock of impressions of natural beauty; and the sense of difference enhanced greatly my appreciation of my native landscapes. I felt I admired them as I had never done before. In natural history, too, the seeing of even a few new species had been a great interest to me. Among fishes, the whole group belonging to the English rivers; among insects, the cockchafer; among flowers, the wild-convolvulus, which grew even on the roads in Warwickshire—were unknown in Scotland; among mammals, one bat was equally new to me, and greatly excited my curiosity—the *Vespertilio altivolans*. My father's conversation on flight had often referred to the only flying animal, besides birds, which is now existing in the world. He used to point out how exactly the same mechanical laws were utilized and obeyed in the structure of a bat's wing as in the wings of birds, notwithstanding the great difference in the organic materials employed. The bones in the wings of bats taper to the tips exactly like the feathers of the bird, and with exactly the same purpose to serve. The fluttering, almost butterfly, flight of the smaller bat does not remind us much of the bird's flight. But in the large high-flying bat, the *V. altivolans*, I saw the true likeness, and was much interested by its very different habits.

In the autumn and winter months following our return home, my father saw with increasing anxiety that my brother's health had gained nothing from

the treatment at Leamington. His strength seemed to decline, slowly indeed, but steadily. I did not observe it; young people never do observe such changes or think of them. Wordsworth's lines in his poem of 'We are Seven' apply to boyhood, and even to youth, as much as to mere childhood:

'A little child that lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?'

Even near the end I never realized that there was any danger. Then one day in April, 1837, I was out shooting with an air-gun, when a message was sent for me, and when I ran home I found my brother *in articulo mortis*, and in a moment he had quietly passed away.

My father was very much shocked and distressed by the death of his eldest son, and it was in connection with this event that a circumstance occurred which left on his mind, as it did on my own, a very deep impression. Immediately opposite the window of the room where my brother died, and where his body lay, there were two large ash-trees, the branches of which extended towards the castle, and approached the walls within some twenty or thirty feet. As these branches were also opposite the schoolroom, and my eye was accustomed to range among them constantly, I may almost say that every twig of them was familiar to me. On the day after my brother's death, when the morning came, and when I first looked out, I saw a white dove sitting on the end of a broken bough which was nearest to the window of the darkened chamber. The bird was sitting in a crouching attitude and quite motionless. It commanded my immediate attention and surprise, because not only had I never seen a pigeon sitting on that tree before, but I knew that, as a rule, tame domestic pigeons never do perch on trees, unless in places where the position of the dovecot leaves them no choice. The habit of

choosing buildings to perch upon, almost to the exclusion of trees, is due to the fact that all our domestic breeds of pigeons come from the rock pigeons, and not from any of the wild species which inhabit and breed in woods. So surprised was I that it was some time before I could satisfy myself that my eyes were not deceived. My astonishment, however, was much greater when, many hours later in the day, I went out with my father to take a walk, and in passing the ash-tree I saw the white pigeon still crouching on the bough. I was determined to verify the fact as well as I could ; so, walking to a spot immediately below the bird, and quite near it, I took a pebble from the gravel and chucked it gently up towards the dove. She drew herself up as if in a momentary alarm, and then immediately resumed her vigil in the same attitude as before. The same thing was repeated during the whole of that day, and the whole of the next, after which the bird disappeared. If I had been surprised and struck by its appearance on the first morning, the impression made on me by its persistence on the next became one of a mysterious reverence. I had directed my father's attention to it on the first morning, and I could see, although he said little, that it had a comforting effect upon him. Like most men whose minds are much given to the pursuits of physical science, my father was quite destitute of what is ordinarily called superstition, and I never heard him refer to stories of apparitions or of Highland second-sight, except in the tone which is usual with scientific men. But, on the other hand, he was not one of those who assume that we know all the laws of the physical world, or still less of the spiritual world which is the dwelling-place of the mind of man. The means of our communication with that world are very various, and may well be as incapable of demonstration as so much else which belongs to our most certain knowledge in the moral and spiritual spheres of our daily life. That the dove

was a real bird, and not any subjective impression merely, I had taken care to prove, not only by closer sight, but it may almost be said by touch. I knew the absolutely unusual character of the bird's conduct, and its variance with the inherited habits of the species. I have ever since remembered it as a real response to that yearning for greater light which in the face of death and sorrow is often so distracting and oppressive. Those who think that the spirit of man can receive no intimations from the spiritual world, conveyed through the special use of means within what is called the ordinary course of Nature, may repudiate as impossible the interpretation which was forced upon me. But I have never seen any rational defence of the impossibility, or even the improbability, which is thus assumed. 'Show me a token for good'* is one of the most natural of all prayers in seasons of distress; and possible responses to it can hardly be denied by any who believe in a living God.

My brother's death came with a terrible shock of surprise on me. In several ways it had a great effect. But it did not at all change the tenor of my life. It only turned into a new channel many tendencies of thought which had begun before. Although we two brothers had been brought up entirely together, with a difference of age between us of only two years—although, too, many of our outdoor pursuits and amusements had been always common—I am very conscious now, on looking back, how much in other ways I had always felt and thought alone. He was naturally more reserved and silent—perhaps with less imagination, but obviously very thoughtful and reflective. But he had none of my enthusiasms, and in our talk I kept these very much to myself. I was especially shy and reserved with him in respect of my very early tendency to write. A journal I kept of observa-

* Ps. lxxxvi. 17.

tions on birds was always hidden away carefully in a locked drawer. Although, therefore, his life held no inner place in my own, his loss, on the other hand, had a powerful effect upon it. It was the first time, since a childhood too early to receive such impressions, that death came so very near me. How very near it seemed was due to the fact that I knew my own illnesses had been of the same character as his, and I conceived the idea that they would probably run the same course with me. The serious voice and words of Dr. Jephson had indeed been hopeful—almost confident—but only under a strict reserve as to conditions which were highly contingent. They could not reassure me completely, and although I was then rather gaining than losing in health, it was long before this impression was removed.

Under these circumstances, my early tendency to speculative thought took most naturally the direction which led to religion and theology. My mind was always inclined to question, and to take note of, rather than to harbour doubt. And thus began with me that habit of pondering the difficulties of Christian belief which has remained with me ever since. If I were to say that I was a born sceptic, I should certainly give a false impression. I had absolutely no aggressive spirit. But, on the other hand, the logical faculty was in me deeply seated. The observations and the reasoning which had grown out of my father's teaching and investigations had impressed upon me the rooted conviction of the intelligibility of Nature—not, of course, exhaustively, but in the sense of the human mind and reason being thoroughly responsive to the order of her facts and to the purposes of her methods. I was instinctively dissatisfied if an intelligibility similar in principle could not be traced in the doctrines of religion. They ought to be responsive to those moral elements in our spiritual constitution to which alone they are relevant or can be addressed. I do not, of course, mean that this abstract and philosophical

basis of my thoughts was reasoned out in any such form by me then, when I was only a boy of fourteen. But I do mean that, looking back now to the attitude and habit of my thoughts at that time, this is a true explanation of the course they took, and of the difficulties they encountered, not only then, but through a long course of years. It was not that I was disposed to rebel against legitimate authority. But it was that I needed evidence that any accepted authority should be indeed authoritative, should be recognisable as such by the natural light it shed. It troubled me deeply when ideas in themselves irrational, and still more when ideas repugnant to the moral sense, were insisted upon as articles of religious faith.

From this 'radiant point' of darkness the circumference of my doubts and questionings expanded in all directions, until from time to time during many years, in the secret council-chambers of my own spirit, I have had battles to fight for every truth which can be the basis either of knowledge or of faith. If in later life I have had any success in smoothing the path of others under similar trials, it has been mainly due to the discipline which began with me in 1837. No man who has not himself known doubt can know, as he ought, how to deal with it. No one else can know how and when it mounts most easily the steps of fallacy, and with what ease it may lead to a blank and universal scepticism. It has been an immense lesson to me to feel how near I once came at least to the understanding of this condition, and how near, too, in reaction and revolt I once came to the alternative of submission to a phantom of authority.

Although the treatment of Dr. Jephson had not prevailed to arrest the progress of disease in my brother's case, my father had not lost faith in it for me, over whom the complaint had not gained such hold. He therefore took me back to Leamington in 1837. In this second visit, of course, the first vivid impressions of novelty were impossible, and I recollect almost

nothing of it in detail, except my identification of the garden warbler—a bird I had not seen in Scotland—and a terrible attack of my old illness. The occasion of it shows what great mistakes may be made by great physicians when they do not know all relevant facts. Lord Leigh of Stoneleigh Abbey had again placed his shootings and his keeper at my disposal, and I was ambitious to try partridge-shooting for the first time on the 1st September. With some misgiving, I asked Dr. Jephson's leave, who offered no objection. The result was most disastrous. I toiled many hours on a hot day through bean-fields and stubbles, and became very tired, so that before I got home I felt I was in for an attack. Accordingly, it came on with a vengeance, and for some days nothing Dr. Jephson gave me could arrest it. My life was in great danger. At last one evening, from utter exhaustion, I fell asleep, and Dr. Jephson remained with me during the night, very uncertain whether I would ever awake. When I did, he saw that the crisis was past, and saying 'Thank God!' he went away to resume his very full and busy life. My convalescence was as rapid as it had always been, and I was soon as well as usual.

Our departure from Leamington in 1837 was followed by an episode in my life which can never be forgotten. A young Queen had then just ascended the throne. My father wished to see her, and to see his brother, who was then Lord Steward of the Household. A connection of his own, of whom he had been fond in his early life, had married an Irish peer, Lord Rossmore, and they lived in a villa called The Dell, which was actually built in contact with the wall of Windsor Great Park, where it crests the rising ground of Cooper's Hill. We were invited to be the guests of the Rossmores, and we posted all the way from Warwickshire to Windsor. If the ordinary sylvan scenery of England, as seen on the common posting-roads, or in deer-parks like Stoneleigh, had given me a new sense of beauty, the crown and glory of that scenery in Windsor Forest threw me

almost into an ecstasy of delight. The windows of the villa opened on a steep dell or hollow in the forest, bordered on each side by splendid oak and beech trees. The open dell was full of fern, and the deer, with twinkling ears and tossing antlers in alternate light and shadow, were constantly passing and repassing beneath us. The massive foliage of the tree-tops in the middle distance lay below the level of the eye, which was thus free to range over them to the distant horizon of a country steeped in the haze of a delicious blue; whilst across and above the whole stretched the vast walls and battlements and towers of Windsor Castle, with its magnificent medieval outline against the sky. It was to me a very dream of beauty, and I used to sit on the wall overlooking it, gazing with eyes never satisfied with seeing.

It was not many days after our arrival at The Dell that I had my first vision of her of whom every tongue was then talking—the young Princess who had just succeeded to the throne, and who excited an interest and an enthusiasm which has, without abatement, been since transformed into admiration, confidence, gratitude, and love. I had strolled by myself into the park one afternoon by the adjacent gate called the Bishop's Gate, and I was walking slowly along the drive which leads in the direction of Virginia Water. Suddenly I heard the distant clatter of horses' hoofs ahead of me, and the sound soon told me they were approaching. Presently I saw through the beautiful perspective of stems of oak a small cavalcade coming in my direction at a sharp trot, with two outriders in scarlet livery. Of course this could be no other than the young Queen, and I confess my heart beat quick when I saw that she would pass close to where I stood. She was riding with her Prime Minister by her side—Lord Melbourne—whose head and face were remarkable for a very noble type of beauty. I had to move off the road to get out of the way, and when I uncovered, as the Queen passed close to me, she returned my salutation with a most

gracious bow and smile. The beauty of that smile, the quickness of her eye, the refinement of her features, and the slenderness of her form, were the points which struck me most. How much they impressed me it would be difficult to express. But I may say that the pleasure the first sight of the Queen gave me is indissolubly associated with the many tokens of gracious kindness with which I have been honoured during a long life, and through many both political and personal relations. It is well, no doubt, since it has been so ordered, that we cannot foresee the future. But sometimes it must strike us how, if it had been foreseen, it would have come upon us with a great and a glad surprise. Such in my case would have been the knowledge that fifty-nine years after that meeting with the Queen in Windsor Park, I should be able to send to her on her birthday a slight tribute of loyalty and devotion, in which I should introduce in some detail the circumstances of that happy moment of my boyhood.

In the autumn of 1837 we returned to Ardencaple, and lived the same home-life as before during the rest of that year and the whole of 1838. Retired as that life was, it was not wholly without variety, since occasionally my father had guests of interest. It was one of these who gave to me in the autumn of 1837 a new sensation. None of my tutors had ever spent upon me one word of praise, and for the best of reasons—that, from their point of view, I never had deserved it. Neither in aptitude nor in application had I been proficient in the schoolroom. My thoughts had been habitually elsewhere, and such as they were I had kept them almost entirely to myself. One consequence was that I had very much accepted the tutorial valuation of my own abilities, and had a rather discouraging estimate of my powers. Although this is undoubtedly better than conceit, it is not altogether a wholesome condition of mind, and I felt all the better of an accidental stimulus. It came in the

visit to my father of a certain Sir James Stewart of Allanbank, and his wife, in the autumn of 1837. He was a Scottish Baronet of old family and estate, whilst his wife was a beautiful and accomplished woman of much younger years. An artist by nature, so far as genius and imagination were concerned, he used to make the most beautiful sketches of medieval cavalcades of armed knights, winding along mountain-paths or issuing from castellated gateways, with lances and pennons in the most picturesque perspective. The peculiarity of those drawings was that nothing was made out in any detail. A line here and a dot there, unconnected except by the bonds of imaginative suggestion, were all that could be seen on a too close inspection. But there was wonderful movement in the horses, wonderful dignity in the riders, and a general effect of the pride and pomp of chivalry, which made these slight sketches more effective than many finished pictures I have seen. He had a facile brush for all he attempted, seizing always with a true artistic eye the special character of every object he drew. Some birds—a dead heron especially—which he drew for me in chalks, were perfect of their kind.

Lady Stewart was well versed in Shakespeare, and an excellent actress. I still vividly recollect a scene in which she simulated madness, and with such force, that her husband could not stand it, and interrupted our entertainment by imploring her to stop. I enjoyed immensely the society of this remarkable couple, and it was with great surprise that I observed the interest they took in my eager conversations with them on a variety of subjects connected with Nature, and with the interpretations of it. It gave me a new pleasure at the time, and I remember it with pleasure still.

CHAPTER VI

1837-39

**ROSNEATH—SCIENTIFIC INTERESTS—MY FATHER'S SUC-
CESSION TO THE DUKEDOM—SKERRYVORE LIGHT-
HOUSE.**

I SUPPOSE it is impossible for those who have no special interest in natural history to realize the delight experienced by others who have that interest in the first sight of a species entirely new to them. That delight befell me later in the year 1837. A message was sent to me from Rosneath that a flight of strange birds was frequenting the woods of that estate, and especially one which was called the Darkwood, very near the castle. That wood occupied the greater part of a promontory separating two lovely bays of the sea. It was composed almost entirely of spruce firs, at least a century old. They had been planted thickly, and had not been thinned out, till by mutual pressure all the lower branches had been killed off, and the stems ran up clean and straight like a wood of stately masts. Towards the top, with free access to light and air, they spread out into splendid heads of foliage. In that particular season, these were covered with an unusually abundant crop of cones, full of fertile seeds. I soon found by the débris thrown down upon the ground, and by specimens which I was able to shoot, that the strange bird was the crossbill—a comparatively rare and a most curious species. I was immensely interested in its structure and in its habits. The drawings in books had given me no accurate idea of the extraordinary bill which has been

specially adjusted to its special food. Nor had I seen any description of its parrot-like attitudes in clinging to the cones, head or back downwards, when engaged in wrenching open the closely-adhering scales which cover and protect the seed. Neither had I realized from books the beautiful colouring of the crossbill. The hen is indeed sober enough in her dress. But the cock bird in full plumage is of a splendid scarlet, whilst the young males have the scarlet feathers mottled with golden yellow.

The perfect adaptation between the organic structure of animals and the functions which they are destined to perform, is indeed a conspicuous and universal fact throughout the whole world of living things. But every here and there particular instances of it occur which are more striking than others, from the extreme limitation of the field of operation for which some special apparatus has been fitted. The crossbill seems to be a near ally of the finches; and some of them, such as the bullfinch and the hawfinch, have bills well adapted to open a great variety of hard buds or seeds. But the beak of the crossbill has a special adaptation for one kind of seed-case alone—one of the toughest and most intractable of all the protective coverings which have been provided in Nature for the safety of vegetable seeds—namely, the cones of the pine tribe. To gather those generally small seeds after they have been shed would exhaust the activities of the most industrious birds. Yet there are enormous areas of surface both in the old and in the new world which are entirely covered with pines, and if the countless millions of seeds produced, over and above those which are needed for the preservation of the species, are to be utilized at all, it can only be done by giving to some animal a special implement by which access can be gained to the seed before it is scattered to the winds. The reason, therefore, for the existence of such an apparatus as the twisted mandibles of the crossbill is satisfactory enough, when we consider the

ubiquity of life on our globe, and the system which undoubtedly prevails of leaving no area wholly untenanted by creatures fitted to enjoy it. But how such a very special apparatus began, and how it seems to be now confined to two nearly allied species on the globe, are questions which it is impossible to solve on any merely mechanical theory of creation. Familiar as I was with the idea of adapted means in the flight of birds, I confess I was more than ever struck with it when I looked at the almost deformed aspect of the crossbill's beak, when I felt the powerful muscles at the root of the jaw, which reminded me of the same feature in the parrots, and when I saw upon the ground under the pines the dense and tough cones cut, and torn, and rifled of their innermost contents by this extraordinary bird. Not less was I puzzled to understand how this flight of crossbills knew that year of the unusually rich crop of the favourite food in a country not their own, and far from their usual haunts. That beautiful wood of pines, all about 100 feet high, has, alas! been blown down since then, and I have never seen the crossbill again.

In 1839 a new interest came to me, for in that year I came by mere accident to be much impressed by one of the most wonderful of all the physical sciences—namely, that of chemistry. It happened that a small estate, consisting of a couple of farms, lying adjacent to the lands belonging to Inveraray, fell into the market, and their geographical position induced my father to buy them. On procuring a very old map of these, he found the word 'Mine' on the area of a heathery moorland belonging to the property. He had studied chemistry more or less, such as the science then was, when a young man, with his friend Dr. Robertson, and his library was well stored with manuals of analysis. It was always his greatest pleasure to do for himself everything that he needed to be done in the way of any kind of handiwork. He directed an immediate search for minerals on the

ground, and in books for the best methods of testing the metallic ores. Very little search was needed as to finding the old 'Mine,' for lumps of a very heavy ore were found upon the ground, and a low face of rock in the channel of a rivulet showed whence they had been taken. A few blasts opened up a new face, and the ore was seen in considerable quantity in the bedding of the strata. The greater part of it was a dense grey ore, evidently some form of sulphuret of iron. But associated with it were smaller quantities of the yellow sulphuret of copper, some of which showed the beautiful iridescent colours of what is called 'peacock ore.' My father, jumping to the conclusion that he had found what might prove a valuable copper-mine, at once sent for a skilled mining engineer from Cornwall, and in the meantime set to work on the chemical processes needed to test the quality of the ore.

In this work he associated me with him, and for a very considerable time, extending over several years, one of my greatest amusements was the working of these mineral analyses. The initiation into the physical sciences which consists in dealing with the practical application of them to the purposes of life is a method which may not carry us very far. But so far as it does go it has one great virtue—that of making us familiar with fundamental facts in their characteristic phenomena, and thus preparing us to understand and to assimilate the continuous results of investigation into the more abstract conceptions, which are always the highest results to be obtained.

Chemistry was in a very different condition from that in which it now stands, when my father studied it. Dalton had not then reached that atomic theory which placed on a true physical basis the curious intuitive imaginings of some of the oldest of the Greek philosophers. The doctrine of the 'valency' of those atoms, each according to its kind, to form an intimate union with a definite number of others of a different kind, and with neither more nor less of

these—this doctrine had not been reached. Dalton's discovery of it had not been published till some years after my father's escape from the clutches of Napoleon, and when his life in the House of Commons had diverted his attention from such pursuits. When he resumed them for a practical purpose in 1839, he had not grasped the new atomic philosophy of chemical combination, as I certainly never heard him mention it. But, none the less, the main fact was known of special chemical affinities prevailing among the elements of matter, and of the consequent power which was given to mental processes both in the analysis and synthesis of natural substances, so that all combinations could be pulled to pieces, and some of them recombined with powers and properties absolutely different.

This was the great mystery of chemical affinity, and it still remains a mystery, none the less, but all the more, since the seat of it has been traced to certain ultimate particles of differentiated matter, all of which have some inalienable property in certain special qualities and powers. Without learning anything of ultimate atoms and molecules, such as are now handled by the mind as known existences, I saw in the comparatively simple operations of getting pure metallic copper out of its ores some of the most curious examples of the power which was given to intelligence by even an empirical knowledge of the laws of chemical affinity. We tried in vain to overcome by intense heat and fusion the desperate tenacity with which iron, copper, and sulphur were held together in one amalgamated material. But we always failed. We could find no extraneous substance which as a 'flux' would so unite with the iron and sulphur as to leave the copper pure. The result of all our meltings—the 'button' at the bottom of the crucible—was always the same useless mixture, only a little more concentrated. So we were driven to the 'wet process'—that is to say, the method of dissolving the ore in acids, and then dealing with the combined solution by adding to it certain appropriate

reagents. Reducing the ore to the liquid state by heat had produced no effect in tearing its ingredients asunder. But reducing it to a liquid state by dissolving it in powerful acids made them at once accessible to such different and imperious affinities that they could no longer resist the separation we desired.

I was intensely interested in the absolutely new phenomena which I saw produced. The solution of solid salt or of sugar in water or in tea is a process so quiet and so familiar that we are lulled to sleep over the wonder which it really involves. But when the raw metallic ores of iron, copper, and sulphur are exposed to the potent acids which dissolve even gold, then the fierceness of chemical affinities is seen in forms which at once arrest attention. Violent effervescence, with the sudden evolution of great heat, and the rise of choking fumes of a poisonous gas—all these attest the action of a force still utterly unknown in its ultimate nature, but certainly one of the most powerful in the making of the world. Then came another wonder, still further illustrating the virtues of this force in the management of matter. The dissolved ore, with whatever metals it contained, resulted in a liquid, transparent and green in colour. On strong ammonia being added, the transparent liquid became instantly as thick as a red mud. It was the red oxide of iron, the whole of which metal was thrown down in flocculent masses, thus separating that metal, in virtue of its violent affinity with the abundant oxygen supplied by the ammonia. In search as we were for copper, nothing could look more hopeless than this hideous mass. But we were told by the books that, whilst ammonia threw down the iron as a solid rust, it would continue to hold the copper in solution, when the red sediment was separated by a filter. And so, when this was tested, great was my delight and surprise when a liquid was seen draining through the filter, perfectly clear and of a most exquisite purple-blue. The further processes required for getting this copper again sepa-

rated from its solutions we found more difficult and tedious. We therefore betook ourselves to a process which was shorter in reaching the pure metal, and which illustrated yet another of the mysteries of chemical affinity. Instead of treating the dissolved ore with a view to eliminating first the iron, we applied a method which separated the copper first, by presenting to it an irresistible attraction. Bands of polished iron were dipped into the solution. On the surface of these the copper instantly began to be deposited in the pure metallic form. By prolonged immersion, these iron bands became deeply covered with a deposit of powdery copper, which could be easily collected, and then melted in a crucible. My father made the mould of a miniature ingot, and highly delighted we both were when the first ingot of pure copper was procured, and was stamped with the word 'Craigure,' the name of the farm on which the mine had been discovered.

The saying that 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing' is far from being a wise proverb, unless the application made of it be very limited indeed. It is true, of course, that very fragmentary knowledge on any subject may lead to erroneous conclusions. But all human knowledge on all subjects whatever is very limited, and it is most untrue that, so far as it goes, if it be well employed, it is an evil rather than a good. My knowledge of chemistry has always been a little knowledge only; but, so far as it goes, it has been of great use to me in later years, not only in practical affairs, but in enabling me to detect in controversy the extravagant pretensions which have been asserted from its discoveries in some modern systems of philosophy. It enabled me to see how absolutely the forces of chemical affinity must be under the control of mind if they are to be used for the making of combinations having any special functions to discharge. It enabled me to see how, if organized matter be a 'concourse of atoms,' it was impossible that the concourse could be 'fortuitous.' It enabled me to see how futile it is to

pretend that, because we can make artificially, by chemical syntheses, a few waste products of the living body, we have gained thereby any clue to the methods by which vital organs have been built up, out of the common elements of matter, for the discharge of their mysterious functions.

But neither natural history nor chemistry had ever put an end to the very miscellaneous character of my reading. When exactly, or how exactly, I do not clearly remember, but at this time I had become awakened to a keen interest in politics—not, however so much in their contemporary as in their historical aspect. As far as I can trust my memory, it had begun in my old familiarity with the writings of Junius. In ranging over the library, I had found the well-known edition of Pitt's speeches, which, imperfect as it is, contains all that later generations can know of that lofty eloquence which so long enchained both Parliament and the people. I took to reading them with avidity, and became a devoted Pittite. His phase of political opinion died out with the glorious conclusion of the great war for the liberties of Europe, of which Pitt had been the life and soul. That great cause was the hinge on which everything turned with him. But as regards the tendency of his opinions on other matters, it is well known that Pitt to his dying day considered himself a Whig. The impression made upon me by his speeches has never been effaced. It armed me against the gross misrepresentations of his conduct and policy, which became the stock inheritance of the degenerate Whigs who followed the banner of Charles James Fox, and who survived in the feeble Governments which succeeded the administration of Earl Grey. From Pitt I passed to Burke, and the groundwork of my political feelings was deeply laid on the speeches of the one and on the writings of the other. In 1839 my enthusiastic admiration of the oratory of Pitt knew no bounds, and I well recollect victimizing an unfortunate Dr. Anderson, who came from Glasgow

to attend my father in an illness, by reading aloud to him some of Pitt's denunciations of Napoleon, in evening hours when the poor man could not escape.

Out of doors at that time I had a somewhat new pursuit, in hand-line fishing in the sea. My father had a severe illness, during which his food was a principal care. He was very fond of fish, but only if it was perfectly fresh. There was at that time a bank of very small whittings some two and a half miles up the Gareloch, and to that spot I used to go in a rowing-boat, for a time every day, to catch enough whittings for my father's dinner. But it has been my habit throughout life to mingle intense delight in beautiful scenery, or in the sports of the field, with whatever intellectual interest was uppermost at the time; and I have no doubt that in 1839, if I could have looked for any sympathy on the part of listeners, I should have been rolling out some favourite sentence of Mr. Pitt when waiting patiently for a bite, and when watching the lovely blues which bathed the knotted surfaces of the Argyllshire mountains. My father's recovery was slow, and those old home days, full of increasing interests, remained uninterrupted till, in the autumn of that year, an event occurred which in a moment changed the whole outward surroundings of my life.

Very early in the morning of the 24th October, 1839, I was fast asleep, when I felt myself suddenly shaken up by someone standing beside my bed. On looking up, I saw my old friend and early host, Lorne Campbell, bending over me with an expression of much trouble on his face. On asking him what was the matter, he replied only in two words, 'Your uncle.' 'What about him?' I asked. 'He's gone,' was the reply. As I had jumped to the conclusion that something had happened to my father, I confess I was greatly relieved. I had never even seen my uncle. He was a mere name to me, and nothing more; and though my father had never spoken to any of us of his brother's faults and follies, I had somehow acquired, to say the least, a very

negative impression of his character. What had happened was this. My uncle had come down to Inveraray to spend a few weeks of the autumn at his early home. My father's illness alone had prevented him from going to visit his brother. The Duke had some symptoms which had alarmed his friends, but he had been riding about his place upon a pony with enjoyment every day. On the evening of October 23rd he sat down to dinner with a very few friends, of whom Lorne Campbell was one, and was sitting opposite. Folding his arms across his breast, a favourite attitude with him, he gave some direction to the servants, and then he was seen to drop his chin on his chest, and so to remain, as if asleep. Lorne Campbell ran round the table to him, and found him to be stone-dead.

As soon as the consternation of the guests had passed off, Lorne Campbell immediately posted all the way to Ardencape, and came first to me, knowing the delicate state of my father's health at the time. Despite many years of unfortunate differences, the two brothers had been much attached, and I was struck by the shock which my father evidently experienced on hearing of the Duke's very sudden death.

My father's succession to the dukedom of Argyll came upon me as a great surprise, and as the lifting of a curtain on a completely new sphere of life. Somehow, I had never realized the probability beforehand. Of course, it had been a probability for many years, and almost a certainty for several. To the best of my recollection, nobody had ever spoken of the succession to me, and I had certainly never spent upon the prospect of it even one moment's serious thought. I had a happy home, full of very various interests, which wholly occupied my attention. But now when that change of position actually came, it came at a time when my growing interest in politics made me appreciate the wider horizon which was thus opened to my view. This was the real difference it made to



John, 7th Duke of Argyll
c.1800

Mr. J.

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me. It did not at all alter my pursuits, but it opened to them a larger field of exercise.

My father took the wise step of engaging for me an English tutor, a gentleman destined to take Orders in the Church of England. He had been quite right in choosing Scotsmen during my earlier years, and it has been a real misfortune for Scotland that so many of her sons of the highest classes have had an exclusively Anglican education. It divorced them from sympathy with the people in some of their most national characteristics, and at a critical time it rendered them incapable, as we shall soon see, of even understanding the most fundamental facts and problems of Scottish legislation. But after having been educated hitherto wholly in Scotland, it was high time to place me in nearer contact with ideas and associations of a different order, and for this purpose my father made an excellent selection in the gentleman, J. S. Howson, who ultimately rose to be Dean of Chester, and became well known in literature as the joint-author with Mr. Conybeare of that 'Life of St. Paul' which is a standard work in English schools and colleges.

Mr. Howson was an attached member of his Church. But he was not in any way bigoted or narrow-minded, and always attended the Established Church service in Scotland with me. From him I first heard an objection to extempore prayer in public worship, which at that time puzzled me, and has often interested me in later years. It was in one sense a physical objection—an objection resting on the relation of the hearing and understanding faculties to the laws of space and time. It takes a certain fraction of time, he argued, before the ear can hear any uttered sentence. It takes another fraction of time before the intelligence can translate that sentence into thought. But by that time a new sentence will have been begun, and will be on its way. The result was, he thought, that it is impossible to convert into conscious supplication any sentence except the previous one to that which actually

occupies the ear, so that the worshipper must always be one sentence behind the minister, so far as the possibility of real supplication is concerned. Listening to one sentence whilst we are praying a previous one was an accomplishment he could not understand.

This difficulty was entirely new to me. It struck me as fallacious, but so ingenious that I did not see wherein the fallacy lay. There was nothing absurd in the fundamental assumptions of the argument. It is undoubtedly true that a fraction of time is occupied by sound in reaching the ear. It is less obvious, but it is equally true, that after the sound has reached the ear another fraction of time is occupied in converting it into thought. What I did not then fully understand was that these two fractions of time are so minute that they do not appreciably affect the combined result where the mind and the ear are equally on the alert. The velocity of mere sound, as such, within any distances so small as those which affect this question, is so great that, practically, there is an instantaneous passage between the speaker and the hearer. The velocity, again, of that telegraphic motion along the nerves which converts mere sound into intelligible words is practically so great that it is equally inappreciable—at least, where the language is a familiar tongue. And, then, it is to be remembered that although the quickness of any intelligence in translating into thought the written or the spoken symbols of it must vary with the familiarity of the symbols, yet in the case of all forms of Christian prayer the words and phrases used belong to a very limited cycle of expression, the sequence of which generally suggests itself to the mind as each word is beginning to be heard. The result is that the end of the sentence is foreknown long before it is actually heard, so that practically, if the listening mind is really intent, the theoretical difficulty is never felt. Yet it was certainly so felt by Howson, to whom what is called “free prayer” was a new thing in the regular

services of religion. But although, as a universal objection to such prayer, it was open to an effectual answer, that answer depended on conditions which are certainly not always present. Those conditions are close attention, and a sustained effort to keep it up. Without this, it is impossible to convert into real prayer any words which are not our own. Mere reverent and sympathetic listening to the prayers of other men is not prayer in us. It is not personal supplication. And I am convinced that a large part of every congregation in Scotland are no more than sympathetic listeners to the minister when he engages in free prayer.

A certain number of devout souls, and these only, are capable of that enwrapt attention which can alone enable them to keep up the mental attitude of supplication for every sentence as it reaches them. There may be occasions of great general emotion when people are deeply impressed with a common religious sentiment, and on such occasions the proportion of such devout souls may be indefinitely increased. But in the ordinary course of public worship the number of them is but limited. But when we thus come to trace out exactly wherein the difficulty lies, it becomes obvious that it is not met or obviated by the exclusive use of liturgical forms of prayer. Without close attention, the continual repetition of stereotyped words and phrases is quite sure to become more or less unconscious and automatic. It may be easier, and I think it is, to keep up this sustained attention when the forms of prayer are short, simple, direct, and full of meaning. This is the great beauty of almost all the collects and shorter prayers in the English service. But no one who has listened to the responses of large English congregations can help receiving the impression that they may easily be, and very often are, repeated more or less absently and mechanically. This is a difficulty and a danger which cannot be escaped even when the written prayer

unites all the highest conceivable qualifications of beauty in language and of concentration in religious thought. Of this the Lord's Prayer is the great example. Our very familiarity with it tends to lull us into sleepy and rhythmical repetitions, accompanied by little consciousness of the power and sweep of the few and simple petitions which it seeks of the Heavenly Father. How few of us can repeat the words 'Thy kingdom come' with any adequate understanding of a petition which, if fulfilled, would transform the world.

Looking, then, to these kindred difficulties affecting both free and liturgical prayers, it has always appeared to me to be irrational that either should exclusively be adopted in public worship. Considering the varieties of mental habit which exist in every Christian congregation, it is evident that both may be of great advantage. There is an incomparable beauty and impressiveness in the old liturgical prayers, so combined with brevity that they unquestionably lend themselves more easily than any other to the most genuine spirit of supplication. On the other hand, the great varieties of circumstances by which our lives are surrounded make it unreasonable to debar the Christian minister from spontaneous and adapted prayer. Nothing but the inveterate prejudices of early custom, and of party spirit, can account for the passionate exclusiveness with which the different systems have been advocated or denounced in England and in Scotland. Then, besides all this, it is to be remembered that in Presbyterian and Congregational churches that which is called 'free prayer' is in reality nothing of the kind. The prayers are generally written and learnt by heart, and even where they are not so repeated they are largely composed of stereotyped forms of expression which are perpetually recurring. Nothing is gained in them so far as any expectation of an inspired spontaneity is concerned, whilst considered as devout compositions their merit is terribly unequal.

My new tutor, although not a man of any commanding abilities, and of little originality, was widely read, and introduced me to many new branches of literature. In particular, he led me for the first time to read the Lake poets. Wordsworth soon took a firm hold upon me, and both Coleridge and Southey gave me much pleasure. As regards these last, later years have not confirmed my first impression, except in respect to a few pieces and a few passages, such as 'The Ancient Mariner' and 'They sin who tell us love can die.' But as regards Wordsworth, my first great delight in him has been often renewed. Even the ponderous pages of 'The Excursion' and 'The Prelude' have never, when I have had time to read them, ceased to throw over me a certain spell of calm and poetic contemplation. Not until many years later was my allegiance divided by that other and, as I think, that still greater poet who has 'filled the spacious times of great *Victoria* with sounds that echo still.'

The extravagance and carelessness of my uncle's early life had landed him in embarrassments which led to the estates being put under trust, and to his having led the life of an absentee for many years in England. On my father's succession, the trust lapsed, and he lost no time in establishing that personal intercourse with a numerous tenantry which had been long wanting in his brother's case. His love of country pursuits and a strong hereditary attachment to his people and estates led him to visit them all, and to reside more or less on several, as soon as possible after his succession. He took me with him on all these visits, and we were everywhere received with enthusiasm by the people. Besides re-establishing his early home at Inveraray, he went as soon as possible to the largest and most interesting of his estates—that which embraced a large part of the district of Kintyre. Perhaps no part of the county of Argyll is so full of varied interest even to a stranger. Geologically, geographically, historically, and economically it is

curious—in some respects singular. It is impossible to look at the map of Scotland without being struck by those wide-stretching arms of the sea which run far up into the land, and which all lie in one prevailing direction, from north-east to south-west.

Conspicuous among the intervening blocks of land is that long and narrow promontory called Kintyre, which stretches so far to the south-west that it only terminates within some twelve miles of the Irish coast. The geologist cannot fail to wonder at those deep-seated terrestrial movements which alone can account for such a distribution of sea and land, and which, especially, could alone ridge up such a long, narrow neck from out the bordering hollows of the sea. Geographically it is not less curious. It is a most inconvenient barrier in the way of navigation between the mainland of Scotland and the north-western coast, with all its islands. Historically it was honoured by the first footsteps of Columba and of his followers, one of whom, called Kiaran, made a fine inlet of the sea near its point his headquarters of missionary labour.

Kintyre was the most southern and the most fertile region which was colonized by that Celtic race from Ireland which, through strange passages of history, ultimately imposed its name upon the whole of Scotland. Politically it had been long held during the tumultuous epoch of the clans by the sept of the Macdonalds, whose cousinship with the invaders of the North of Ireland and with the wild Hebridean population, predisposed them to hostility to the Central Scottish monarchy founded by Malcolm Canmore. To the cause of that monarchy my ancestors had been always true, and their active loyalty, ever since its restoration in the days of Robert Bruce, had been rewarded by a commission to conquer the lands, and by a charter of possession.

Economically Kintyre was not less full of interest, by the clear example it afforded of the process by which alone the wretched husbandmen of the old

Celtic clans could be replaced by the substitution of a race more mixed in blood, more civilized, and more accustomed to look for their subsistence to the pursuits of lawful industry. The Macdonalds were compelled to withdraw with all their fighting followers, and my ancestors repeopled the country—partly by such Highlanders as could be reclaimed, and largely by inviting a settlement of the persecuted Covenanters from the opposite coast of Ayrshire, who brought with them the knowledge of that more advanced system of baronry which had even then begun in the Low Country. The disastrous old Highland system of communal holdings, in which the superior intelligence of any one man was kept down under the stupidity of many others, and by the ruinous customs of an hereditary ignorance, gave place gradually, but as speedily as possible, to individual favours, in which every man could be sure of securing the advantages of his own industry and thrift, and of the landlord's help in capital.

For a good many years this fine estate had been under the management of two gentlemen, father and son, of the name of Stewart, with whom agricultural improvement was a passion, and by whose wise advice large sums were yearly expended by the landlord in supplying improved equipments for every farm as it fell out of lease. All this was new to me, and it was an education in itself. It familiarized me with the fundamental facts of economic science, so far as these are exhibited in the most ancient of all industries and under the most favourable conditions of civilized life. A highly intelligent tenantry being gradually supplied with more comfortable houses, great peat mosses becoming yearly more and more restricted in area as improvements encroached upon them round all the borders—such were the scenes among which we lived when we took up our residence in Kintyre on the shores of that magnificent harbour which used to be called Loch Kilchearon, but is now known as Campbeltown

Loch. In olden times it had often been crowded with the fleets of the Kings of Scotland on their way to subdue, if possible, the disloyal Hebridean clans. Now it is often crowded with ships running in for shelter from the storms that vex the North Channel.

Then, to me, there were other attractions. The spacious moors, well stocked with grouse, commanded the most splendid views over sea and land and island. The almost complete absence of trees, except in a few glens and sheltered spots, lent itself to that abundance of light which is so enjoyable on the western coasts. The great flights of plover, like little wandering clouds against the clear sky, and the gannets plunging into green water along the shores, were a perpetual delight.

It was on the occasion of this first visit to Campbeltown, after the succession of my father to the dukedom, that I was called upon to make my first public speech, on the occasion of being presented with the freedom of the burgh by the municipality, early in August, 1840. I have no recollection of what I said, or only just so much of it as to be sure that it was as entirely commonplace as is usual on such occasions. But I have a vivid recollection of the impression made upon the audience, chiefly due to my very youthful appearance combined with a naturally powerful voice. I was then only seventeen years of age, and looked even younger than my years. I was much amused by hearing that a venerable old Highlander, who had been the chief doctor in Campeltown for half a century, and always wore an old-fashioned yellow wig, was so astonished by my speech that, when I sat down, he could only gasp to his next neighbour, 'D'ye hear the boy?'

My father's desire to visit all his estates, and see personally the condition of the people, coincided in 1840 with a special call on his attention which appealed to all his love of mechanical science in the happiest of its applications. The west coast of

Scotland, as is well known, is shielded from the open ocean by a great archipelago of islands, which are arranged, roughly speaking, in two great parallel lines, like battleships at a review. The inner line stretches from the north end of Skye to the southern end of Islay. The outer line, at from twenty to forty miles farther into the ocean, stretches from the butt of Lewis on the north to Barra Head in the south. One part, however, of the wide space of sea which separates these two lines of islands is occupied by an intervening group of two islands, Tiree and Coll, which lie contiguous to each other.

The whole of Tiree and part of Coll belonged to the estates of the Argyll family. The Coll portion had been alienated before my father's succession. But Tiree still remained to us. It is an island unlike any of the other Hebrides. They are all more or less hilly—some of them strongly mountainous. In Tiree the highest elevation is 300 feet, and two other lower elevations are called 'Bens' by the islanders. Eleven miles long by from three to five miles broad, it lies so low in the water that it is like a great raft of sand and rock and meadow anchored in the deep. It was once larger than it is now, since ancient peat mosses extend from the shore under the sea. A very slight depression of the land would submerge a large part of it and convert it into a complicated group of rocky islets. Some such submergence of a once more extended surface is the probable explanation of a great cluster of rocks which breaks the rollers of the Atlantic at a distance of twelve miles to the south-west of Tiree. Facing the ocean as those rocks do, at a point south of Barra Head, and where, consequently, they are open to the full stretch of some 2,000 miles of wave, they cannot be approached by boats without danger, except in the calmest weather. Yet, as they lie right in the fairway of navigation for ships running south from the North of Scotland, between the Outer and the Inner Hebrides, and as it was known that they had been the

scene of many shipwrecks, so disastrous that not a soul ever did, or ever could, survive to tell the tale, the Commissioners of Northern Lights had determined to erect upon them, if possible, a lighthouse on the plan of the Eddystone, only larger and stronger, in proportion to the exposure. This difficult and most dangerous enterprise they entrusted to their own engineer, Mr. Alan Stevenson, by whom, after some years of the most toilsome and anxious labour, it was conducted to a triumphant conclusion. Mr. Stevenson was a member of that distinguished family which in recent years has made a notable contribution to the literature of our time in the writings of R. Louis Stevenson.

My father had taken a deep interest in the work, and had offered to contribute from his estate the whole stone needed for the building. This, together with his well-known scientific interest in all such works, induced the Commissioners to ask him to lay the foundation-stone when, on July 7th, 1840, the preliminary operations had been so far advanced as to admit of such a ceremony being possible. This invitation he eagerly accepted—anxious to visit the estate and people, as well as to see one of the noblest engineering undertakings of his time. Taking his whole family with him, he hired a special steamer to take us to the island of Tiree. The weather was magnificent, the anchorage in the open bay of Gott perfectly calm, and our house on the island fairly comfortable, as well as interesting from its site, surrounded on all sides but one by the waters of a small fresh-water lake.

I can hardly exaggerate the complete novelty to me of the scenery of the Hebrides to which I was thus for the first time introduced. It was far greater even than the contrast between my early home and the wooded lanes of Warwickshire, or the forest dells of Windsor. Everything was new. There was not only no tree, but there was not even a bush upon the island. It was absolutely bare and open to the sky, and to

every wind that blew. On the other hand, there was an abundance and exuberance of the richest meadow grasses, a corresponding abundance of that curious and charming bird the landrail or corncrake, and such a population of skylarks that the air was always ringing with their music. And humanity there had as novel an aspect as external Nature. With the exception of some three or four slated farmhouses and manses, there was not a single human habitation in the island that was like anything I had ever seen before. Some, indeed, were hovels more like the temporary shelters of wandering tinkers than anything else. But all the tenantry and most of the cottagers dwelt in comfortable houses of a type which is almost peculiar to that island. The walls were low, and always double. The roof was of neat straw thatch, somewhat beehive in shape, and resting always on the innermost of the two walls, so that the space between the two walls, being filled with sand, made a sort of broad ledge or bastion round the roof. On this ledge the women and children, and often the men, sat or stood in groups to see us as we passed. We were everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm, no member of the family having visited them before, although their affairs had occupied much of the attention of my grandfather and of his predecessors, and although they had good reason to know the benevolence of the management. My father's presence among them was therefore hailed with delight, and with a warm-heartedness which was yet totally devoid of the least appearance of servility.

It was a large and teeming population, approaching at that time to nearly 5,000 souls. They were well clad, cheerful, and evidently happy, as yet untainted by the passions of the demagogue and the ignorance of fools. In one respect we were all terribly ignorant, and terribly unconscious of the precarious foundation of all this abounding prosperity and contentment. Nobody then foresaw the potato disease, and the consequent

failure of the main subsistence of the people. It was, indeed, evident enough that their cereal cultivation was very primitive. Many of the corn crops were more yellow than green, from the abundance of the golden daisy. It was noticeable, too, that there were few or no turnips. But a naturally fertile soil, a soft climate, not less wet than the mainland, and an almost complete exemption from frosts in winter, secured such an abundant supply of fodder that the cattle seemed fat and healthy. It was evident that many of the comforts of life were attainable with a minimum of exertion. The sea provided abundant adjuncts, and whole shoals of small saith and other fish, drying in the sun on rocks or boards, testified to the facility with which they were secured.

There were some aspects of Nature which were new to me in this visit to Tìree, and which made upon me a correspondingly strong impression. One was the striking way in which a perfectly familiar object may assume a wholly new appearance when seen under new conditions. There is no object more familiar to us than the moon. I had seen her all my life, as every child does, risen or rising over trees and houses and all the other furniture of earth. But from Tìree for the first time I saw her rising out of the ocean, and moving slowly across the heavenly vault with no earthly object to distract the eye. There for the first time I saw that appearance of a face upon her disc, which, when seen, has an expression so melancholy and severe, as to give a somewhat weird emphasis to that wonderful solemnity which cannot but impress us when we contemplate the apparently slow, but absolutely regulated, movements of the heavenly bodies. In our Northern atmosphere, full of watery vapours, we never do see the moon as it is seen continually in the East, and even in the South of Europe, as visibly a globe or ball hanging in the clear atmosphere, with the eternities of space behind it. In our vaporous air we always see it as a flat disc. But even thus, when it

is seen apart from all terrestrial settings, it is an impressive sight.

A similar lesson on the effects of novelty in surrounding conditions on our senses, or rather on our imaginations, was taught me by a circumstance of scenery in Tiree. One of the little elevations on the island which are dignified with the name of hills happens to be cut or broken into a precipice on one side. That hill is the one presented to the Atlantic, and it consequently forms a precipitous sea-cliff, inhabited by innumerable sea-fowl at the breeding season. It was the first I had ever seen, and both in respect to its physical aspect and to its treasure of winged creatures—guillemots, razorbills, puffins, and gulls—it struck and interested me immensely. It is a curious law of our being by which a space which we consider trifling on the horizontal or on a merely inclined surface becomes invested with an awful majesty when it assumes the perpendicular. The highest mountains in the world are nothing but distances stuck on end, which we should think quite trifling when seen in the plains below. This is a most useful lesson in science. It suggests a good deal when we come to think of the forces by which our mountains may have been formed. They seem to us gigantic, and such as demand for their elevation some tremendous energies, which we find it difficult to conceive; whereas in reality they are quite trifling in the scale of the magnitude of the globe. They scarcely do more than roughen its surface. Our difficulty in realizing this conception is the parent of much extravagant reasoning in all questions of terrestrial physics. If any internal causes are in operation which can produce earth-movements at all, the wonder is, not that our mountains should be so high or our sea so deep, but that the inequalities of the surface of the earth should be so infinitesimally small.

I am not sure that, among the things new to me, the most impressive was not the ground-swell of the

Atlantic Ocean. In the narrow and sheltered arms of the sea to which I had been accustomed this great swell is never felt or seen. The movement is quenched by the resistance of innumerable and complicated shores long before it comes to the inner reaches of estuaries and lochs. My only idea of waves was that of water roughened directly by the winds which might be actually blowing at the moment, and I had no difficulty in conceiving them as of far greater size in the open ocean. But the swell which I first saw at Tiree was something very different. When no wind was blowing at all, or only the gentlest breath of air, when the surface of the ocean was as calm as a surface of glass or oil, I saw vast undulations, in which acres of water were in movement, and which advanced with a silent, majestic motion that arrested all my attention and surprise. A first impression of danger from them was irresistible, and it was noticeable how angrily they seemed to resent the smallest obstacle or resistance. On meeting shallows, still more in encountering rocks, they at once rose in threatening and rapidly advancing crests, and then broke in furious foam and surge. On the other hand, the smallest boat seemed safe upon them, although the hollows into which it fell and the ridges over which it was lifted were so great that it went out of sight from time to time as if it had been sunk and lost. Then, there was no visible cause of motion. Why did it not subside? It seemed like the restless memory of old vexations, in the world of mind. There was to me a wonder, a fascination, about it—a mystery which I could not even define. It was a motion totally different from that of currents. It was, so to speak, a movement on the water, but not a movement of it. The water did not advance with the undulation. It did not even seem to advance at all. A body floating on its surface was simply lifted and again allowed to fall, but otherwise was left undisturbed in place. I did not then know how more than justified my wonder was, and that there are conceptions connected with

the phenomena of undulations in all liquid substances which are among the most difficult to apprehend in all the physical sciences. Like Wordsworth with his daffodils,

‘I little thought
What wealth to me that sight had brought’

—wealth in supplying an analogy under which less obvious undulations could be conceived; wealth, too, in suggesting difficulties, such as the question how far it is possible that the particles of matter can be the transmitters of a motion in which they do not themselves partake, even in the least degree?

But if certain agencies in Nature, which bear on the face of them their tremendous power, were brought vividly before me in Tiree, not less were other agencies impressed upon me also, which operate so slowly and gently as to be unperceived, although their aggregate work in time may be enormous. I saw no inconsiderable part of the island turned into a desert by blowing sand. I was told of some whole townships of good arable land which had been thus destroyed. The sand was such as I had never seen, or heard any description of, before. It was nearly pure white—not like the sands of the ocean, nor like what I had always imagined of the sands of Asiatic or African deserts. On examining it, I found it to be composed entirely of shells reduced to powder; moreover, I found these shells not to be sea-shells, but shells of two species of land-snails which lived and died in millions on the natural turf and grass of the island. Like all land-shells, they are thin and fragile in texture. Whilst inhabited by the living snail they are protected by a skin or epidermis, and by apparently some animal matter on the shell itself. But when the snail dies, the dead shells become so brittle that they crumble with the least pressure, and are resolved into a fine dust. In the course of ages this dust or sand has come to form a great part of the soil of the island. It bears,

when undisturbed, a short sward of fine grass thick with trefoils, and affording excellent pasture. But when once the surface is broken and the wind gets hold of this very light material, it is continually blown away, and sometimes is moved in such quantity as to accumulate like deep wreaths of snow, burying and ruining the richer soils which alone can bear the crops of cultivation.

The helplessness of man in the presence of apparently small causes, such as the rapid breeding of two little snails, or, in other countries, of such an insect as the locust, stands sometimes in strange contrast with the power of man to confront successfully some of the most tremendous energies in Nature, when he has become acquainted with her laws, and when his knowledge enables him to turn them to account. We soon had a splendid illustration of this contrast when we came to the ceremony which was the object of our visit. The work of laying the foundation-stone of the Skerryvore Lighthouse in fine weather in the mid-summer of 1840 was, of course, mere child's play to the hardy and intrepid men who were engaged in the work. But it seemed formidable to us. The day was not one of perfect calm, but there was nothing more than an ordinary breeze. The steamer, of course, could not approach the rocks nearer than a most respectful distance. The actual landing could only be effected in boats, and a small boat rowing amidst the heavings and swellings of the Atlantic is incompatible with any feeling of security in those who are tried by it for the first time. Mr. Alan Stevenson had made every possible preparation for my father's safe landing, and by activity in taking the right moment when the boat rose to the wave, the whole party secured their footing and landed safely. For the convenience of the workers, iron gangways and steps led easily to the spot where the foundation of the tower was laid. That sight is as fresh in my memory after an interval of fifty-seven years as if I had seen it yesterday. The

natural surfaces of the rock were irregular in the highest degree. Worn, broken, and shattered by the battering of unnumbered ages of the most tremendous surf, and by the splitting of the rock along lines of natural fissures, there did not seem one square foot of rock which was even tolerably level. Yet in the midst of this torn and fissured surface we suddenly came on a magnificent circular floor, 42 feet in diameter, as level as water, and as smooth as a billiard-table. Its containing walls of living rock rose, round every portion of its immense circumference of 126 feet, to varying heights, showing the various depths of cutting that had been needed to reach a perfectly solid level. On this floor the whole weight of the tower was intended to rest. And it was on this weight that the stability of the enormous structure was entirely to depend.

The aim of the engineer was to oppose and resist the perpetual shock of enormous waves by the simple inertia of a still more enormous mass, like that of the living rock. Stevenson had discovered by actual measurement that the blows with which those waves struck opposing surfaces were equal to about 3 tons on every square inch. No reliance could be placed on the mere binding power of lime or of any other cement to resist such a force as this. The tower was to be made as nearly as possible one with the solid rock as a part of the crust of the earth on which it was to stand. For this purpose the tower was to have no cavity till it had attained an elevation of 40 feet. The highest waves in that sea, measuring from crest to hollow, were about 15 feet. Forty feet, therefore, represented a height more than twice the height of the largest wave at the Skerryvore. Up to that height the tower was to be one solid mass of stones, each stone being so hewn and shaped as to be mortised into every other stone in contact with it. Moreover, in his choice of stone, everything was foreseen and provided for by the nicest calculation. The greater

part of the tower was to be of granite. But Alan Stevenson discovered by careful experiment that the rock of which Tiree is entirely composed is a compound of minerals harder, tougher, and sensibly heavier than any granite. Therefore he determined to use it for the lowest courses of the structure. At that time I was no geologist, and I did not know the great interest attaching to that rock. But I was an acute observer of all natural objects, and I could not fail to notice its very peculiar appearance—the large crystalline surfaces which often glanced in the sun, and the curious mixture of yellows, reds, and whites in contrast with lines and masses of a jet black. It has since been called the Lawrentian Gneiss, from the great development of the rock on the banks of the St. Lawrence in Lower Canada. Later it has been called the Lewisian Gneiss, because the Isle of Lewis and the whole of the Outer Hebrides are entirely composed of it. Better than any of these local names is the Hornblendic Gneiss, from the predominance of the mineral called hornblende in its composition. Its enormous geological antiquity has earned for it the additional name of Archæan Gneiss, as it is the most ancient of all the rocks which are, or were supposed to be, of sedimentary origin.

Later investigations have led some geologists to suggest that in reality it is, often at least, a Plutonic rock, on which the appearance of stratification has been imposed by some rearrangement due to heat, pressure, and crystallization. Its enormous weight is largely due to the hornblende, a very heavy mineral which takes various forms, one of the most curious of which is asbestos, the only mineral substance in the world which yields a fibre capable of being woven into a textile stuff. It is a rock, of course, most difficult to dress; but Alan Stevenson established his working yard on the island of Tiree, where the material was at hand in abundance upon the surface. Natural faces of solid rock lent themselves to quarrying operations.

A platform was made of the exact size of the intended tower. Every stone was hewn and dressed precisely as it was to lie in the building. Every one of them was numbered, so that, when transported in lighters to the Skerryvore, no other operations were needed than to lift them, carry them, and then fit them into their places, for which they had already been tried upon the island. This, however, was a work of great difficulty and no little danger, from the heavy seas through which the heavily-laden lighters had to be towed by a steamer, and from the extreme difficulty of bringing the lighters safely alongside the rock and of lifting the stones, one by one, by a powerful crane.

The most wonderful sight on Skerryvore was the temporary shelter for the workmen which Alan Stevenson had erected. Half-gales of wind are continual in those seas, and whole gales not infrequent, even in summer. When these coincided with full tide, there was not a spot on the rocks inaccessible to the breaking billows, and any possible hut or shelter would have been constantly liable to be swept away. On the other hand, if the whole gang of workmen must necessarily be removed by steamer to Tiree, twelve miles off, and back, during all the hours of rest and sleep, and all the other hours when the work had to be suspended for the danger of the surf, a mere fraction of time would have been given to work, and the completion of the lighthouse would have been indefinitely postponed, if not rendered impossible altogether. Stevenson therefore determined to erect a temporary shelter on the top of legs of timber, so high that the highest wave could not reach any part of the structure except the supports, and these, he calculated, could be so constructed as to offer little obstruction to the waves, and so to be able to withstand them. It is needless to say that the construction of the supporting legs was a work of extreme difficulty. They had to be bolted into sockets in the rock with all the strength that iron could supply, and they had to be braced

and tied, and counter-braced and counter-tied, in every conceivable direction which engineering skill and science could devise. With infinite labour the preliminary work was accomplished, and a barrack was erected on the top of the legs, capable of holding thirty men in berths like the cabin of a ship, with a place for cooking. This was in 1838, and when the winter compelled a suspension of work upon the rock, the question was, Would the barrack stand the gales during that season? Meantime all other work went on easily on the island of Tiree; stones were quarried and shaped and fitted, ready for the reopening of the month when work was possible on the rock. Every day Stevenson could see by a telescope that, against the far horizon, his pepper-box barrack was still standing, until at last one night a fearful gale raged, and in the morning—alas!—his telescope could discover no vestige of the barrack. Stevenson now saw with terrible anxiety, but without despair, not only that the whole weary and dangerous work must be done over again, but that he must revise all his calculations as to the plan of the new structure, if it was not to place in imminent jeopardy the lives of all his men. In his battle with the sea he had been totally defeated. Old Ocean had triumphed over the engineer. Until the permanent tower had been raised to the height at which its centres were to begin, a shelter barrack was an absolute necessity, unless the enterprise was to be abandoned altogether. Such a strain of personal responsibility for issues so serious and for dangers so appalling has seldom been laid on one man. But Stevenson faced them, and faced them with success. A new barrack was erected, on amended lines, and the one we saw was the monument of his skill. It stood on the top of immense balks of timber, and rose to the height of about 60 feet above the rock. The legs described the figure of a cone, and another cone, inverted, stood inside of those, with the apex fixed in the rock at the centre of the circle, and radiating

outwards, so as to support the legs against impact from the outside.

This barrack stood the test of the winter of 1839, and Stevenson could now with some confidence trust that the lives of his men and his own would be safe in it during all the months of summer and of the early autumn. But he and his men had occasionally times when the sense of danger was terrible to them, and doubly terrible to him. In one gale, which came on earlier than usual, the furious waves were dashing through the legs to a height which left little room to spare below the bottom of the barrack itself, and he knew only too well that if they encountered any obstruction from a larger surface than the legs, the whole structure would be swept into the breakers. Every wave as it surged below them made the erection tremble like a leaf.

The profession of a civil engineer does not often call for any special gift of personal courage. But, under such rare conditions as these, it did make that call in an eminent degree on Stevenson and his men. There was absolutely nothing to be done but to wait with patience till the gale abated, and to put what reliance they could on paper calculations and on a very short experience. Stevenson told me that one of their few distractions was to watch an example of Nature's engineering in the structure and in the powers of an animal formed to live in the sea and able to defy its terrors. This was the great gray seal—a rare species, but which still survives in a few lonely places in the Hebrides. When full grown this seal is quite 8 feet in length, with an immense body, the size of a large horse. Stevenson and his men used to watch the evolutions of these powerful animals during gales of wind, when they employed the billows of the Atlantic as their hobby-horses on which to play. It was their favourite amusement to ride in upon the crest of a great wave, and then just before it broke they dived into its green and hollow bosom, coming

out behind the crest—ready to repeat the evolution as each new roller was formed and took the place of the one preceding. That the common elements in the skeleton of all quadrupeds should be so modified and adapted to an oceanic life, in its apparently most dangerous forms, is a wonder of far-reaching significance in biology.

I heard much of the great seal from the Tíree people, and I confess that one of my most eager anticipations in our visit to Skerryvore was the hope of seeing this creature. I therefore scrambled over the rocks as soon as I could, to a point overlooking an immense pool of broken water, which occupied a sort of bay in the outer edges of the reef. I had not watched long before I saw a creature, which looked like the end of a log of floating timber, rise in the middle of the foam. I fired a rifle-ball at him, with no other effect than to make him plunge out of sight with an angry flourish of his flippers and an additional churning of the water.

All this was, it is needless to say, an absolutely new experience to me. We left Tíree deeply impressed with the triumph which science enables man to achieve, and which the impulses of our modern civilization urge him to undertake. Nor were we all less impressed by the character of the man on whom the whole burden lay. Alan Stevenson was as gentle and refined as he was brave and strong, and persevering and inflexible in purpose. My father took a deep interest in the progress of his work, and lived to see it well accomplished. On that lonely rock, exposed to all the fury of the ocean, there now rises for the warning of the sailor a stupendous column of gneiss and granite, lighted with a powerful light which flashes its danger-signals from a height of 160 feet, and to a distance of thirty miles. But, alas! the accomplished engineer who built it, through a sustained and tremendous battle with the elements, which lasted several years, suffered from the strain on his nervous system

involved in his anxiety for the lives of so many men entrusted to his skill and knowledge. This told disastrously on his constitution, ending in an attack of paralysis, and he passed away some years later—one of the many men of whom the world hears little, and would be greatly the better of knowing more.

CHAPTER VII

1839-41

ENTRY INTO POLITICAL LIFE

IN pursuing, however, down to July, 1841, the passages of life which were little more than enlargements of those in which I had passed my former years—passages mainly occupied by the aspects of Nature and the connection of these with the physical sciences—I have passed by some openings which belong to the earlier months of the same year, into which I entered eagerly, finding in them new fields of thought and action, which were soon to absorb my attention more than any other. For two previous years I had come gradually and insensibly to take an increasing interest in politics. The Whig Ministry of Lord Melbourne was rapidly declining in strength and reputation. A strong Conservative reaction had set in after the Reform excitement had passed away, and Sir Robert Peel was organizing the Conservative party with consummate skill and caution. I had no special feeling one way or another on any of the measures of the Whig Government. I simply looked upon that Government as the débris of the party which had been led by Lord Grey, and on Lord Grey as the last survivor of the party led by Charles James Fox, the determined enemy of Mr. Pitt, and who, as I thought, had carried his opposition to flagrantly unpatriotic lengths. In complete ignorance, as we all then were, of that splendid character of the young Queen, which made all such fears ridiculous, I sympathized with Sir Robert Peel in his fear of a female Court almost entirely Whig,

and thought him right in his refusal to take office in 1839 under such conditions. We all know now that he was wrong, but only, perhaps, because now we all know what he could not know then. But although Lord Melbourne, knowing more of the Queen than any other politician then did, was undoubtedly right in supporting the Sovereign in her contention, yet the resumption of office by an administration, otherwise discredited, upon a question, as it was then put, about 'Bedchamber women,' did not tend to increase my respect for the Government.

Such was the state of opinion, or of prejudice, which I took with me when I accompanied my father on his going up to London in 1840 to take his seat in the House of Lords. In that house the eldest sons of peers had a right to hear the debates, standing on the steps of the throne. The House of Commons was much more hospitable than it is now. Peers and peers' eldest sons had four benches assigned to them on the floor of the House, close to the Bar, and on the same level with members of the House. The enjoyment of the great privilege thus afforded was, I may say, my one delight in London. During 1840, 1841, and part of 1842, I was a more constant attendant than many of the members.

The opening of Parliament by the Queen in person was always a magnificent and a touching sight, the remembrance of which is now, alas! almost forgotten, as it has never been seen by the younger generation. The presence of ladies in the House, peeresses and their daughters in magnificent attire, along with the peers in their robes, filled the House to overflowing with brilliancy and beauty; whilst the slender form of the young Queen, seated silently on the throne during a considerable interval, waiting for the arrival of the Commons, was a sight never to be forgotten. Beside her stood her Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, holding the Sword of State, and behind her stood the Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes, then

perhaps the most beautiful and stately woman in England, as Lord Melbourne was one of the most dignified and handsome of men. Then, after the 'ugly rush' of the Commons to the Bar, came that silver voice, which charmed all ears, in the reading of the Royal Speech. Every word was distinctly heard to the farthest corner of the House. The prettiest woman I saw in the House—after the Duchess of Sutherland—was Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, who became Lady Dalmeny, and was the mother of the present Lord Rosebery. She was afterwards Duchess of Cleveland.

In the House of Lords at that time there was no speaker of any great eminence except Lord Lyndhurst. It was his habit in those years to sum up the feeble work of the Government during each session by a speech near its close, and those speeches, with their great power of scorn, were among the contributory causes by which Lord Melbourne's administration was being steadily undermined. But my father never stayed in London so late in the season, and at that time I never heard Lord Lyndhurst speak. Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, was indeed an admirable speaker, but never spoke on secular affairs, and I heard him only once. It was delightful speaking, not from any fire, or poetry, or enthusiasm, but from a charming voice, from sentences in uninterrupted flow of the most perfect grammatical construction, and from a fine intonation. They were the speeches of a highly cultivated man, clear, judicial in tone, and persuasive. It is said that on the first occasion on which he spoke in the House, Lord Melbourne listened for a few minutes, and then rushed out of the House to bring back one of his colleagues, who had left it to write letters in the robing-room, calling out: 'I say, I say, come here, come here! We've got the devil of a Bishop!'

Lord Melbourne himself was no speaker. I never heard him say more than a few sentences, which he always did say, however, with a very fine voice and

in a very dignified manner. Essentially a man of the world, very shrewd, well read and accomplished in many ways, he seemed to be without enthusiasm of any kind—an excellent head of a party which was dying of inertia. He is said, I believe truly, to have played a great part in his loyal devotion to his young Sovereign—a devotion not dictated by any mere party interests, but by a conscientious desire that the Queen should know thoroughly the powers and duties assigned to her in the ancient Constitution of her country; and in whatever degree this teaching may have guided a naturally strong and most truthful character in the first starting of a splendid reign, Lord Melbourne deserves the thanks of a grateful people.

In recalling my first introduction into the scenes of Parliamentary life, I am more than ever struck with the evidence that proves how entirely memory depends upon attention. I have naturally a singularly bad memory for faces. All those of men or of women with whom I have had no more than the accidental meetings or the conventional conversations of society are so speedily obliterated from my recollection that it has been a very frequent awkwardness, and even inconvenience, in my life. Yet there are some faces which I then saw for the first time, and which I never knew in later life, which are, nevertheless, so vividly impressed on my memory that their every attitude and expression recur to me with all the distinctness of actual vision. They were not all men of great distinction even then, and many of them are almost wholly forgotten now. One of those was the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley. He had a pale face small and pinched, with all the appearance of delicate health. But there was such a mixture of meekness, gentleness, and humility in the expression, that I thought it a most attractive countenance, and it still hangs in the picture-gallery of my mind as the face of one of the most venerable men I have ever seen.

There was another face in the House of Lords at

that time which riveted all my attention. It was that of the then Lord Holland, of whom I had never heard at all, known only as owner and host in that beautiful house in Kensington which had become the headquarters of all that remained of the old Whig party, and where he entertained most of the best political and literary society in London during many years of an enlightened and cheering hospitality. But what attracted my attention was his extraordinary likeness to his uncle, Charles James Fox, as depicted in all the portraits of the time. There was the same regularly oval outline, the same dark, bushy eyebrows, the same good-humoured and genial expression, and the same portly form.

Of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen I need say nothing here, because I cannot disentangle my recollections of them in 1840 from those of my later years. But there is one other face in the House of Lords at that time which holds as distinct a place in my memory as any other, and that is the face, manner, and voice of the late Lord Fitzwilliam. He enjoyed at that time the distinction of being the only peer who advocated free trade in corn and the abolition of the Corn Laws. He was continually presenting petitions on the subject, and continually making speeches upon them, so much so that he went by the name of the 'Corncrake.' He was a good-looking old man, with a fine voice and an excellent manner, so much so that someone told Lord Granville that when he heard Lord Fitzwilliam begin a speech he was always a little reminded of the manner and voice of Mr. Pitt—an impression, however, which was as speedily dispelled, for he was an inconsecutive speaker, and never produced any effect upon the House. Still, it is to the honour of that Lord Fitzwilliam, who was one of the largest land-owners in England, that he should have so long preceded his party in the policy which both parties were so soon compelled by circumstances to adopt.

Passing to the House of Commons, which I attended much more frequently, from the greater activity of political life which was evident there, I soon came to the conclusion that there was no oratory at all in the sense in which I understood the word, except in the speaking of one man—Lord Stanley. As one of the leaders in the Opposition to the Melbourne Government, he was indeed acting under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel. But as a speaker, and in brilliancy of debate, there was no comparison between the two men. Peel's speeches were heavy artillery, no doubt, but they were heavy in more senses than one. There was no fire, no imagination, no dash—nothing but solid, well-marshalled arguments, with only occasionally a little humour, to which Disraeli gave the name of 'heavy pleasantry.' Stanley's oratory did not, indeed, remind me at all of the stately declamation and the magnificent invective which I had read in the speeches of Mr. Pitt. But the voice was beautiful, the sentences perfect in construction, the delivery easy and graceful. There was fire and fun and raillery, whilst occasionally Stanley rose to passages of great dignity and power. Such was a passage I heard him deliver in reply to a member of the Government who had referred to the example of Sir Robert Walpole as that of a Minister who had remained in office after it was evident that he had lost the confidence of Parliament. Lord Stanley ridiculed and denounced this appeal to the bad example set by a great man in the years of a sad decline. 'And that power,' said Stanley, 'which he had held so long with honour, and which he might have laid down with the applause of all men, he was at last compelled to resign under circumstances of great disparagement, because too late and too reluctantly.'

The whole passage was so finely conceived and so finely spoken that a Whig peer who was sitting next me, Lord Monteagle, exclaimed involuntarily, 'That is a beautiful sentence.' Stanley's previous contests with

O'Connell, which had been among the excitements of Parliamentary debate in previous years, had not yet entirely ceased, and on one occasion, in 1840, I heard a speech from the great Irish agitator. His enormous bulk habited in a long Irish coat, his bullet-shaped head, his brown wig, and his somewhat coarse but powerful face, are all so indelibly imprinted on my memory that I seem to see him as he rose, and as I walked out behind him amid a crowd of members, when one of the divisions had been taken. His voice was magnificent—a great element in all oratory, but of special value and effect in that kind of oratory which belongs to great demagogues. It was a powerful bass, but flexible and full of the richest tones. The only thing he said which has dwelt on my memory was an example of that love of personal allusion in which mobs delight, and which, when practised by a master, is not without its effect in cultivated assemblies. In speaking of Peel's attacks upon the Government, he treated them as all inspired by the real leader of the Tory party—the Duke of Wellington. 'And now,' he said, waving his great arm as if it held a sword, 'the order has gone forth from Apsley House, "Up, guards, and at them!"' His strong Irish brogue undoubtedly added to the effectiveness of a splendid organ, by which every syllable and every letter of his words was pronounced with a skilled deliberation and distinctness, and with modulations of voice which were most expressive.

Engrossing as those scenes were to me at the moment, I passed from them with delight to the very different contests of the engineer with the violence of the ocean which I have related above ; and soon after our return from Tiree I had the great interest of being introduced for the first time to that parliament of science which Murchison and Sedgwick and Lyell had successfully established in the annual meetings of the British Association. In 1840 it met in Glasgow. We were invited for the occasion to Hamilton Palace,

where a large and miscellaneous party was assembled for it. My father was much interested in his return to a house which had been much of a home to him in his boyhood and youth, when the dukedom was held by a stepbrother to whom he was much attached. On that brother's death without heirs, the dukedom had passed to a distant cousin, and the heir of that line in 1840 was a man then well advanced in years, with whom my father was never on intimate, although always on friendly, terms. He had married a beautiful and charming woman, daughter of the famous Mr. Beckford, author of 'Vathek,' and had devoted himself mainly, not to public life, but to the collection of beautiful and costly furniture and pictures for his magnificent palace at Hamilton. He was famous for his courteous but somewhat affected mannerism, and for a very peculiar habit of dressing in long coats with a very high collar, and also of wearing small combs in his hair, which were by no means well concealed. He received my father with the most effusive kindness, and the company assembled in his house was full of interest to me, who had hitherto seen nothing of what is called society.

Among the guests, the most interesting man to me was old Lord Harrowby, one of the leading members of the Cabinet, all of whom were the intended victims of Thistlewood's conspiracy. It was at his house in Grosvenor Square that the Cabinet dinner was to have been held, and it was to him, when riding in the Park, that the design had been betrayed. I found afterwards that Lord Harrowby had the character of being a very formidable person, with a sharp, snappish manner. No characteristics could be more absolutely different from those which I experienced at Hamilton. Boys of seventeen, especially if they are shy, as I was then, are extremely sensitive to manner, and I certainly should have given him a wide berth had I observed the least indication of such traits. But, on the contrary, I found old Lord

Harrowby most gentle and courteous in his manners, and most genial in his conversation, so much so that I was greatly charmed by him. We never crossed each other's paths again, although I became intimate with his cultured and amiable son, then Lord Sandon.

It was, however, among the men of science that my permanent acquisitions of friendship were made at Hamilton and at Glasgow. With Murchison, Sedgwick, and Lyell I made friendships which lasted till their deaths, as also with Professor J. D. Forbes, who became celebrated for his investigation on glacier motion, and Professor Edward Forbes, one of the foremost naturalists and the most charming lecturer of his time. But the man who is most associated with the meeting in Glasgow as a personality never to be forgotten was Louis Agassiz, the famous Swiss savant, whose visit to this country in 1840 had such an effect that it marks an epoch in the history of British science. Full of the glaciers of his native mountains, his eye was quick to catch the tool-marks of their characteristic work, and those tool-marks he saw in abundance when he went into the Highlands and saw all the exposed rock surfaces, smoothed and polished, but also scratched, and sometimes furrowed, by some heavy agent passing over them. He had no special knowledge of the action of oceanic ice floating in glacial seas, and driven by winds and currents against rising or falling coasts. He, very naturally, thought only of ice in the form in which it was familiar to him. He therefore saw the work of glaciers everywhere, and had no time, and perhaps no opportunity, of distinguishing the places and conditions which were compatible with the existence of glaciers, from those where no such bodies could have found a place. His doctrine took immediate hold of the geologists, until in our time it has become (as I think) a mania. It was, however, sufficiently applicable to constitute a great advance in geological science. It pieced on nicely with the discovery made, long before, by my friend

Smith of Jordanhill, of shells in the clays of the Clyde which only live in Arctic seas. But I am digressing from my own experience in Glasgow, which was merely that of an indelible personal impression. Agassiz was one of those men who carry the light of genius in their face—and not of genius only, but of a noble and most attractive nature. His beautiful countenance is one of the treasured memories of my life. But I never saw him again. I do not recollect how it was that we did not see him at Inveraray. He did go there, and when we returned we found an enthusiastic note from him lying on a table in one of the principal morning-rooms, on which he had noticed a number of scientific books: 'Happy the people whose aristocracy is occupied with such studies as I find here.'

With the opening of the session of 1841 my father returned to London, and I resumed my close attendance on the debates of both Houses of Parliament. Peel's campaign against Lord Melbourne's Government was drawing near to its triumphant close. My impression was fully confirmed that there was then no orator in the House of Lords, and only one in the House of Commons—Lord Stanley. There was, indeed, his brother seceder from the old Whig ranks, Sir James Graham, whose speeches had a marked influence on the House. He was a handsome man, but his voice was not a fine one. His manner was dignified, but it was also inanimate and without variety; his excellence lay rather in the general dexterity of his arguments, and in pithy, somewhat epigrammatic sayings. There was no fire in them, no imagination, but they were weighty, and gave one the impression of a very able and a very sensible man.

It may seem strange to deny the existence of any orator in the House of Lords when Lord Brougham was still, not only alive, but, so far as physical health was concerned, as well and strong as ever. But Lord Brougham in all other respects was then the mere shadow of himself. It was difficult to realize that he

was the same man who had contended on quite equal terms with George Canning. It seemed, somehow, as if he had been quenched—by lack of fire in the surrounding atmosphere. He was perpetually speaking, or rather talking, for I never heard one great speech from him on any subject. And yet he retained all the mechanism of oratory, to a degree I have never seen in any other man. He spoke sentences with the most complicated parentheses, yet always returning with perfect accuracy to the main structure of the sentence, after having marked off the deviation by some appropriate change of tone, or of gesture, or of both. For, indeed, his gestures were marvellous. His nose was flourished in harmony with his fingers, of which he made use more after the example of the gesticulating Italians than of our more staid and sober race. His very thumbs were eloquent. The power of glare which he threw into his small and cold grey eye when he wished to express indignation was wonderful. I think it quite possible that, if he had been even then sent back to the House of Commons and to the handling of great questions of public policy, he might have become again a formidable power. As it was, I never heard from him a single speech of any force, nor a single sentence that was worth remembering. If ever there was a man to whom Disraeli's epithet of an 'extinct volcano' could be applied with literal truth, it was to Lord Brougham.

My dislike of the Whig Government was not lessened by the course the Ministry now took on that great question of public policy which was then rising into pressing importance. During the many years the Whigs had been in office they had never shown any disposition to support the agitation in favour of the repeal of the Corn Laws; and Lord Melbourne had declared in a celebrated speech that the man who would advocate the free import of foreign corn would be 'the maddest man in England.' Freedom of trade had never been one of the party doctrines of the Whigs. They, in

alliance with the whole manufacturing and commercial classes, had opposed every endeavour of Mr. Pitt to relax the system of Protection, even as against Ireland. Now, in the utter decadence of their power, and for want of anything else to fill their sails, they suddenly announced the new policy of making some important concession to the Anti-Corn Law League. How far any of them had even begun to experience that change of opinion which a few years later overtook Sir Robert Peel, it would be difficult to determine. Certain it is that no symptoms of conversion, on the merits of the question, had appeared in them, till, under the stress and temptation of a crisis in their party interests, their course was suddenly changed. And, indeed, on the merits they were ignorant and divided. The only Whig writer and politician who had enjoyed a great reputation as a political economist, Ricardo, had always held and taught that a cheap price of corn would insure a low rate of wages. Low wages would enable manufacturers to lower the cost of production, and to increase their profits. This doctrine was firmly believed in by all parties. Of course it afforded no prospect of advantage to the working classes from the repeal of the Corn Laws, whilst that measure was held to threaten ruin to all the classes engaged in agriculture. Cobden's doctrine was entirely new—that wages did not depend on the price of food, but on the demand for labour, which would be greatly stimulated by free imports. The Whigs of 1841 had not grasped this new doctrine. There is a story told of Lord Melbourne at that time, which, whether literally true or not—although I believe it to be quite true—at least puts in a telling form the condition of the Whig view upon the merits. After a long discussion in a Cabinet at which it was decided to embark on a reform of the Corn Laws, the members had broken up, and were making their way in some excitement out of Downing Street, when Lord Melbourne followed them to the head of the stairs, and shouted out: 'Stop,

stop ! Tell me what it is agreed that we shall say : whether cheap corn is to lower wages or to raise them—it don't much matter which, but at least we should all say the same thing.' The story goes that this appeal of the Prime Minister was received with shouts of merriment. It was an address characteristic at once of Lord Melbourne's devil-may-care manner and of his penetrating common-sense sagacity. So transparent a political manoeuvre, when it fails, does always a great deal more than fail. It is very apt to produce, or to intensify, a violent reaction. In some minds it provokes indignation and disgust ; in others it excites contempt. In the present case it did both. The constituencies were generally as ignorant and indifferent on the merits of the Free Trade controversy as the Whig leaders themselves had been, but they had become thoroughly tired of the party, and were not to be deceived by the mere playing of a trump-card.

My father left London and posted home through the whole length of England, where everyone was under the excitement of an approaching General Election—an excitement in which I had come to share intensely. And when, after reaching home in September, 1841, a majority for Sir Robert Peel of ninety-one was declared, I rejoiced in the result. Besides the early preconception which had led me to identify the Whigs of 1832-1841 with the Whigs of 1784-1806, who had been the envenomed enemies of Mr. Pitt, I had a special horror of the last electioneering move. It was not that I had thought my way to any reasoned conclusions on the issues raised by the Corn Law controversy. I had never read a line of formal political economy ; but, partly no doubt by nature, and partly as the effect of early training, not only in the physical sciences, but in spiritual things, I had a supreme regard for the integrity of the mind in all forms of intellectual conviction, and I was specially revolted by the spectacle of men sacrificing any truth to electioneering

tactics. This feeling has remained with me through life, intensified by more flagrant examples than any I had then known.

I had not at that time observed one mitigating fact which a longer observation of the world has impressed upon me. That fact is that a large number of our opinions on almost all subjects are held on the insecure tenure of nothing but authority and tradition. We may hold them without doubt, but only because without examination. Then, when these are assailed by arguments which are entirely new to us, and when these arguments are really sound, they force an entrance wherever extraneous conditions are favourable to attention. Self-interests or party interests are among the most powerful of these extraneous conditions, but changed convictions may be a reality none the less. The merit of reaching these new convictions may be less when they are the result of such conditions, but they may be genuine and sincere. This is undoubtedly the explanation of the great change which came over the manufacturing and commercial classes on a Protective fiscal system. For generations they had insisted upon it in their own interests. When it came to be consistently applied to another industry than their own, they gradually awoke to the evils it entailed, and at last attacked it in that form with all the passion of a new conviction. A Whig of that day declared in a hustings speech that he could not with a good conscience repeat the petition for our daily bread in the Lord's Prayer, and at the same time support the Corn Laws. That Whig had then attained the age of somewhat under forty, and had long been in public life. It did seem strange that, till the interests of his party intervened, he had never drawn this conclusion from so familiar a petition. I thought it at the time a specimen of all that was worst in political conduct. But that Whig became afterwards one of my nearest and dearest relatives—the Earl of Carlisle, long and better known as Lord Morpeth—and I

learnt from the sincerity of his character that I had been mistaken in my judgment of his speech. His political position had no doubt not only awakened his attention, but had given its own impetus to his thoughts in following a certain path. But the fervour of his new convictions was none the less absolutely sincere.

CHAPTER VIII

1841-42

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

THE General Election of 1841 was a great excitement for the moment, but it did not engross me long, and it had comparatively little permanent effect upon my opinions. With the same year, however, by another path, my public life began—the occasion when I first took an active personal part in the controversies of my time, and when, in one of these, I made my earliest appearance as an author.

In 1841 a new interest awoke which for the moment absorbed all my attention, and was yet totally unconnected with any of the questions which then divided Parliamentary parties. From both of these, in that interest, I was at once divorced, with abundant opportunities of seeing how ill-informed and how prejudiced politicians may be when any question comes upon them with broader and deeper issues than those with which they have been accustomed to deal. This experience had a lasting effect upon me. It saved me from any too close partisanship in the mere game of party. With politics, indeed, in the highest sense of that word, the new question had not only some connection, but it was inseparably interwoven. It concerned the whole functions and duties of States or Governments in their relation with individual rights, and especially with the constitution of the Christian Church. This is an immense subject. It involves a great many questions of history, both general and local, and questions not less numerous of law, both

human and Divine. I must stop for a while in my narrative to explain what this new interest was—how it arose, and the effect it had upon me. Englishmen almost universally, and only too many Scotsmen, are as ignorant on the subject now as they were in 1841.

For about eight or nine years before 1841 an agitation had been going on in Scotland to procure some modification of the system of lay patronage in the appointment of parish ministers in the Established Church. This had been a very old subject of contention in Scotland. It had been the cause of more than one secession from the Established Church. The subject had been from time to time continually cropping up. Boswell records a conversation with Dr. Johnson upon the subject in 1773, in which the arguments, as they stood then, are very fairly, though by no means completely, discussed. But new life had been given to it by political influences in the years 1830-1832. It has been often recognised that the movements of opinion which culminated in the passing of the first Reform Bill were among the causes which, in the English Church, started the Oxford Movement. Churchmen in England had been always inclined to sacerdotalism, and when rough and sometimes rude hands were laid on bishoprics in the name of reform, a reaction was begun in favour of what are called High Church opinions, which ran a memorable course, and the effects of which are by no means yet exhausted. In Scotland the same excitement took a wholly different direction—that of reasserting the claims of Christian congregations to have some effective voice in the choice of their own minister. For a good many years this movement was slow and gradual. It attracted no attention in my quiet home at Ardencaple. I do not recollect ever hearing it mentioned there during the years between 1830 and 1841. My native parish was perhaps hardly the place where it was likely to seem important. The more religious-minded members of that congregation had seen one of the most saintly

ministers of the Church given to them by the exercise of lay patronage ; and they had seen, too, that they were deprived of him in the exercise of that very spiritual jurisdiction of Church courts which was being so determinedly asserted in the rising contest. It was not, therefore, likely that they would regard those courts with any special reverence, or as constituting any very perfect agency for remedying defects in the system of lay patronage. Meantime the movement went on in the annual Assemblies of the Church, until in 1834 an Act was passed by the General Assembly forbidding the inferior courts to induct any minister into a parish if his appointment was objected to by a majority of the male heads of families in full communion with the Church. This Act was called the Veto Law, since it placed a power of veto in the hands of the congregation against any very unacceptable minister. Thereafter the question was raised in the civil courts whether the Act was competent, or whether it was *ultra vires* of the Assembly, without the consent of Parliament. Here, obviously, a wholly new issue was raised. The Act of the Assembly was simply an order or a direction issued to subordinate courts in the discharge of a purely spiritual function—that of ordination. A denial of any right to issue such an order might evoke a claim of the civil courts to issue a counter and a mandatory order on the discharge of that unquestionably spiritual function. And this is what did actually happen. The action of the civil courts in attempting to coerce the ecclesiastical courts in the matter of ordination produced at once a burst of indignation on the part of the Church, and half Scotland was in a flame.

The flames would have been still more rapid and violent had it not been for this, that there was obviously a real difficulty in the circumstances of the case. Both of the possible alternatives did violence to some principle acknowledged by both parties. The ordination of ministers to a cure of souls was undoubtedly a purely spiritual function. So also was

the judgment on the necessary qualifications for ministerial duty. On the other hand, the enjoyment of a benefice was quite as undoubtedly a secular privilege. If the two were inseparable, then either the civil courts must coerce the Church in the function of ordination, or else the Church could abolish the statutory right of patronage in parochial benefices. The old constitutional law of Scotland had solved the difficulty with perfect logic by enacting that the Church courts would forfeit the endowment if they rejected qualified presentees. This violated no principle of spiritual independence, whilst it placed the Church courts under heavy recognizances not to take any course in the exercise of that independence which was at variance with the civil law. But the civil courts, assuming the inseparability of cure and benefice, were, on the one hand, asserting their own absolute supremacy over both, and were ordering Church courts in the matter of ordination. The Church courts and Assemblies, on the other hand, were denying this power absolutely, and were defying its injunctions. Politicians who had no conception of the forces which lay behind the controversy, or of the very existence of any Christian Church except as erected and created by statutes and enactments, were shouting themselves hoarse over what they called the duty of 'obedience to the law.' The air was thick with speeches and pamphlets on the subject, and it was becoming evident that some amendment of the civil law of patronage was an absolute necessity, if the Established Church of Scotland was to escape the danger of being broken up.

It was not until matters had reached this stage that I began to give to the controversy any serious attention. The few casual observations I had heard about it in its earlier stages were all adverse to the popular view. My father, as Duke of Argyll, was one of the very largest holders of patronage in Scotland. He did not naturally sympathize at first with a movement which would damage, if it did not abolish, this right in the

disposal of parochial livings, however little he might value it personally. The current of feeling, therefore, by which I was surrounded was leading me, so long as my mind was merely passive, in the direction which was adverse to the course and to the claims of the Church Assemblies, and in that current I might easily have drifted to wrong conclusions, as so many of my class unfortunately did.

If there is any use at all in autobiographies, it is that they should reveal those personal elements which count for so much in the opinions and in the conduct of men, and therefore I must say a few words here in explanation of some of these in my own case. Some, perhaps many, of my contemporaries in my later years have thought me very confident in my opinions, and very aggressive in my expression of them. And this impression may naturally arise from a few facts which have been conspicuous. But there are other facts needing to be placed alongside of these, which strangers could never see, and which, perhaps, they could not easily believe. Out of the innumerable difficult and complex questions which every active mind must come across in life, a very few only can be thoroughly explored. As regards these few it is possible to reach the most assured convictions, and it may be not only justifiable, but a positive duty, to express such convictions with all the certainty which is felt; whilst on all other questions less thoroughly studied, and even on these, whilst yet the study of them is incomplete, it may be quite consistent to maintain an habitual attitude of reserve. This has been my own case. I have never had any natural tendency to a dogmatic temperament. On the contrary, I have always had an ingrained liability to doubt, and a disposition to accept all received opinions with great reserve. From my earliest years I have been always listening to what Tennyson calls 'The Two Voices,' and very often to many more than two. A receptivity only too sensitive has been often to me a

real embarrassment. And so it was that a casual reply made to me on one occasion, by a very ordinary man, on the questions then pending in the Church of Scotland, was the starting-point of new convictions on the subject. I determined to study it for myself, and with this view I did by instinct what I have ever since done on principle—I determined to procure and read all the original documents which were authoritative on the question. I at once bought a copy of the Scottish Acts of Parliament, and read carefully every one bearing on the subject, from the Reformation in 1560 to the Union in 1701. I procured copies of the two Confessions of Faith which were embodied in the statute law. I got copies of the Books of Discipline adopted by the Church after the Reformation, and I read every line in all these authorities which bore upon the subject. What I found soon interested me intensely. But it was absolutely incompatible with my uninstructed preconceptions, and I soon saw that those whose lead I had been inclined to follow were both ignorant and illogical in a high degree.

It was most creditable to my father's public spirit, as well as to his perceptive powers, on a subject with which he had not been familiar, that in the very first year after his succession to the dukedom in 1840 he became more and more favourably disposed to the action of the Church. He had taken a house in Edinburgh for the winter months of 1839-40, and had there come in contact with the intellectual focus of the agitation, as well as with many friends, who were all earnest supporters of the policy of the General Assembly. He put himself in communication with some of those men who were its agents, and with much public spirit he made up his mind that, if others failed to do so, he would himself introduce a Bill into the House of Lords which might bring the law of patronage into harmony with the constitutional rights of the Church and of the people. In the meantime, however, this duty was taken in hand by the Earl of Aberdeen.

My father's long retirement from public life had separated him from public men. Lord Aberdeen, on the contrary, was then a leading power in the Conservative party. Most unfortunately, his Bill fell entirely short of the minimum required to satisfy even the most moderate claims of the Church, and the undoubted principles of her established constitution. The General Assembly of 1841 accordingly rejected his Bill, as offering no satisfactory compromise. My father then felt it to be his duty to take up the task. He worked hard to frame a Bill which would settle the controversy on a reasonable basis. I threw myself with the deepest interest into all the communications which went on with this great object in view, and made myself as much master as I could of all the law and of all the history of the case. This was an education in itself, and to explain my first appearance in public I must give some account, however short, of the very singular facts, and the not less singular principles, which appeared to me to be established, by undisputable evidence, as fundamental in the constitutional history of Scotland.

It is, of course, a familiar fact that the Reformation took place in Scotland under conditions wholly different from those under which it took place in England. Sovereigns of great, if not of supreme, power, together with Parliaments which were acquiescent, if not obsequious, effected the whole changes which were made in England. In Scotland the corresponding changes were brought about entirely by the people—by the people, however, in the fullest sense of that much-abused word. The Sovereigns were hostile. The Parliaments were irresolute. Scotland had the worst possible Parliamentary constitution. Its forms placed all initiative exclusively in the hands of the Crown. When, therefore, the great body of the people had embraced with passion the new opinions, they found no recognised organ in the State through which they could speak their mind. They had to

make one. This necessity threw them back on first principles, and on first facts, as these appear in the simple but telling narratives of the New Testament. They were thus led to a great idea. That idea was nothing less than a fresh and powerful conception of the origin, of the nature, and of the functions, of the Christian Church. As regards its origin, they conceived it to be historically an organic and visible society founded by Christ Himself. As regards its nature, they conceived it as consisting of the whole body of the believing people, and not of merely any priesthood or any ministry. As regards its functions, they conceived them to be independent of all secular authorities in the whole sphere of religious teaching and of spiritual government. And this great complex idea they did not merely entertain as a speculative opinion, but held it to be an indisputable fact in history, and in principle to be self-evidently true. They immediately, as if instinctively, embodied it in determined conduct, and in founding systematic organs of continuous activity.

They started an Assembly, called the General Assembly, which, within its own sphere, was virtually a Parliament. It not only contained lay members, including many of the most powerful nobles, but at first it was actually more lay than clerical. It never ceased to contain a large lay element, and so completely did it aim at national representation, that all the royal burghs in the kingdom had, and still have, the right of sending members to its annual session. It was this great body which kept alive the spirit of constitutional liberty, when in Parliament it was feeble, fitful, or extinct. After desperate struggles, it secured a statutory recognition of its own conception of itself—of its foundation, and of its authority, and of its powers. This recognition was embodied in solemn and successive Acts of Parliament of the highest constitutional authority. Through political convulsions of every kind and degree, advantage was

taken of every favourable opportunity for securing this result. The leading men in the first Assemblies were, to a large extent, also the leading men in Parliament, and when the Reformers were compelled to have recourse to arms, so wholly did the leaders represent a religious contest that the name by which they were known was, 'The Lords of the Congregation.' When they possessed themselves of supreme power in the State, they did not indeed do all that the mass of the Reformers desired to be done, but they adopted all their fundamental principles and they embodied the new Confession of Faith in an Act of Parliament, which declared it to be the Confession of the nation. In this Confession there was not one word said about Presbyterianism or Episcopacy, just as there was nothing about this distinction in the Articles of the Church of England.

The Reformers in Scotland were too busy with more important matters, respecting the nature of the Christian Church, to think much of any question respecting the mere gradation of its ministers. They were engrossed by a conception of the Church which identified it as closely as possible with the nation. Its Assembly was different from its Parliament only because the two bodies dealt with subjects in their own nature different, and because the composition of the Assembly was more freely chosen, more comprehensive of all classes, and therefore more completely representative. The General Assemblies of the Church of Scotland, unlike the Councils and Convocations of all other Churches, were proud and tenacious of a constitution which was not merely representative of the clergy, but embraced all ranks and classes of the Christian people. They were fully conscious that in this broad popular constitution lay the real sanction of their authority, and the one great secret of their power. It was a constitution which, if it were adopted all over Christendom, would confer a power and reality which it does not now possess, on the ambitious title

of 'The Catholic Church.' In addressing the civil Government in 1574, the General Assembly reminded the Regent, as a fact, that it was an Assembly 'of the whole general Church of this realm, as well of all members thereof . . . in such measure that the most noble thereof, the highest estate, have joined in their own persons the Assembly as members of one body, concurring, voting, authorizing all things there along with the brethren.' And to this idea of the nature and constitution of the Christian Church they gave effect, not only in every Church court, but in the fundamental units on which all organized societies must rest. In every parish the minister was to be associated with elected representatives of the congregation, which, as a body called the Kirk Session, was to have an important part in his own appointment. Thus, from top to bottom of the edifice, the whole building was a system of constitutional government, founded on the rights and privileges of the whole Christian people, and to every class of that people its own special duties were assigned. It cannot be denied that this was a grand conception of the nature and constitution of the Christian Church. Nor can it be denied that this conception had been practically lost to Christendom. And yet the Scottish Reformers neither had, nor claimed to have, any merit of originality in devising it. They never put it forward, or even thought of it, as their own invention or their own discovery. On the contrary, they emphatically declared that they simply saw and found it in the narratives of the New Testament. But there were three things concerning this conception of the Church in which the Scottish Reformers stood alone—first, in the thoroughness and absolute conviction with which they entertained it; secondly, in the immediate and automatic action which they took upon it, in embodying it in an appropriate machinery of constitutional courts; and, thirdly, in the successful demand they made upon the State to recognise both the rightful

existence of these courts and their independent powers. It was this success that placed the Parliaments of Scotland in a position as unique as that occupied by her Church.

If the Assemblies of the Church stood alone in the claims they made, the Parliaments of the nation stood not less alone in the response they gave. No other Parliament in the Christian world embodied in its legislation any similar acknowledgments, or gave effect to them in any similar provisions of statutory law. Through the long period of 121 years—from the Reformation legally accomplished in 1567 to the Revolution in 1688—the completion of this constitutional system was a subject of continual contest. Every attempt to resist or to undermine it, or to repeal it, was triumphantly resisted, and the defeat of every such attempt was always signalized by some new confirming law. Not once or twice only, but four times, under varying circumstances and conditions, confirmatory Acts and treaties were passed, adopting bodily the Articles of Faith drawn up by the Church Assemblies, declaring those bodies to be the only legitimate authorities on all spiritual matters, defining what these matters included, and finally providing, at the Union with England, against any future interference on the part of the new United Parliament with the older Scottish legislation on this subject. In violation of this stipulation in the Treaty of Union, an Act of the United Parliament was passed during the reign of Queen Anne, in 1712, restoring the power of lay patrons in the appointment of ministers. It was one of the measures taken, by a Government notoriously inchoate and reactionary, against any assailable outwork of the Protestant succession. It was protested against by the Established Church, and was an undeniable breach of the Treaty of Union. Yet it was on this unconstitutional Act, and on it alone, that all the adverse decisions of the law courts had been based.

The result of all this singular history appeared to

me to leave no doubt whatever of the urgent duty of Parliament to modify the statute of Queen Anne, so as to bring it into harmony with the action of the General Assembly in giving a veto to congregations on the appointment as pastors over them of unacceptable men. It had come to this as the only alternative, if a great disruption of the Established Church was to be averted. All arguments on the mere legal aspects of the case had been exhausted in 1840 by two successive decisions of the supreme judicial courts in the previous year, 1839. In a conflict of jurisdiction between the civil and ecclesiastical courts the civil courts had, very naturally, decided in their own favour. This is the only kind of question on which law courts can never be absolutely trusted. They are always under an invincible bias to maintain their own power. The only wonder was that so many of the best and most distinguished judges overcame this bias, not that there was a considerable majority who were manifestly swayed. When such pre-eminent men as Lord Jeffrey, Lord Cockburn, Lord Moncreiff, and the venerable Lord Glenlee, all affirmed the power of the General Assembly to pass the Veto Law, and denied the right of the civil courts to interdict their proceedings under it, independent minds might well be satisfied. When the question had been referred on appeal to the House of Lords, one other influence, even more fatal than professional and official self-assertion, was added to the courses operating in that supreme tribunal. That influence was Anglicanism. I have never yet met an Englishman who could understand, or even conceive, that idea of the relations between Church and State which was embedded and embodied in the Constitution of Scotland. John Bull, with all his great qualities, is a very parochial creature. What he has never seen in his own experience, within his own part of the kingdom south of the Tweed, he cannot see elsewhere, even when it may stare him in the face. In this case it was all the more difficult for him, because there

were identities of phraseology concealing fundamental differences of meaning. Although in his own occasional Church services there is a passage—not much used—recognising in the abstract that the Church means ‘the whole body of the believing people scattered throughout the world,’ he seldom hears that passage read, and, when he does hear it, never dreams of giving to the abstract definition any concrete interpretation. He never thinks of the Church except as an institution established by civil law, represented by strictly legal courts, and having the political Sovereign as over all persons and in all causes supreme. Practically, he never thinks of the Church except as represented by its ministry or its priesthood. When he hears of a General Assembly of the Church, he can never get out of his head a mere Convocation of the clergy. Still less is it conceivable to him that such an Assembly should have been, as it often was in Scotland, a far more complete national representation than the Parliament, and should have been acknowledged by that Parliament as possessing by natural and Divine right an independent jurisdiction in all spiritual matters. All those ideas were incompatible with inborn Anglican preconceptions, and where Englishmen found a single statute, even although passed since the Union, which could be quoted and used as overriding a whole series of older constitutional laws so strange to them, they made that statute a supreme authority. It seemed impossible, therefore, to move the mass of prejudice and ignorance which was determining their opinions and their conduct.

All this I saw, and I saw not less clearly another influence which was reinforcing the stolid resistance of Anglican ideas, and that was the influence of Anglicized Scotsmen. In all other matters I have always been of opinion that the union of the two Parliaments of England and of Scotland was an unspeakable gain to both countries, but especially to Scotland. But in this one matter of the Church,

the effect of English academical education and of the faults and defects of the Presbyterian form of worship had so alienated a large portion of the Scottish aristocracy that they were as ignorant and as unsympathetic as the born John Bulls, in all matters respecting the constitution of the Established Church.

During the session of 1840, when on the steps of the throne, I used to hear the Earl of Aberdeen frequently urging the Whig Government to enforce the law against the Church Assemblies—which meant, to compel them to exercise purely spiritual functions at the order of the civil courts. And this eminent Scotsman never seemed to be even conscious that there could be a question about the power or the right of the civil courts to do this, nor did I ever hear him even allude to the series of constitutional laws which had expressly denied any such assumption as illegitimate, and a violation of the essential rights of the Christian Church. When such ignorance or contempt of notorious facts and of written documents of authority were displayed by Scotsmen of great reputation, it was hopeless to expect Englishmen to accept ideas absolutely new to them. Then, again, mere political Toryism added its share of power over the minds of many, and the affinity of the right of patronage in Scotland to the same rights in England—all tended to swell the resisting forces against concession to the Church Assemblies.

It is, however, remarkable that when the Duke of Wellington had read a very able statement of the case for the Church, his masculine understanding grasped at once the right solution. He said that the proper thing to do would be, so to alter the civil law of patronage as to harmonize it with the rights of the Church, and leave her spiritual independence unimpaired. If this wise counsel had been followed, there would have been no secession. But, most unfortunately, Lord Aberdeen obstinately refused to make his Bill answer to this description. My father then made the attempt,

and drew up a Bill which he introduced early in May, 1842, accompanying it with a short but clear and temperate statement of the case. His Bill gave the right of objection to a presentee to the whole male communicants of the parish, in this being a more popular measure than the Veto Law of the Church Assembly. On the other hand, however, it kept in the hands of the Presbytery of the province the power of overruling the objections of the people, if these seemed to arise from factious or improper motives. My father now waited, as Lord Aberdeen had done in his own case, to see how his proposal would be received by the Church. He had a triumphant success. A motion in the General Assembly of 1842 to accept my father's Bill as a settlement of the question was carried by the overwhelming majority of 185. With a folly which can never be sufficiently deplored, a Government, calling itself Conservative, refused to take advantage of the great opportunity, and declined to allow my father's Bill to pass. It was impossible for him to carry it against such opposition. It was in support of my father's course, and whilst his Bill was being prepared, that I felt impelled to take the field myself. I was aware that I had some advantages. I had not been exposed to the prejudices due to an English education. My father was known to be a Conservative in politics. He was, moreover, one of the very largest holders of Church patronage in Scotland. All these circumstances were among the elements in the case, and in my own position, which encouraged me to write.

My first pamphlet avoided all argument on the mere interpretation of Queen Anne's Act of Patronage, as an argument which had been determined by the law courts in their own favour. It avoided, on the other hand, all merely theological phrases, which had not been directly adopted in Parliamentary enactments. But it gave at some length the constitutional history of the Established Church, and it insisted on the duty of

Parliament to step in by just legislation, and to harmonize the statute of patronage with other laws of far more fundamental importance. Its title made this discrimination plain, and emphasized the comparatively secular and strictly constitutional character of the argument. That title was, 'Letters to the Peers from a Peer's Son, on the Duty and Necessity of an Immediate Legislative Interposition on Behalf of the Church of Scotland, *as determined by Considerations of Constitutional Law.*' It was written when I was eighteen, and published in January, 1842, or about three months before I had reached my nineteenth birthday.

As a literary effort, and as a good argumentative statement of a strong case, my letter commanded an immediate success. It speedily passed through two editions, and it elicited from many friends, and from not a few opponents, the warmest congratulations.

The responsibility of refusing the compromise offered by my father's Bill certainly lay with Sir Robert Peel's Government, and in that Government mainly, as I have always believed, with Lord Aberdeen. The love and reverence with which in later years I came to regard Lord Aberdeen cannot prevent me from deploring now, as I deplored at the time, the course taken by that distinguished man in 1840-1842. There is not the slightest reason to doubt that, if the Cabinet had assented to the Bill, it would have been easily passed through both Houses of Parliament, but Lord Aberdeen, as the most distinguished Scotsman in the Administration, was blindly followed, with fatal consequences.

It was universally said at the time, and it has been since admitted by his son, that Lord Aberdeen was himself much led by the opinion and advice of the then Dean of Faculty, afterwards Lord Justice Clerk, John Hope. He was an able, but by nature a headstrong and overbearing, man, who was full to the brim of passionate prejudice against the rights claimed

by the Church Assemblies. He had himself been a member of the General Assembly, and was one of the most prominent leaders of the minority. He was the author of the most extreme pamphlet published during the whole controversy on that side of the question. It was specially addressed to the ignorance and prejudices of the English Tories, and in particular to rousing the alarms of the owners of Church patronage in England. It concealed entirely, or slurred over, the statutory declaration of spiritual independence as a Divine right of the Christian Church. It identified all such claims with those of priestly domination, although the element of sacerdotalism was absolutely wanting in a Church which rested entirely on the full participation of the laity in every claim it made. It finally called on the Government to enforce the law—that is, to compel the Church courts to exercise the power of ordination at the bidding of lawyers like himself. No worse advice than his could have been followed. Whoever may have been Lord Aberdeen's chief adviser, his opposition was decisive. It prevailed even over the apparent disposition of the Duke of Wellington to act effectively on the principle of concession. My father asked for his support in a personal interview and by letter. Here is the Duke's reply :

‘MY DEAR LORD DUKE,

‘I told your Grace in conversation what the view was which I had taken in the discussion on the Scottish Church : that I was a consenting party to the measure proposed by the Earl of Aberdeen ; for which I would have voted, if it had ever come to a vote in the House of Lords.

‘If your Grace should propose any other measure, I will consider it with the attention due to anything from your Grace. But I approve of the course which Lord Aberdeen has taken, even to this day. And I beg leave to decline, out of doors, and in writing, or even orally, to discuss any other measure : and the opinions which I entertain on these questions. They have given me the greatest pain. About a quarter of a century has now elapsed since

the Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth, called me from the command of the army abroad to take my seat at his Council. Scotland was then, as termed by my poor friend the Earl of Liverpool, the best-conditioned country in the world. I have frequently quoted these words in concurring with the truth of the observation. She is now on the eve of the greatest misfortune that can happen to a civilized country: unless a merciful Providence endows the leading men of all classes and professions, with moderation and sense, to induce and to enable them to avoid it. We are on the eve of a civil religious war, in the operations of which all the violent passions of the most violent men will be brought into play! Entertaining this opinion, as I do sincerely, I recommend to all that have any influence and any knowledge upon the subject to give it their best attention. I will attend to any measure that may be proposed for discussion, but I cannot be a party to the introduction of any one.—I have the honour to be, etc.

This curious and interesting letter is thoroughly characteristic of the old Duke. The sense of military subordination to the Government of the day in all civil or political questions was habitual with him, and was intensified at this time by his long connection with the Conservative party, which had so recently climbed to power. Sir Robert Peel, in the peroration of the great speech to the House of Commons which he delivered on the occasion of his first addressing it as Prime Minister, had placed in the front rank of his grounds of hope and confidence the support of 'that wonderful man' the Duke of Wellington. It was therefore, perhaps, hardly to be expected that on a question with which the Duke was not really familiar he should feel able to act on his own first impressions, which were in favour of exactly such a course as that embodied in my father's Bill. It will be observed that in the Duke's letter not one word is said against that Bill upon its merits. He had simply put himself in the hands of the Ministry of the day, and specially in the hands of Lord Aberdeen. In doing so, as so often happens, he was really putting himself in the

hands of a violent and a very inferior man, who had acquired over Lord Aberdeen an influence which is unintelligible to me. It is clear from the short but excellent memoir of his distinguished father by Lord Stanmore (the Honourable Arthur Gordon) that Lord Aberdeen himself was personally disposed to go a good way farther than his own Bill to meet the views of the Church, in which case he must have consented to some such Bill as my father's. But the vehement opposition of the Dean of Faculty, Hope, seems to have overborne his own wiser inclinations.

I rejoice that I have lived to see and to take an active part in the total repeal of that law of patronage which was the only statute which interfered with the old fundamental laws of Scotland in respect to the claim of its Church to a genuine and effective spiritual independence. But this will come in my way to deal with in that later time of my life to which it properly belongs.

I must now, however, return upon my steps a little to notice some incidents in my life in 1841 and 1842, which had more or less influence upon it in the coming years. During my father's residence in Edinburgh in the winter of 1839-40 I took some first lessons in oil-painting from an artist of the name of Montague Stanley. These lessons went no further than to enable me to understand the management of the brush and the handling of the material, and the making of the medium then called 'macgilp.' At many intervals of my later life the oil-painting of landscapes has been a great enjoyment and relief to me as an interruption in more serious work. One circumstance about it has often struck me very much. I have entirely dropped it during long intervals of time, and resumed it again. And on these occasions I have always found myself more advanced than when I left off. I attribute this entirely to the educating effect upon the eye of just so much knowledge of the art as kept me in a continual habit of observation as to the colouring of Nature, and

of speculation as to how it could be approached. I have always felt that, if I had had time and opportunity to devote myself to it, I should have attained a not inconsiderable proficiency. On the other hand, I had no turn for portraiture, or even for the drawing of figures, and the absence of these from my landscapes has always been one among many other deficiencies.

In November, 1841, I took it into my head to enter the University of Edinburgh as a student, for the purpose of attending certain classes, particularly that of Natural Philosophy, the Chair then held by Professor J. D. Forbes. Accordingly, rooms were taken for me and my tutor, Howson, in Charlotte Square, and I duly matriculated at the college. My plans, however, came to grief. I was at that time, as I have been all my life, delicate in health, and especially liable to severe colds. The climate of Edinburgh did not agree with me, and after attending Forbes' lectures for a few weeks I was laid up with an attack which was accompanied with distressing earache. Only one other incident of that time in Edinburgh has retained a place in my memory, and that was a visit to Howson by William Faber—afterwards the well-known Father Faber, one of the earliest seceders to the Roman Church, and the author of many well-known additions to our collections of sacred poetry. He struck me at once as an interesting and attractive man—very good-looking, with eyes of a fine blue, set in deeply hollowed sockets, an aquiline nose, and a general expression wild—imaginative—unsettled.

The year 1842 was memorable to me from the excitement about the Church Question, my own pamphlet, and the failure of my father's Bill. But interests more personal were identified with its summer and its autumn months. I have already referred to the principal service for which I was indebted to my first English tutor, Howson, who opened to me a wider field of literature than that in which I had roamed when a boy. Among the authors to whom he intro-

duced me was Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby. The thanks of my life are due to Howson if it was for this alone. It was to Arnold's 'History of Rome' that my reading was first directed. I fell at once under the spell of Arnold's most attractive genius. It would be difficult to define it, but it must always be difficult to define the influence of a very noble and a very powerful personality upon other minds. We can only feel it as a fact. It is rare indeed that in the sphere of history such an influence can be exerted. But Arnold's love of truth shines as almost a passion in all his writings, and I was strongly drawn to them accordingly. The character of his Christianity was a real help to me, not being untroubled, as I have already explained, by the intellectual difficulties which beset all spiritual beliefs. The type of that Christianity seemed to me different from anything I had met with before. It was little concerned with abstract doctrinal conceptions, which, however important in their own place, were too much the continual subject of controversy among the Churches, and especially in Scotland. It consisted mainly in an absolute faith in, and an unbounded devotion to, a Divine Person. Christianity claims to be an historical religion. That is to say, it claims to have been revealed in facts of the world's history truthfully recorded and truthfully interpreted. Here was a man of great intellectual power, with whom history was, not merely a chief interest, but a passion; who spared no pains to get at the truth of it in all things; who loved to follow the great German Niebuhr in cross-examining and sifting the legends of early Rome, and in divining the nucleus of facts from which these legends had been developed—here was this man accepting the narratives of the New Testament with all the fulness of a man's convictions and all the simplicity of a child's belief. Of course I could not know in 1840-1842, before his memorable *Life*, by Arthur Stanley, had appeared, how wonderfully this characteristic came out in all his letters and in his private

journals. But it had been impressed upon me indelibly by such of his writings as were accessible to me. He was in no sense a party leader. He was not what would ordinarily be called a great preacher. He had none of those gifts of oratory which captivate the multitude. Neither had he a specially gracious personality, having in society much shyness and reserve. He had strong opinions, and he was one of the most resolute opponents of what was then called the Tractarian Movement at Oxford. But it was not this that constituted his attraction. That which he said he valued above all other qualities in youth was 'moral earnestness,' and it was precisely that which distinguished himself in the highest degree.

It was therefore with great interest that, in the spring of 1842, I heard that Arnold had written to my tutor, offering to him a vacant mastership in the great school of Rugby. In June I took Howson with me to pay a visit at a country-house near Campsie, and at the railway-station a letter was put into his hands, announcing that Arnold had died very suddenly on the previous day. The shock it gave us both I have never forgotten, and Howson thus lost his contemplated appointment in the public school of Rugby.

In September, 1842, the Queen, with the Prince Consort, paid her first visit to Scotland. My father thought it his duty to go to Edinburgh to attend Her Majesty's Court held at Dalkeith. I was appointed to command the Celtic Society, which mustered in Highland dress for the same purpose. Beyond the beauty of the scene in Princes Street, Edinburgh, down which we had to march, I retain no very distinct recollection of any of the ceremonies. They seem to melt into, and, as it were, to be absorbed by, many later attendances on the Queen, both in Scotland and in London. But a very different scene followed, of which I recollect the minutest details. The Queen was to visit Taymouth, and before leaving Inveraray for Edinburgh I had received a very kind invitation from

Lord Breadalbane to be one of his guests on the occasion. Accordingly, I took an outside seat on a coach which ran to Perth. I was glad to see a part of Scotland entirely new to me, of which, however, I now recollect only two points—the Lake and Castle of Lochleven, on which I looked with intense interest as one of the prisons of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots; and, next, the first view of Perth and of the Valley of the Tay from the top of the Moncreiffe Hill. I thought it a view of surpassing beauty, and it is one which in the present day no stranger sees. Railways do not ascend, as roads often did, to the tops of hills, and many of the most striking landscapes of the world are now lost to the traveller. That view of Perth, and of the richly-wooded plain in which it stands, with the winding Tay, is said to have so struck the Roman legions that they exclaimed in ecstasy, ‘Ecce Tiber!’ The Tay is in many ways a far more beautiful river than the Tiber. But, on the other hand, the colouring of Italy and its sky are unapproachable. But as at that time these were unknown to me, the landscape was of a kind absolutely different from anything I had ever seen, and remains indelibly impressed upon my memory.

From Perth I took a private carriage to drive to Taymouth, and finding that Mr. Charles Baillie, one of Lady Breadalbane’s brothers, was going the same way, I offered him a seat in my carriage, and we had a most agreeable drive to our destination.

There was a large and brilliant company assembled at Taymouth to meet the Queen, amongst whom was the Duchess of Sutherland and her eldest daughter, Lady Elizabeth Leveson-Gower. The Duchess treated me with marked kindness, and I speedily fell under the influence of the irresistible attraction she exercised over so many, and which made her one of the most charming women of her time. My friendship with the Sutherland family dated from this period, and led, rather more than two years later, when I attained my

majority, to my marriage with Lady Elizabeth, whom I met there for the first time. Lord Aberdeen, who was then Foreign Secretary in Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet, was also among the guests at Taymouth on this occasion. He was one of the most distinguished men in Europe, a trusted friend of all the Continental Sovereigns in the great contest with Napoleon, and had a wide reputation for culture of all kinds.

On the day of the Queen's departure, it was arranged that many of the party should go up to the western end of Loch Tay in boats, whilst others, who were going on with the Queen to Drummond Castle, were to go by road along the shores of the lake, ascend Glen Dochart, and then descend Glenogle to Crieff. I was among the boating-party to the head of Loch Tay.

One of the beauties of Taymouth is a broad green terraced walk from the castle along the river-banks near the point where it issues from the lake in a broad and silent, but deep and rapid, stream. The walk is bordered by fine beech-trees, and the banks are adorned with barberry-bushes hanging their scarlet berries over the dark water. On the north the scene is framed by the finely-wooded steep called Drummond Hill. A little flotilla of boats awaited us near the arches of the bridge which carries the road over the river at its exit. I remember nothing of those who made up the party in the boat in which I went, except that one member of it was Sir Robert Peel. I have already expressed the respect and admiration in which I held him, and I was anxious to meet him in private life. In that sphere, however, his manners were so reserved that only those who were admitted to his intimacy could fully enjoy his conversation. The handsome boat in which we were seated happened to be called the *Galley of Lorne*, and the conversation at one moment turning on the ancient galley form of vessels, I recollect expressing great admiration of its picturesqueness, and adding that I should much like to see one built on the old model. Sir Robert sur-

prised me by asking gravely, ' But what would be the use of it ?' We all landed at Auchmore, a shooting-lodge belonging to Lord Breadalbane, where there was a wonderful luncheon for the Queen, the Prince, and the whole party. We saw her drive off to Drummond Castle, and then returned in our fleet of boats to Taymouth. It was altogether a splendid pageant. But what impresses itself most on me now, writing fifty-five years later, is the sad recollection that of all that brilliant company there are, so far as I know, only three survivors now—the Queen, the Dowager Lady Ellesmere (then Lady Mary Campbell), and myself.

CHAPTER IX

1842-43

FOREIGN TRAVEL

SOON after my return home from Taymouth it was settled that I should go abroad and spend the winter in Rome. My father asked Howson to remain as my tutor till I should come of age, whilst he also looked out for a medical man to accompany me on the Continent. In this capacity it was fortunate for me that he secured the services of a man who became one of my dearest and most intimate friends during the remainder of his life, and for a very long period of my own. This was Dr. W. F. Cumming, a younger son of the Cummings of Logie, a small estate on the banks of the Findhorn in Morayshire. He had been an army surgeon in India, where his health had broken down, and he had retired on a pension from the East India Company. He had spent much of his time in travelling all over Europe, in Egypt, in America, and in the West Indies, and had published a pleasant book called 'Notes of a Wanderer in Search of Health,' about which and some of its peculiarities there was endless chaff between us. He had previously travelled with my cousin, young John Campbell of Islay, and was well known and well loved by all that family. I had myself only seen him once before he came to me, but I soon became strongly attached to him, as everyone did who came to know him well. With a strong, simple, and manly character, he had a somewhat stiff and formal manner on first acquaintance, and a deep bass voice like a trombone. This, together with a tall,

thin, and very gaunt figure, a slow and very distinct pronunciation, and a punctilious regard for the most correct grammar, so often compromised by slovenly colloquialisms, gave a rather formidable first impression. But the moment the ice was broken, he was always felt to be the most delightful of companions, full of playfulness, and with a fund of quotations from Shakespeare and from Pope. He soon became as much attached to me as I was to him, though neither of us ever said one single word of compliment or sentiment to each other. I soon found that 'the doctor' was known in every capital of Europe where there was any English society, and that he was always hailed with a heartiness which showed no common recognition of his fine but very peculiar character.

It is strange to me now to remember how absolutely different everything then was in the life of travelling from that which it has since become. Our first step was to buy in London a large yellow chariot carriage, roomy enough to hold three sitting side by side. Fortunately, we had all thin figures, and what the doctor always called a 'dilly' was procured, which held our party of three quite comfortably. In this carriage we posted to Dover, and from Calais posted all the way, first to Paris, and then through France to Marseilles. It is needless to give any details, though the kind of travelling, alike in its inconveniences and in its delights, is unknown to this generation.

There are, however, some incidents in that journey which are deeply graven in my memory. The first was the strong feeling of aversion with which I saw Paris. I had been reading much about the great Revolution, and I had a vivid sense of the hideous exhibition of human passion and wickedness which had been developed then. This feeling was so strong in me that it poisoned any pleasure I might have had in the beauty of the city or of its contents. It pursued me when I went to see Fontainebleau and Versailles; the vision of Marie Antoinette, as described in the

passionate and touching oratory of Burke, floated before me when I looked at the Petit Trianon, and an intense hatred and disgust of the brutality of her gaolers and her butchers filled me to the brim. The only thing I saw with pleasure was the Forest of Fontainebleau, where the stately beeches and oaks recalled to me the loveliest scenes at home. In the beautiful glades of that forest I felt as if I had escaped for a moment from the polluted atmosphere of revolutionary France.

During our journey southward as far as Lyons, I was disappointed by the tameness of the scenery, unrelieved by the woods and hedgerows which redeem the flattest scenery in England; whilst the long, straight chaussée roads, bordered by a wearisome perspective of Lombardy poplars, were a painful contrast to the winding woodland ways by which I had been accustomed to post at home. We took the journey by easy stages, some fifty or sixty miles a day, and rested every night at a comfortable inn. A lovely though small cathedral at Auxerre—and this only—still dwells in my memory.

Any tedium in our journey was relieved by some reading, and by many games of chess, in which the doctor and I were about fairly matched. At Lyons I was laid up with a severe bronchial cold, which gave the doctor his first opportunity of exercising his professional skill upon me. He administered what has never been given to me either before or since—namely, a dose of morphia, under which my cold disappeared. Of course I saw nothing of Lyons, except that on the first day of our arrival we visited the citadel. There for the first time I saw a massive bit of Roman masonry, with the beautiful herring-bone brickwork which is so characteristic of their work. It was like feeling the first sensible touch of Roman power, and that is one of the most interesting experiences of life. Fresh from the pages of Gibbon and of Arnold, I looked with reverence on the remains of one of the great settlements in Gaul. But the cold,

raw, and foggy weather natural to the confluence of two great rivers determined us to hurry on to the sunny South. Accordingly, our 'dilly' was embarked overnight on one of the steamers for Avignon, and very early in the morning, before sunrise, we went on board. There the sight of two bearded Frenchmen kissing and hugging each other, like two big babies, threw me into such convulsions of laughter that I had to rush upstairs from the cabin to escape observation. There had been floods for some time both in the Rhone and in the Saône, and the flat country on the left bank of the united rivers was more or less under water as far as the eye could reach.

Soon after we started on the rapid and sweeping waters of the Rhone, the eastern sky began to be deeply tinted with those wonderful colours which have been one of the favourite images of poetry since poetry was born. I was watching them intently, so different from the equally glorious but very different colours of the sunset. The wintry branches of the trees in the flooded country showed a rich and warm brown against the rising bands of crimson. A low margin of deep purple-blue began to be distinguishable from a bank of unilluminated clouds. Then suddenly I saw rising out of the low purple rim a small but conspicuous projection with a sharp conical point, the whole very much like the outline of a shark's tooth. I saw it was a hill, but it was impossible to judge of the distance or the size. So, going up to the steersman, with whom I was nearly alone on deck, I asked him if he knew what hill that was. His answer was prompt: 'Monsieur, c'est Mont Blanc.' Impressed as I was at the time by this great interest added to the peculiarity and beauty of the scene, I am not sure that I have not been even more impressed ever since by the recollection of it. Not often have we such an object-lesson read to us on what we call the stupendous mountains of the world. I stood gazing on Mont Blanc with intense interest till it was

hid from our view as we descended the Valley of the Rhone. One thing indeed very remarkable about its appearance was that, however small and insignificant it might be on the scale of the earth's surface, it was indeed the 'monarch of mountains' in Europe. Not one of the other Alpine summits, which in Switzerland look so nearly rivals—not one of them was even visible against the dawn of that splendid sunrise. They were merged and dwarfed in one indistinguishable mass of smaller crummings on the horizon.

It is at Avignon that a traveller from the North of Europe first breathes the balmy air and sees the glorious light and sunshine of the South. The rush into that change of climate from the cold raw fogs of Lyons was my first experience of a transition which has ever since made me feel almost an ecstasy of delight as often as I have made the journey. From Avignon we posted to Marseilles, reaching that city so late in the evening that my attention was much drawn to the constellation of Orion, from the great increase of brilliancy with which all the heavenly bodies are seen in the less vaporous atmosphere of the Mediterranean shores. Again embarking our 'dilly' aboard a steamer for Genoa, we took our passage by the same route.

I was enraptured by the intense blue of the Mediterranean, so entirely different from the colour of our own seas. I had admired much the green pellucid waters at Iona, and the surface reflections of any thin tint of blue. But the pure and soft cobalt of the Mediterranean was absolutely new to me. I sat all day looking into it over the side of the vessel, and at night I watched it not less intently on account of the beautiful luminosities which shone in the broken water of the paddle-wheels. Besides innumerable sparkles of light, there were great globes and balls of pale phosphorescent fire continually shining and disappearing. I did not then know to what cause this phenomenon was due, and it engaged all my curiosity and attention.

It is not a favourable way of seeing a new and beautiful coast, to see it from the sea. All the picturesque of details is wanting, both as to forms and as to colour. On the other hand, some general features are better seen in this way than in any other. Two of these features struck me much: the first was the stony nakedness of the great background of the Maritime Alps; and the other was the way in which all the old towns were perched on the very tops of the lower and more wooded range. A moment's reflection, however, explained the cause. This choice of situation was a relic of the military ages, when communities thought above all things of safety from the ravages of war, or from the attacks of pirates, in the case of coast towns.

The vessel reached Genoa during the night, and it was not until I came on deck on a sunny morning that I knew what it was to see an Italian city in its own brilliant atmosphere. I remember feeling literally dazzled, and on landing I was not less delighted by the incomparable street architecture of the Genoese palaces. Returning to the vessel, we pursued our way to Civita Vecchia, whence we posted to Rome. The approach to Rome from the west is not the most favourable. The country is without feature, and yet the elevation is so considerable that Rome is lower, and nothing but the upper half of the dome of St. Peter's is visible, till one comes close to the descent behind the Vatican. The only thing which delighted me in the drive was the evergreen scrub of myrtle, box, and other shrubs which covered most of the country. Its peculiar scent also attracted my attention, and do not all such odours so associated become delicious? Whenever in later life I have caught a chance whiff from a planted box-tree, that first drive in sunny Italy rises before me in the happy eyes of memory.

We spent three months in Rome, in a lodging in the Via Due Macelli, a street that runs westward out

of the Piazza di Spagna. Rome in the pontificate of Gregory XVI. was a very different place from the Rome of Leo XIII. and of King Humbert. The Government, though sleepy, was at least respectable. The city was quiet, and the people peaceable. There was none of the stir of life inseparable from a modern political capital. The society was chiefly foreign—foreign, I mean, to Italy. There was, as always, a large contingent from England, and a less considerable one from America. But during my visit there was not a single man or woman whose acquaintance exercised any influence upon me. My own aunt, Lady Charlotte Bury, with her only daughter by her second marriage, was then resident in Rome, and I had often pleasant evenings with them. To the last days of her existence she had great remains of her early beauty, an extraordinary charm of manner, and no small knowledge of literature and of art. The house of the American sculptor Story was also an agreeable resort. But on the whole my stay in Rome had but one great joy to me, and that was our drives in the Campagna. Neither architecture nor painting gave me one-half the same pleasure. I was soon tired by the galleries, but never tired of that wonderful plain to the east and south of Rome, which, with its exquisite colouring, backed by the soft blue outline of the Alban Hills, is at once the most interesting historically and the most beautiful view in Europe. I had imbibed a good deal of Arnold's passion for the history of Rome, and for that masterful people who had subdued the world. I used to gaze and gaze with intense delight on those outlines of hill and plain which were the daily vision of Cæsar and of Cicero, of Trajan and of the Antonines. Nor did I forget that although a holier land and a very different kind of landscape were the home of the New Testament, yet that view from Rome was the view on which St. Paul looked when he lived three years in the city, and taught, 'no man forbidding him.' I was never tired of driving to and fro on the Appian Way.

It must have been the teaching of Niebuhr reproduced in Arnold that led me habitually to go back in reverie to that earlier time when Rome was still a village on small, inconspicuous hills in the Campagna, and the Romans were only one among the tribes of Latium. I used to look with frequent and imaginative interest on that lovely mountain, 3,000 feet high, where the tribes went up to worship their own Jupiter Latiaris, and I used to wonder how Alba Longa may have looked from the future site of her imperial descendant. Yet I was young enough to be immensely amused by the fooleries of the carnival, to admire the long gay perspective of the Corso during that festival, with its balconies and windows like a garden of brilliant colours. The musical cry, 'Ecco fiori!' seems still ringing in my ears as I recall the scene, and I can smell the delicious violets—new to me in such richness and profusion.

As spring began we made an excursion to Tivoli and Albano. Near the site of Hadrian's Villa, at the foot of the hills, I saw for the first time the ground covered with violets, which seemed wild and entirely uncultivated. On the road above it I saw, also for the first time, fine specimens of the olive-tree, with the great trunks like enormous elephantine growths, grotesque, but beyond everything picturesque. Nothing in the way of vegetation had so delighted me. I admired not less the graceful curves of all the boughs and the twigs, and the subdued green and silver of its foliage. We drove for some miles up the Valley of Tivoli, and I was specially interested in some remains of cyclopean walls on the desolate mountain-slopes above the road. There was to me something most impressive in that kind of masonry, even when only fragments of it have survived, and when the nature and purpose of the building remain absolutely unknown.

The view of the Campagna from Tivoli is much less beautiful than the view of it from Rome. The plain is not vast enough to be sublime, and its western

boundary behind the Tiber is a line of poor and inconspicuous elevations. On the Alban Hills themselves, I admired most the long terraced road round the southern brim of the ancient crater which contains the Lake of Albano. Fine old ilexes overshadowed it, whilst the bright blue waters some hundreds of feet below, and partial glimpses of the northern Campagna through the evergreen foliage, made a combination which left a permanent impression upon me as one of the loveliest bits of scenery which I saw in Italy. I was delighted, too, with the small wild pink cyclamens which were coming up under the oak-copse which clothed the steep sides of the lake. There are no gregarious wild flowers in any part of Europe which are to be compared with our own hyacinths and primroses, but it is a pleasure always to meet with one which is new to our eyes.

Early in spring we re-embarked in our old 'dilly,' and posted by easy stages to Naples. Only two things on that journey linger in my memory—one is the copious and pellucid spring of water which gushes and rushes in river-like abundance out of the living rock by the side of the road near the site of the ancient Præneste; the other is the first sight I had of fireflies in the orange-garden at Mila de Gaeta. As regards the famous fountain, besides the wonderful beauty of the water, it has the interest of a natural phenomenon, which seems to mark and mock the fleeting life of human generations. If, as I believe, there is no doubt about the identification of that spring with the Bandusian fountain which is sung by Horace, it is impossible to look at the joyful welling of its waters out of their subterranean caverns, without thinking of the contrast with the life even of the most powerful empires. As regards the fireflies, I was delighted with their beauty, and did not fail to think of the profound mystery attaching to so small an organism being enabled to set up special vibrations in that incomprehensible medium which is the only vehicle of light.

It carried with it, too, a new expression of that sense of joy which is one of the great sources of our instinctive, though often our unconscious, pleasure in the aspects of Nature. The recollection of that orange-garden in a balmy Italian night, with the stars above and the happy fireflies below, is one which I often recall with immense pleasure.

We spent some weeks in Naples and its neighbourhood—one of special delight at Castellamare, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Callander of Craigforth and Ard-kinglas. They were old friends of the doctor, and our nearest neighbours at Inveraray. She was a beautiful and very charming woman, a daughter of Lord Erskine, who had been our Minister at the Court of Dresden. Callander was a man who took a keen enjoyment in everything, and was especially excited when late one evening our Italian courier entered the room with the exclamation, '*Voilà Mont Vesuve qui commence faire éruption.*' It turned out, however, to be a false alarm, and so we escaped all chance of sharing the fate of the entombed city which lay so near us. As a sight, I was disappointed with Pompeii,—with the smallness of the rooms, and the lowness of the walls of the ancient houses. To me, the most touching and impressive sight in Pompeii was the paving-stones made of blocks of lava, and deeply rutted by the wheels of the ancient chariots. That was a visible and striking relic of the daily lives of a long vanished world.

But there was one thing that did not disappoint me, and that was the great culprit of that catastrophe—Vesuvius itself. The first sight of a living volcano is an epoch in one's life. The central crater was at that time about 300 feet deep, and by no means inactive. A small cone at the bottom was every now and then the seat of explosions, which threw up bombs or clouds of smoke to a very considerable elevation, whilst pungent vapours were often caught by gusts of wind, and enveloped us in their suffocating wreaths. The roaring, hissing, and bellowing which accom-

panied these discharges, and which echoed round the containing walls, seemed to me to be the most truly awful sounds I had ever heard. They carried with them the impression not only of unimaginable force, but of that force being uncontrollable and unforeseeable in the manifestations of its energy. I could not help feeling that, for aught anyone could tell, the hot and sulphurous cake on which we stood might sink in a moment into the incandescent lavas which were undoubtedly boiling underneath us. I was therefore glad to get away from such an image of the infernal regions.

I can never adequately express the admiration with which I every day gazed on one or other of the exquisite views from the beautiful promontory between Castellamare and Sorrento. Monte St. Angelo is one of the most beautiful mountains in Europe, and every detail of its complicated structure—the ravines, the precipices, and the forest slopes—is beautiful in various degrees. There was one steep and narrow folding in its rocks very near the hotel, to which I often walked, to see the rich underwood of fine tall arbutus which covered the ground. The bark, the leaves, the flowers, and the berries, were all lovely in my eyes, to whom the plant was not absolutely new, but new in this robustness and perfection of growth, of foliage, of flower, and of fruit.

At that time there was no carriage-road to Amalfi. It was inaccessible except by difficult mule-tracks across the mountains. We therefore went to Salerno, and hired a rowing-boat to take us along the precipitous coast to that famous medieval nest, where tradition says that the Pandects of Justinian were discovered. Beautiful as every spot must be on that lovely coast, I was not attracted to Amalfi as even a conceivable residence. It requires robust health and accustomed limbs to live in a place where one cannot walk in any direction without climbing precipitous surfaces by steps cut in the living rock. A fine road has now been

cut from Salerno to Amalfi, and that road, which I have not seen, must be among the most beautiful in Europe.

My great preference for the aspects of Nature over the works of man had stood the test even of St. Peter's, as compared with the Campagna of Rome and the encircling mountains of the ancient Latium. But there was one scene in the Neapolitan region which tried this preference very hard, and that scene was the Temples of Pæstum, to which we drove in magnificent weather from Salerno. No other triumph of human architecture has ever had the same effect upon me. Those three solitary temples—perfect in external preservation, exquisite in a tint of golden yellow, standing in an absolutely deserted plain covered with a low growth of evergreen, of box and myrtle, with a fine strip of the ineffable Mediterranean blue on the horizon line to the east—are a sight never to be forgotten. It is true that in this case some of the greatest charms of Nature and of Art are inseparably blended. On the one hand, the colouring of Nature is magnificent. On the other hand, the buildings in themselves, and in their associations, are of surpassing interest. The largest of the three temples—dedicated to Poseidon the Sea-god—has stood in the simple majesty of its repose for not less than 2,300 years. It is the most perfect example existing in the world of the earliest Doric architecture of Greece. It is the relic of a people which, besides other claims upon our gratitude, was the first to teach the world how to colonize, as distinguished from merely conquering, other countries than their own. The absolute desolation of the surrounding plain, so far as human habitations are concerned, is a feature all the more striking when one knows that Pæstum was one of the most flourishing cities of Magna Græcia. But, after all, the interest centres in the grand, simple, and masterful masonry of the temple, with its noble and perfect columns and its wonderful expression of massiveness and repose.

Returning to Naples, we embarked in a steamer for

a short visit to Malta, stopping at Messina and at Syracuse on our way. In Stromboli I saw a small but very active volcano, and in Etna a mighty one, which seemed very nearly asleep. A fiery glow came from Stromboli, and only a long thin ribbon of smoke from Etna. But a mountain cone of 10,000 feet must always be a stupendous object.

Howson was more interested in Syracuse than I was, thinking as he did of Thucydides and the famous siege. There are no architectural remains worth seeing, but the great excavation of the open quarries is very curious.

At Malta I stayed only a few days, and was entertained with great honour by the officers of the 42nd Highlanders, whose Colonel was then Colonel Macdougall, a younger brother of Macdougall of Gallanach, who was one of my father's oldest friends. At the dinner given to me no less than sixteen pipers played 'The Campbells are coming,' which I should have expected to be rather a trial. But they played so beautifully together, and the room was so lofty and spacious, that the effect was less formidable than might have been expected. I was surprised by the magnificence of the palaces of the old Knights of Malta. They are certainly among the very handsomest in Europe. The story of the Knights Templars is one of the strangest episodes in medieval history. The island itself, with its interminable stretches of glaring white stone dikes enclosing tiny fields, did not attract me, and the only thing I saw which was beautiful was a basket of newly-caught fish on a woman's head. They seemed to be all of the most brilliant colours, like a number of precious stones, and entirely unlike the fish of our more Northern seas. Some of these, indeed, as the herring and the mackerel, show the finest colours of the iridescent class. But many of the Mediterranean fish are splendidly coloured in ordinary light, and do not depend on mere glances. This is partly due to the abundance of species belonging to the wrasse family, many of which

are brilliantly coloured in blues, greens, and reds. A few of these, though not common, are found in our seas; one especially, a specimen of which I have seen caught at Tobermory, was of a golden yellow, variegated with a fine cobalt blue.

It was no part of our plan to go farther east than Malta. Our intention was to visit some of those fair regions of Italy which lie between the Alps and Rome, but which we had missed by adopting the sea-route from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia. I cannot leave this record of our stay in Rome without mention of a circumstance which gave me great pleasure at the time, and has remained a pleasant spot in memory ever since. One day in the middle of winter—I think in January, 1843—I was walking on the Pincio, when I saw and heard the movement of wings in the olives and other evergreens of the gardens there. On watching more closely, I was greatly surprised to see a number of birds, which could be nothing else than willow-wrens, sporting themselves in the sunshine and catching flies. No bird was more familiar to me, and none so inseparably connected with my earliest and most happy associations. In my Ardencaple days the willow-wren was always the first herald of the spring, before the swallow or any other of the migratory group. There was a clump of larches in a very sheltered sunny spot, on which the lovely green pencils of the larch buds were always the first to appear, and there I used to go every year about the middle of April, to see if the willow-wren had come. And there, accordingly, I always had first heard that gentle and delicious song which I fear escapes most ears altogether. I had supposed that, like most of our summer birds of passage, the willow-wren wintered in Africa, and not in any part of Europe. It was, therefore, with infinite delight that I recognised my favourite on the Pincian Hill at Rome. Those who have never had a passion for any branch of natural history can hardly understand the delight which this discovery gave me.

It found expression in the first tolerable verses I ever wrote. They have since been published in my later years, and are included in the volume of poems entitled 'The Burdens of Belief.' The song of the willow-wren is too low a warble to attract general attention, but to me it carries with it an expression of love, gentleness, and pure enjoyment, such as no other song conveys.

Beginning our journey homewards when the spring of 1843 was well advanced, we posted to Florence, stopping for a day and night at Perugia for the purpose of seeing Assisi. With the famous church there and the tomb of St. Francis I was much impressed. The low, rather dark, vaulted church beneath, containing the tomb, with the elaborate allegorical frescoes painted by Giotto and his contemporaries, and then the tall Gothic church above, struck me much as a most unusual and a most beautiful combination, and inspired me with such a sense of interest and admiration that I began and soon finished a short poem in blank verse of the Wordsworthian type, which Howson pronounced to be 'well and worthily written in that style.' I remember now only some portions of it. One passage, describing the contrast between the lower and the upper church, has so dwelt in my memory, that in later years I have often found myself repeating it. I therefore will give the lines here :

‘ And as we passed
From those low arches to the upper shrine,
High drawn in loftiness and full of light,
It seemed as if we followed still the way
Of emblematic feeling, and the course
Of things yet unfulfilled ; for even as
The solemn place which we had left did seem
To symbolize the quietness of Death,
Its vaulted calmness, and its sacred rest,
So those tall columns and high pointing roof,
Ascending, still ascending, seem to speak
That glorious hope—the Resurrection.’

There could be no doubt in this case as to the impressiveness of the whole, or as to the singular harmony between the forms of art and the emotions of religion. The lower church was essentially tomb-like, appropriate to the feelings with which we contemplate the dead,—their ‘vaulted calmness’ and their ‘sacred rest.’ And not less appropriate was the upper church, with its beautiful ascending lines, and in the blaze of light, to the resurrection hopes of Christian belief. The whole was unique in beauty and impressiveness, and I have ever since remembered it as such.

It was at Florence, however, that I really felt for the first time that high enjoyment of pure art which nothing but a gradual education in it can develop. St. Peter’s at Rome never did give me any feeling except that of vastness. It never struck me as suggestive of any religious emotion whatever; and though its proportions are of course fine, they had not, on me, the effect of beauty. But the moment I turned the corner of the narrow street which opens in Florence upon the great Piazza, in which I saw at a glance Brunelleschi’s Duomo, Giotto’s Campanile, and the Baptistery, I felt at once that I was in the presence of the power of pure beauty, which art had never made me feel before. There is, so far as I know, only one other group of buildings in the world which can rival, or even approach, that matchless heart and centre of consummate art. All else in the way of architecture, always with the same one exception, is by comparison of an almost boundless inferiority. I did not, indeed, then feel, nor do I now feel, that this incomparable group of buildings appealed to any religious emotion, or was associated with any spiritual aspiration. It was simply a vision of matchless beauty—in form, in proportion, and in colour—the triumph of unrivalled art. I used to go back, over and over again, to the corner of the Piazza from which the grouping is best, and gaze and gaze in a sort of trance of pleasure.

There is one point only which that group possesses

in common with many others, and that is the effect of a great dome lifted into the sky as the crown and consummation of a great structure. And in this one feature the Duomo of Florence asserts, in my opinion, its immense superiority over all others, on account of the curvature of the dome. It has always appeared to me that the peculiar curve of that dome is by far the most beautiful in the world. Our own St. Paul's Cathedral has a very beautiful dome, but Wren's creation is not so beautiful as Brunelleschi's. The dome of St. Peter's at Rome is very inferior and not so effective.

For the galleries of Florence I cared comparatively little, my art education not having yet advanced so far as to enable me to appreciate as some do, and as many more, perhaps, pretend to do, the pictures and frescoes of the early Italian schools. As to the famous Venus de Medici, I could not admire it, and never have succeeded in doing so. I thought, if that were the type of an ideal beauty, it was a mercy that no woman was ever really like it. There was indeed one work of art, or rather one group of works of art, by which I was much impressed, and that was the famous group of figures on the tomb of the Medici by Michael Angelo. They are veritably superhuman—Titanic creatures of the imagination—but expressive of nothing, as it seemed to me, except enormous power. That group is undoubtedly one of the wonders of the world of art, although the attitudes of the figures are too violent to be natural, and give one the idea of the artist having revelled in the mere wantonness of his strength. But from the galleries I always escaped as soon as possible to indulge my old passion for landscape beauty, and assuredly the Val d'Arno did much to satisfy my tastes.

It is one of the peculiarities of Florence that the same wonderful group of buildings dominates the city from every point of view. Exquisite as they are in themselves, they are not less lovely when seen from a distance, crowning the whole city with a diadem of beauty. I

was particularly delighted with the old eagle's nest from which Florence had originally come—the beautiful Fiesole, with its massive and prehistoric walls of defence on the northern escarpment of its hill. The view thence of the Valley of the Arno, from far above Florence on the east to far down the river on the west, is one of the historic landscapes of the world, though not comparable either in beauty or in interest with the views on the Roman Campagna.

Before leaving Florence the doctor advised me to see a museum of anatomical models executed in wax, which, he said, were famous. It was there I saw a model of which I have made much use in later years. It was the model of the voltaic battery with which the torpedo fish—a skate well known in the Bay of Naples—discharges electric shocks for the capture of its prey, and for its own defence. This was all in the line of my father's old pursuits—namely, animal mechanics, and the structure of living organs for the discharge of function. The only unusual circumstance in this case was the great peculiarity of the function, and the consequent equally great peculiarity of the apparatus constructed for its discharge. Of course in every glass case which I saw there were wonderful apparatuses displayed, some of them with almost inconceivable complexities of structure. But, somehow, there was not one of them which struck me so much; none of them seemed, as it were, so obviously artificial, so purely mechanical, as the electric battery of this fish. It lay in two great masses, one on each shoulder, on either side of the spine, and they so closely resembled the structure of the batteries constructed by man for chemical and mechanical work that it was impossible not to see the identity of principle, and even of details, between the two. I did not then know how much it meant, or the use to which I should be able to apply it in far-distant years.

From Florence we went to Pisa, posting all the way down the Val d'Arno. The group of buildings at

Pisa challenges some comparison with that at Florence. It does not come up to the same high standard. Nothing does. The Leaning Tower of Pisa exceeded my expectations as to the extent of its departure from the perpendicular, and I was much amused to find that, in running up the circular stairs to the top, the effect of the leaning was unpleasantly apparent in the sense of precipitation felt when one's body follows the declining turn of the steps. The same force or swing which is needed to take one up the ascending turn is considerably more than enough to take one up the down-hill turn, and this produces a somewhat headlong feeling which is not agreeable. As regards the cathedral, indeed, though it has no external feature like the Florentine Duomo, yet its interior is far the more beautiful of the two. I thought it then by far the most beautiful church I had yet seen, and I still think of it as the most perfect specimen of purely Italian Church architecture in the world.

It is one of the great delights of travelling in Italy that almost every considerable town one comes to is remarkable for some one or more events famous in the history of civilization, of science, and of literature. The whole country is covered with spots which are, as it were, spots of light, from which some special radiance has gone forth to illuminate the world. Of no other country in the world can this be said, excepting only, and that in a supreme degree, the small country which we justly call the Holy Land.

I looked with immense curiosity on the beautiful pendant lamp of wrought bronze hanging in the transept of the cathedral at Pisa, which is said to have first attracted the attention of Galileo to the laws governing the swinging of a pendulum, whilst the experiments of the same great man in gravitation are not improbably connected with the Leaning Tower. With the famous Campo Santo of Pisa I was, I must confess, disappointed. A large square is enclosed by cloisters, with no ornament

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whatever of the central space. The cloister arches are not lofty or impressive, and the whole is destitute even of any tombs of remarkable beauty. One monument only arrested my attention, and has ever since dwelt in my memory as a vivid representation of a great name in the Middle Ages. That monument is remarkable for its severe simplicity. There is an entire absence of ornament. It is a statue of the German Emperor who died at Pisa during one of his invasions of Italy. It is a simple figure of the Emperor, representing him as lying dead on a pallet. The face is not idealized. It is a large-featured, almost a coarse face. But it is an unmistakable portrait, true to life, and, above all, true to death and to the expression of an ended power.

But, after all, I am not sure that what struck me most at Pisa was not its comparative desertedness. Although empire has long departed from Italy, even the empire of letters and of art, its principal capitals still feel the stir of human life. In Rome there was the bustle of a large moving population, as in Naples and in Florence. But at Pisa in 1843 the streets seemed silent, and even single footfalls were audible among them. Internecine strife—fierce and devastating wars—were the great cause of its decline. In this it only shared in the great characteristic of medieval Italy—a strange mixture of the highest civilization in art and the utmost barbarism in factious hatreds. But there was another cause affecting Pisa which was not shared by others. Pisa is one of the few cases in which the fate of cities has been changed for the worse in historical times by the operation of geological causes. The Arno at Florence does not generally seem a very powerful river. Yet the mass of mud which it carries down with it from year to year, from the rich valley through which it runs, has been sufficient to make Pisa an island instead of a maritime city, and to reduce the once proud rival of Genoa to the condition almost of a stranded town. I understand that the new con-

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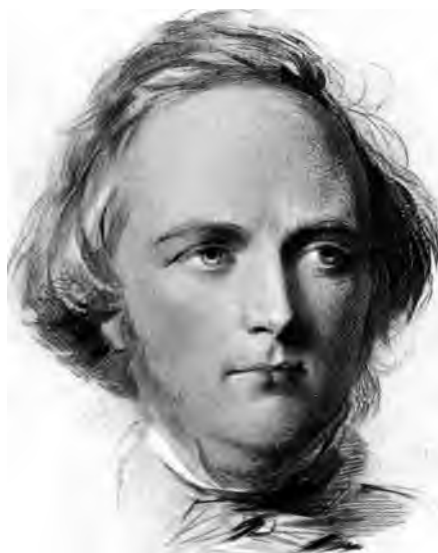
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*George Douglas, 8th Duke of Argyll, K.G.
from a drawing by George Richmond, R.A.*

George Douglas, 8th

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*George Douglas, 8th Duke of Argyll, K.G.
from a drawing by George Richmond, R.A.*

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preceding, until the glorious pageant ended in our being landed at the Piazza of St. Mark in a blaze of blinding sunshine. Nothing that has ever happened to me in the way of seeing has approached the impression of that moment. In describing my sense of beauty on first seeing the great group of the Florentine Piazza, I made one exception as to immense superiority to any other buildings in the world. That exception was intended to refer to Venice, and especially to the Doge's Palace and the Church of St. Mark. Of course, between two styles of architecture so absolutely different there can be no common standard of comparison. But the two groups are alike in this—that they are both absolutely perfect, each in its own way; they both at once silence criticism, and fill us with a sense of beauty entirely satisfied. Such, at least, was my feeling about them. As creations of art they are both unique. On the whole I am still, as I was then, disposed to assign the palm to Venice, in spite of there being, perhaps because of there being, a certain element of comparative barbarism in the Oriental translation of Gothic feeling.

On leaving Venice, we travelled leisurely through Lombardy on the great road to Milan, stopping at all the old cities on the way, and at one place which was not a city, but which gave me, perhaps, more pleasure than any other; this was Desenzano, a village at the southern end of the Lago di Garda. This was my first view of any of the Italian lakes, and its beautiful peculiarities did not escape my notice. Stretching away northward into the Alpine ranges, but not wholly surrounded by or embosomed in them, it enjoys at its southern end a wide and a comparatively low horizon; whilst the perspective of its distant shores, lost in blue and purple valleys, is a worthy setting for its exquisitely coloured waters. This was a colour I had never seen before—a green which seems peculiar to streams flowing from the melting of glaciers, when all their mud has had space and time to settle. It is a

different green from that of our own western shores, as it appears, for example, in perfection at Iona. It is a paler, as it were a more opalescent, green, and when mingled with the blue reflections of an Italian sky, its tones are exquisite indeed. We did not fail to drive to the neighbouring famous promontory of Sirmio, the site of the famous villa of Catullus. No more beautiful spot can be conceived, and I enjoyed immensely a long lounge in the grass and under the olives of a garden which, with whatever loss of classic ornaments, was still the scene which inspired the passionate love of one of the best of the old Roman poets. On another day we took a drive to the little town of Salo, situated on the western shore of the lake, close to where it passes into the mountain country leading towards the great rift occupied by the Valley of the Adige.

It was a beautiful drive, passing at one point under a ridge crowned by one of those vast medieval castles which are the most striking among the many links of history in that most historic land. On our drive we met many country carts, with peasants taking their produce to market in the larger towns, and were surprised to see them all salute us with a kindly greeting, although they must have seen that we were complete strangers. This great courtesy of manner is, I think, peculiar to the peasantry of Italy, and it is pleasant to think that it is one of the signs of their very ancient civilization.

At Salo we visited a silk factory, and there I saw what I had never seen before, and have never seen since—the process of winding off the raw silk from the cocoons of the caterpillar which spins the thread from which the most precious of human attire is woven. The cocoons were thrown into tanks containing hot water, which seemed to dissolve or loosen the glutinous matter by which they were held together; and the end of the thread being caught, it was reeled off by women into balls of the most lustrous golden yellow. It seemed to me that no dye was ever half so

beautiful, and I felt inclined to wish that all silken garments were made of the raw material. It is the value of the cocoon, which this caterpillar weaves for its own abode during the mysterious processes of metamorphosis, that determines one of the great peculiarities of the rich and beautiful Plain of Lombardy—namely, the almost universal cultivation of the mulberry-tree. Pollard mulberries line the roads; they line the ditches; they line the divisions of the little fields in which the crops are cultivated; they are the standards to which the vines are attached, as they are festooned from one to another in graceful wreaths. The rich colouring of blue lupines and of scarlet clovers, with the young green of various cereals, under an open but an almost continuous forest of leafage, all one ceaseless sheet of careful cultivation, make Lombardy in early summer a joyous and delicious land to see. And if the eye is ever wearied by a monotony even of richness, we have generally not far to go for glimpses of the glorious Alpine ranges to the north, or of the softer blue mountain outlines to the south. Then, besides all this, there was the general impression of a thoroughly well-governed country and of a prosperous, contented people. It must be recollected that I am speaking of 1843, when as yet all the political passions reawakened in 1848 were at least sleeping, if not extinct.

If ever the dominion of one race over another seemed justified by at least material prosperity, it was the dominion of the Austrian Empire over its Italian provinces at that time. There was no offensive parade of military repression. Austrian bands discoursed sweet music in the Piazza of St. Mark at Venice, and in the other leading garrisoned towns. But beyond that, the military uniform was never obtruded on the view. The roads were magnificent. The posting arrangements were admirable. The whole face of the people and of the country was the face of pleasantness and peace. One boatman, indeed, on Lago Maggiore, spoke to us of the 'bruti Tedeschi.' But it seemed

rather like an outburst of racial dislike than any expression of political discontent. Indeed, however strange it may now sound to say so, it was impossible at that time to think or speak of Italy as a nation. The famous saying of Prince Metternich, which I have since often heard quoted with ridicule or with indignation, that Italy was 'nothing but a geographical expression,' was a saying literally and absolutely true. Although marked off from the rest of Europe by physical features more definite than those which separate any other of its divisions—although, too, its people have come to be not less distinct, with a substantial unity of race language—yet nevertheless it was then strictly true that historically it had never been a nation. When it formed part of the greatest empire the world has ever seen, the name of Italy was never used even as a geographical expression. Natural boundaries had no existence in the magnificent conception of that wonderful people, whose centre of dominion was, not Italy, but an Imperial City. The Alps were to them no more than a range of molehills across a field. And so they ranked one of the largest and richest provinces of the Italian peninsula as merely one of the divisions of Gaul. And when that empire fell to pieces, Italy had fallen to pieces with it, and for fourteen hundred years had been the prey of furious factions and of bloody wars between all its cities, many of them eager to receive the protection of the Teutonic monarchs whose sovereignty they accepted, and whose emblems they were proud to bear.

It is one of the wonders of the world's history that, nevertheless, under such conditions, the Italian cities developed a civilization in literature and in art which has never been equalled or approached. Mere soldiers of fortune and successful civic leaders rose to be munificent Princes and patrons of every kind of genius. They lived a brilliant, tempestuous and voluptuous life for a time, and then disappeared for ever. But they have left monuments of beauty, in architecture

and in painting, which are the delight and admiration of mankind. Nothing I saw in Italy struck me more than the beautiful remains left by Princes, whose picturesquely battlemented towers and walls proclaimed their long allegiance to Teutonic Sovereigns.

Of all Italian cities, the one which struck me as the most beautiful was Verona, with the Adige rushing through it, from that long and deep valley which gave easy access to Teutonic invaders of the Lombard Plain. And in that city no remains struck me so much as the tombs of the Scaligeri family, whose sumptuous Court gave refuge to Dante in his exile. In that brilliant age of Italian history it was no reproach to the greatest of her Princes that he was the type of those who leaned on the great German Empire behind the Alps, nor could Dante even think of Italy as a country or as a nation to which any such dependence was forbidden as disloyal. In the magnificent lines in which the poet celebrates his host, Can Grande, he never thinks of him as an Italian, a name which would then have had no significance. The nationality he assigns to his host, as the greatest he could give him, was 'il gran Lombardo.' There is something marvellous in the contrast between the unhappy political conditions of Italy all through the Middle Ages and the splendour and intensity of its civic and provincial life. The churches which were built, the palaces raised in the streets, the tombs under which the dead were laid, the town-halls in which business was conducted, even the towers and walls of defence, were all beautiful exceedingly, yet all various and original.

In 1843 Ruskin had not yet risen above the horizon, to tell us in his perfervid oratory what exactly we are to admire most, and why we ought to do so. But before his teaching I was able to appreciate and to enjoy intensely such churches as St. Zeno at Verona, and the exquisite monuments in the same city of the great House of Scala. My own early education in landscape had prepared me well for the exquisite

colouring and forms of the Alpine ranges, seen through vistas over a rich country covered with villas, with the distances well set back by the powerful colouring of the magnificent cypress-trees which adorn some of the gardens of Verona.

At Milan, indeed, I was greatly disappointed with the far-famed cathedral. It was almost with disgust that I saw the vaulted ceiling to be only painted, and although, no doubt, the exterior has considerable beauty of proportion and great richness, from the elaboration of its Gothic pinnacles and innumerable statues and statuettes, its general effect seemed altogether wanting in dignity, solemnity, or repose.

But although the famous Duomo of Milan gave me little pleasure, there were two things of beauty which I saw in and from that city which did really answer to the description of being 'a joy for ever.' One of these belonged to Nature, whilst the other belonged to Art. The first of these was the view of the snowy Alps fringing the northern sky in magnificent perspective to the east. For this view there is no other city in the great Lombard Plain so favourably situated as Milan. Some of those cities are too near, and the high central ranges are hidden behind the lower hills. Others, again, are too far off. One of them, Turin, is too much itself encircled by mountains of nearly Alpine elevation to see the monarchs of the chain. But Milan is so placed, both as to distance and as to angular position, with reference to the leading peaks, that on a fine clear day, such as I had, the eye can take in at a glance that magnificent mountain chain of eternal snows. Monte Rosa was conspicuous, comparatively near, and its glorious dome against a luminous sky of pale green-blue answered well to that beautifully descriptive name. Seen over the tender tints of the lower ranges and the rich purples of the Lombard Plain, this view of the Alps made an impression on me which I have never forgotten.

The other vision which, in the world of art, made a

similar impression was that of the famous Cenacolo, or fresco of 'The Last Supper,' by Leonardo da Vinci. It is indeed a shadow, but it is so majestic a shadow as to be divine. No picture which I had then seen, and only one since, has had a similar effect upon me. The grouping of the figures, the eagerness and variety of the action, with the solemn calmness and sorrow expressed in the attitude of the Saviour—all this is wonderful and unique.

If anybody travelled now as I travelled in 1843, it would be absurd to cumber even the pages of an autobiography with any details of our journey home through Switzerland and down the Rhine. But our route and our methods of proceeding are now as antiquated as the dodo. Of course, it is true that only the comparatively wealthy classes could post in a comfortable carriage all over Europe, resting every night as they pleased at well-appointed inns, and taking little-frequented roads whenever they led through any particularly lovely bits of country. Those who could never afford either the money or the time for such travelling have gained immensely by the modern railway system. But the complete desertion of large areas of most beautiful and interesting country which has been the result of the new routes which all traffic is now compelled to follow, and, above all, the universal spirit of haste which has seized upon us all, has made travelling infinitely less enjoyable and less improving than it used to be. When I was last on the continent under the new conditions, I passed through almost the whole length of Italy, from Brindisi to Turin, with only a few hours of evening light in the south, and a few hours of morning light in the north. Most of the country was traversed in the dark, and with glimpses only of innumerable most interesting and picturesque towns, villages, and castles, all of which it would have been a joy to see. Even stopping at Turin was unusual, due to indisposition, and the rest of my party rushed on to Paris. This is the habit of our

time. The change has been so great and so universal that some few notes on my journey home fifty-four years ago may not be without interest to the younger generation now.

In posting from Milan to Como, we stopped at Monza to see the famous iron crown of Lombardy and the relics of Queen Theodalinda. Monza has an air of antiquity about it which carries us back to that dim time when the Western Empire had lately fallen, and when semi-barbaric kingdoms were being established on its ruins. No time, perhaps, in European history is so difficult to realize as the sixth and two following centuries. I was interested in seeing the rude ornaments which had belonged to one of those few famous women whose charms were such as to subdue even barbarian Kings, and to send down a sweet-smelling savour through many centuries of time.

We spent a few days on the Lake of Como—chiefly at Bellagio—the point where the lake bifurcates into two branches. Such a sheet of water lying among such fine mountains and under an Italian sun cannot be otherwise than beautiful. But I confess that to my eye it wanted shadow and variety. The mountains were destitute of any wood large enough to produce the least effect. Except where orange-trees and evergreens rose from gardens near the shores, there was nothing but scattered and scanty coppices of oak to clothe the nakedness of the rocky walls. The general effect was somewhat garish, and I felt I should soon be tired of it. One object of natural history, however, attracted my curiosity and attention. At breakfast we were supplied with a most delicious fish, called the *agoni*, and the taste told me at once that it must be a near relation of the Loch Fyne herring of my home. Further inquiry then and since has led to a very interesting conclusion, bearing on the geological history of Northern Italy. The *agoni* is a true herring, and structurally is identical with the shad, a member of the herring tribe which has the habit of ascending

rivers from the sea, and returning again by the way it came. But the *agoni* now never leaves the Como Lake, and never can, because the rivers communicating with the Po do not afford a safe or steady means of communication with the Adriatic. The *agoni* is, therefore, shut up and debarred from access to the sea. It has changed its form, but not its specific character. It is still a shad, but confined to fresh water, and modified accordingly.

From Como we drove to Lugano, and to this day that drive remains in my memory as the most beautiful I had ever seen. It has all the verdure which I had so much missed on Como, the road passing under fine woods of walnut, and of other trees with luxuriant foliage. The lake, though much smaller than Como, is far more varied in the character of its shores, its innumerable bays and promontories having, indeed, every kind and intricacy of structure, from rocky headlands to wooded creeks. Vistas, too, are not wanting of far-off aerial Alps. From Lugano we again posted across the hills which separate that lake from the much larger sheet of water that constitutes the Lago Maggiore. On the tableland over which we passed I saw, to my infinite delight, that rare sight in any part of Southern Europe—fields of rich grass like our own pastures at home. Those I saw had abundance, too, of the common purple orchids, all which so delighted me that I longed to stop the carriage and roll in the delicious herbage of the spring. Our destination was Magadino, an hotel charmingly situated amid woods of fine chestnut-trees, then just coming into full leaf. There is no handsomer tree than the sweet-chestnut, its bark, its limbs, its foliage, and its flower, being all beautiful. Enchanting as I thought that wood, it was with some satisfaction that I noticed no individual tree which quite equalled in size or magnificence some of the specimens we had at home. But although it grows splendidly in all sheltered places in Argyllshire, its fruit never ripens in our climate, whereas, as is well

known, it forms one of the principal articles of food in some parts of Italy and Switzerland.

Immediately opposite to Magadino, on the western side of the lake, the little town of Locarno, the capital of the Canton of Ticino, was perched on a shelf on the steep mountain-side, embowered in groves of chestnut, walnut, and oak. We heard that next day there was to be a great rifle-shooting match, called a 'tiro,' at Locarno, and we determined to go across in a boat and see the fun. I was at that time rather a good shot with the rifle, up to the standard of ordinary Highland sport. We had then no red-deer at Inveraray, but many roe-deer, and my father had taught me never to shoot roe with small shot, but always and only with the rifle. At the range of about 150 yards I seldom missed a roe. On the other hand, I had never practised at a target, and it is curious how seldom the two kinds of shooting are successfully combined. Thinking vaguely that possibly I might have some opportunity of shooting on the Continent, I had taken a new double-barrelled Purdey with us in the carriage. So this English weapon was taken out of its case, and we had a lovely row across Lago Maggiore to the foot of the mountain opposite. The path was very steep up to the little town, but beautiful. We found the town full of fine handsome youths from all parts of the Canton, picturesquely dressed, and armed with very long-barrelled rifles, slung by a belt round the shoulders. I do not remember exactly what the bore was, but it was smaller than that of the ounce rifle of Purdey. Whatever difference existed between those rifles and my own I soon found was all in their favour for target-work. I cannot now recollect exactly what the range was, but, to my dismay, I found it was greatly longer than any at which I had ever practised. The shooting was excellent, and I had no chance with them. I was told that their rifles were all of native make. On our way back to Magadino we took some of those fine fellows in our boat, and they were very curious to

know what the price was of my English rifle. When I told them 'settanta luigi d' oro,' their astonishment was unbounded, for I suppose that from five to ten napoleons would fully represent the cost of their very effective weapons. I did feel more than ever the absurdity of London prices. Although the purely Italian Canton of Ticino was a late addition to the famous and very curious old Swiss Confederation, the men I saw at Locarno were typical specimens of that race of mountain soldiers which on both sides of the great Alpine chain attained such a high military reputation in medieval Europe, and as stipendiary soldiers were celebrated for being as faithful as they were brave.

After a short but delicious time spent among the chestnut-groves of Magadino, we descended to the southern end of the Lago Maggiore, and crossed the Alps, by the Simplon Pass, into the upper valley of the Rhone, and went down that valley to the Lemman Lake, visiting in turn Chillon, Lausanne, and Geneva. The perfect flatness of that Rhone valley, and the wall-like sides of mountain which shut it in, left on me a disagreeable impression, although one view from the citadel of Sion, commanding a fine perspective to its further end, and to some of the great snowy peaks of the Bernese Oberland, was so singularly beautiful that I have several times tried in vain to paint it from a sketch taken at the time. But the wider horizons enjoyed by Lausanne and Geneva were like a return to life and light after the oppression of the Alpine approaches. The whole country was in the full gush of spring, and I thought it the perfection of a happy land. The lovely rushing of the transparent Rhone, when it issues from the lake under the bridge at Geneva, was indeed a wonderful contrast to the milk-white muddiness of the same river before it entered the great reservoir where its sediment was deposited. There is no colour in Nature more beautiful than that of perfectly transparent water when it is tinted by greens and blues, or, best of all, by both in changing

and interchanging gleams. I could have gazed all day long into the Genevan Rhone.

As I was anxious to see Mont Blanc at nearer quarters, we drove up the valley to Chamounix, whence I visited the Mer de Glace. The first sight of a glacier is an epoch in the life of everyone who is an admirer or a student of Nature. It surprised me very much. It was less beautiful but more awful than I had expected. Its surface, dirtied by detritus from the rocks under which it passed, was nowhere brilliant. But the reverberations, like those of thunder, which rose from its crevasses as fragments were constantly falling into them, gave one the impression of a constant and an unknown danger. What astonished me most at Chamounix was the apparent want of elevation in Mont Blanc. The weather was splendid—not a cloud in the sky; and the top of the mountain, with its spotless snow, seemed so near, and was so absolutely clear, that it appeared to me as if a mouse upon it would have been a visible object from our hotel. It was a signal proof to me how absolutely the effect of mountain scenery depends, not on measurable height, but on atmosphere. Ben Cruachan on Loch Awe in Scotland, which is only 3,600 feet high, had always seemed to me far loftier and more inaccessible than Mont Blanc, which was more than four times that height, appeared to be. I could not help remembering how insignificant it had seemed to me some months before, when, at the distance of fifty miles, I saw it at Lyons breaking the crimson streaks of sunrise; and now, here again at its very feet, the same impression arose from a totally different cause.

On leaving Chamounix, we took rather an unusual route home, determined by my great desire to see my father's old friend Mademoiselle de la Chaux, who was still alive, and resided at Yverdun, a small town on the Lake of Neufchâtel. In 1843 it was just forty years since that clever and excellent woman had devised and carried into execution the plan of my

father's escape from the clutches of the First Consul. Not only from the interest I had always felt in that story, but on account also of the vivid recollection which I had retained from childhood of her face—a face full of vivacity, force, and benevolence—I was very desirous of seeing her. We therefore returned through Geneva to Lausanne, glad of an opportunity of again enjoying the extraordinary beauty of that place.

After a short stay at Lausanne we posted to Yverdon, where I met with a disappointment. Mademoiselle de la Chaux was now very aged and very feeble, and was confined to bed. She saw Dr. Cumming, but nothing would induce the old lady to see me. However, I did not regret the route we took, although its first inducement had failed. The whole way to the Rhine at Schaffhausen, through the defiles of the Jura, was beautiful and very curious. It led through passes in a series of steep ridges of hill all covered with forest, and with lovely varieties of clear and rapid trout streams.

The falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, though certainly beautiful, as every rush of a great mass of water must be, did not greatly impress me. In such things as waterfalls I have always found that one's imagination is very apt to outrun reality. At Basle I was greatly interested and amused by seeing for the first time that curious and picturesque bird the stork, the very partial distribution of which in Europe is one of the puzzles of ornithology. I never quite understand on what they feed. So large a bird must consume a good deal of something, yet, so far as I know, they cannot catch fish as herons do, nor do they subsist on worms. Frogs, no doubt, would be a suitable provision, but I do not know any place in Europe where frogs are so abundant as to afford a good living to even a few storks. However this may be, they are striking and handsome birds, and their attachment to man, shown by their feeding and breeding on the tops of houses in towns and cities, is a habit peculiar to themselves among all their congeners in the world.

As it was my desire to see a little of Holland, we descended the Rhine by steamer all the way to Rotterdam. With Holland I was both delighted and amused. Its fanatical cleanliness is almost comical. Continual jets of water are being thrown against the windows to keep them sparkling and free from dust. Any step in the stairs in the hotels is as clean as a dining-table. The streets of all the towns, the barges along the quays, are as tidy as a new pin. It is all very pleasant and very pretty. But what delighted me most was the great grassy meadows, with beautiful cows browsing, udder-deep, in luxuriant grass. The Hague I thought quite charming, with its mixture of fine foliage and handsome houses, pleasant gardens, and fine public buildings. It interested me much to notice how the human mind adapts itself to external conditions in its instinctive love of ornament and beauty. In a country so flat that distant prospects are impossible, where, indeed, the range of sight is limited to some narrow foreground, the whole idea of ornamentation is bounded by the possibilities of the case, as in rooms these possibilities limit us everywhere to floors and walls. In Holland the very ditches of stagnant water are pressed into the service of decoration. The water-weeds which accumulate on their surface are cut away in shapes and patterns which leave spaces of an intense black divided by shaped compartments of a vivid green. The effect is undoubtedly pretty.

Our visit to Holland was shorter than I should have liked, and I have often intended to return. But I have never been able to do so, although still the memory of that strange land, to whose power we and Europe owe so much, is as green in my mind as her own delicious meadows and her umbrageous trees.

The journey and changes of scene and air had acted most beneficially on my always rather delicate health, but the doctors strongly advised that I should go abroad again the following winter.

CHAPTER X

1843

LIFE IN KINTYRE—EARLY INTEREST IN ECONOMIC
QUESTIONS—VISIT TO MULL—LECTURES AT EDIN-
BURGH—VISIT TO TRENTHAM

ON my return to England, I spent some weeks in London, and during the season of 1843 I was a frequent guest at Stafford House, where I was always received with the greatest kindness by the Duchess of Sutherland, who had, indeed, corresponded with me ever since I had met her and her daughter, Lady Elizabeth, at Taymouth the previous year. The enthusiasm of the Duchess in every great cause, and the responsiveness of her emotions to any generous aspiration added to the charm of her manner, and the words 'high nature amorous of good' are those which always occur to me when I recall her brilliant personality. The society which the Duchess gathered round her included a large and miscellaneous contingent from the ranks of literature, of science, and especially the rising section of philanthropists in politics, of which Lord Ashley, afterwards Lord Shaftesbury, was the most remarkable and the most intimate representative. Lord Ashley was a tall man, with a well-marked and powerful face, but with a strong cast of care and melancholy in the expression. He was then in the height of his noble struggle on behalf of factory legislation for women and children.

I was much attracted by the Duke of Sutherland, whom I now met for the first time, and who was then an elderly man with grey hair, and not in

very strong health; but the great amiability and refinement of his character was apparent in his face and in the dignified courtesy of his manner. Never was there a more perfect specimen of what the French call 'très grand seigneur.' The infinite charm of that old-fashioned manner has almost disappeared from among us. I see it yet occasionally, but always and only among the older men of my acquaintance.

After some weeks in town, finding that life in London made reading rather difficult, I turned my steps northward, to spend the summer and autumn in Kintyre and at Inveraray. Without abandoning miscellaneous reading, I followed the wise advice of my tutor, Howson, to give special attention to modern history and philosophy. The famous and charming dissertation by Dugald Stewart interested me immensely, as did the works of Sir William Hamilton. I soon found that I had a great liking for metaphysics, and had great natural delight in abstract thought. I have ever since pursued it with unabated interest, and have found the training it affords of immense value in reasoning of every kind. It is true indeed, in my opinion, that the various schools of philosophy which have appeared in the world have done little or nothing to solve the ultimate problems with which they deal. But, at least to a large extent, they have exposed each other's fallacies; and as the assumptions on which all opinion and all common reasoning rest are really more or less of a purely metaphysical nature, there has been a result of the greatest service. Philosophy, therefore, is a study which pays well, if, indeed, we take care not to become the mere disciples of any one master, and keep our eyes wide open to the weaknesses or failures of every system. Absence from colleges and Universities was undoubtedly a safeguard against the power of mere fashionable schools of thought. Independent and solitary study, with abundant time for reflection, and no 'exam.' to pass, undoubtedly facilitated and encouraged a cautious and a wide eclecticism.

But, above all, my love of Nature, in which difficult and far-reaching problems are perpetually suggested, together with those early habits of attentive observation and of close reasoning on the explanation of even familiar facts, which had been the effect of my father's silent teaching—these influences combined to keep my metaphysics in the place of an invaluable servant, and to prevent them from becoming a dangerous master. The Scottish school of philosophy had the honourable reputation of teaching the philosophy of common-sense, and there is nothing like Nature—including, of course, under that great name our own human nature—and a constant living with its mysterious facts, for inspiring us with a wholesome contempt for the verbal fallacies and deceptive formulæ which are common in all metaphysical systems.

One of my reasons for delighting in the district of Kintyre was the richness of its natural scenery, in aspects which were fresh to me. Its oceanic bird fauna was a perpetual source of pleasure, and in particular the familiar terms on which one entered there into one of the most curious and conspicuous examples of the laws governing the power of flight. In the upper reaches of the Firth of Clyde I do not recollect having ever seen a gannet or solan-geese. But all round the shores of Kintyre there were hundreds of those splendid birds, exhibiting their wonderful performances at all hours of the day. There are many methods of catching fish practised by aquatic birds. Most of those that really live on fish dive for their prey and pursue it under water. The solitary heron waits patiently till unwary fish approach within striking distance, or he stalks them stealthily in the shallows. But the gannet has a mode of fishing which is absolutely its own. It flaps slowly over the sea, and when it sees, in the clear green, a fish within a certain distance of the surface, it stops its way, and throws the axis of its body into the perpendicular; allowing its whole weight to act, it plunges into the sea from such a height, and with such force,

that it remains long out of sight, from the depth to which it has descended below the surface. Foam is dashed up by the concussion, and the noise of the blow can be heard sometimes, on a calm day, a long way off. We are all apt to be very stupid in not seeing the curious problems involved in the familiar phenomena of Nature. It had not then occurred to me to wonder how any animal frame, more especially the usually delicate frame of a bird, could withstand without injury the constant repetition of such shocks all day long in the procuring of food; nor did it occur to me that this particular bird must be somehow specially adapted for and defended in the operation. I had only noted other peculiarities, which were great. I had noted that, although a very heavy bird, it had very narrow wings—only compensated for by their great length. I had noted that the gannet never attempts to hover, like the kestrel or the kingfisher or the humming-bird; that it never soars, as gulls do, and never interrupts the flapping of its wings, except when strong head-winds enable it to rest a little on their opposing, but also supporting, currents, or when it skims sideways on shelves or planes of air.

All this I had seen. But the plunging act, with all that it involved, had not awakened any intelligent curiosity in my mind, till, in speaking of the bird to a local doctor who was attending my father, a Dr. Macnab, he asked me if I had ever seen the wonderful apparatus in the gannet which enables it to strike the sea with such violence, and yet with safety. I told him I had neither seen nor heard of it. It was then agreed that we should procure a gannet, and that he would act as demonstrator in the dissection. The result delighted and amazed me. Dr. Macnab showed me the special apparatus provided for the gannet—first in an elaborate system of large air-cells in the skin, which were full of air and constituted a most perfect buffer to take off the shock of impact; and secondly, more

ingenious still, in the skin being attached to the body by highly elastic and finely elongated threads or filaments, so that when the blow comes, the whole body of the bird, with all its internal organs, is protected by a slipping integument which gives way all round under the pressure, and yields before it, leaving the nucleus of the trunk in perfect peace.

It was during this visit to Kintyre that my attention was first drawn to the science of political economy—not, fortunately for me, by reading any books upon it, but by noticing and becoming familiar with a history and with actual transactions, of which it is the business of any economic theory to take account. Just as in the fundamental conceptions suggested by biological science my convictions had been rooted more and more in contact with the facts of Nature, so in those connected with political economy my ideas were educated in the transactions of life. It has been a misfortune that none of the professional writers on political economy have had any practical knowledge of the management of landed property. Even the best of them, such as Adam Smith, continually betray ignorance by the most preposterous theoretical propositions. The Argyll estates in Kintyre were, more than most others at that time, an object-lesson in all that concerns the origin of ownership in the soil, the conditions essential to the advance of agriculture, and the laws governing successive occupancy.

Our ancestor the Marquis, as leader of the Covenanted party, was of course favourable to that political party, and gave a hospitable welcome to those who were persecuted by his enemies in the Low Country. The blue hills of Kintyre and the blue hills of Ayrshire were visible from the opposite coasts. Many farmers migrated to that western refuge which beckoned them across the sea. There they were settled on the vacant lands. Then the system of leases was introduced, and definite bargains made for definite periods of time. Then, next again, the owner began to

encourage and reward reclamation by further agreements as to a sharing of outlay on definite conditions in respect to a sharing of the return. During my uncle's time, thirty years, the estate was under trust. It was the practice under which all the tenants had entered, that at the end of this stipulated term of lease the farm would be advertised, and competition would be invited. But it was also the practice, equally well understood, that an industrious tenant would be preferred to all outside bidders if he came even fairly near the estimated value. Under this system the country rapidly advanced, and its agriculture developed by leaps and bounds. Still, in the early forties, when I used to live in Kintyre, the old-fashioned thatched houses and barns and byres were universal, and my father began for the first time to build slated and commodious houses for the tenants, at the beginning of almost all new leases.

The Argyll estates are widely spread over a county which has a great variety of aspects and of agricultural adaptabilities. Before returning to Inveraray, preparatory to my second journey to the Continent, I was anxious to visit an estate in the Isle of Mull on which there was some excellent fishing. It consisted entirely of high mountain land, chiefly, indeed, of one great range of volcanic rock, with steep narrow glens, and rising to one fine summit, above 3,000 feet high. To get to Mull from the southern end of the peninsula of Kintyre, I drove with Howson some sixty miles to Oban. On our way we went by a road which no one sees now, since swift steamers take all tourists by sea to the same destination. But the road was a new one to me, and full of interest and beauty. In passing by a bridge over a small stream, deeply and darkly dyed by peat, I saw to my surprise and delight the sudden flash of an intense blue-green light shine out from the alder-bushes which lined the bank, and glide up the bed of the stream, in brilliant contrast with the rich brown water, which it illuminated for a moment as it

passed. 'A kingfisher!' I shouted to Howson, with an excitement and surprise which he did not quite understand. But it was the first kingfisher I had ever seen in Scotland. The transports of a naturalist on seeing a new or a rare species are always unintelligible to the heathen world.

The short visit I now paid to Mull was accompanied with some amusing incidents, and left some permanent impressions. I had circumnavigated the island in visiting Tiree and Iona with my father, several years before, and I had been struck by the fine precipices of basaltic rock which are presented by its southern coast. But, from the sea, all the northern and western shores have little that is striking. I now found, however, that in the centre of the island, and at the northern foot of its loftiest mountain, Ben More, there is some scenery of great and very peculiar beauty. I found, too, to my satisfaction, that a large part of this scenery belonged to our family estate, notwithstanding the great sales which had been made by my extravagant uncle. As, however, there was no house available for me at the moment on our own lands, I was very hospitably entertained by two neighbouring proprietors. One of these was a gentleman of the name of Macquarrie, whose estate marched with the Argyll property along the banks of a beautiful lake, and one bank of a charming little river, between the lake and the sea. The lake, Loch Baa, was in those days an angler's paradise. Sea-trout of silver whiteness rose almost at every cast, and with a light fly-rod gave quite ideal sport. After a happy day I had a pleasant dinner. Even the remotest homes of Highland gentlemen may belong to those whose names are known in the farthest dominions of the Crown. Macquarrie's father had been Governor of New South Wales, and the Macquarrie River recalls his rule. My host himself had been Colonel of the Scots Greys, and was popular in that famous regiment.

The afternoon of the following day was one which

I have remembered ever since with infinite pleasure. The shores of Loch Baa are bordered by steep mountains, a great part of the lower slopes being clothed with old natural wood of birch, alder, and hazel. I was instructed to follow a rough, stony bridle-track, which traversed the wood till it emerged upon the open moor at a point close to the march between the Glenforsa and the Argyll estates. At this point I was to await the result of a drive from the lower end of the lake. The deer, I was told, were likely to come out of the wood below me. Choosing a knoll which commanded a clear view all round, I sat down and waited. The situation was magnificent. About 300 feet below, I looked down on the shining waters of the lake, over the tops of feathery birch. On the opposite side of the lake, Ben More rose in steep and rocky slopes to a long, craggy summit, 3,168 feet high, with precipices along which the light clouds of a fine September day were passing on and off. Immediately in front, the supporting masses of mountain were cleft by a long deep glen of a peculiar structure. At the farther end it was blocked by a steep ridge, rising into a pyramidal peak of bare rock, which had wasted under atmospheric action into a great cone of shingle, through which the lines of a horizontal bedding were distinctly indicated here and there. The sides of the glen were exceedingly steep, though not, except at one place, actually precipitous. The lines of little torrents marked the curvature with such curious regularity and distinctness, that one might imagine one's self looking at the framework of some gigantic ship in progress of construction upon the stocks. Some large patches and many smaller clumps of natural birch-wood marked and variegated the sweeping surfaces, and near the end of the glen, where it opened on the lake, there were masses of the same wild foliage, with interspaces of luxuriant bracken. The stream, which lay hidden in its own deep cutting in the floor of the glen, had been carrying down sand

and gravel sufficiently long to produce a large and wide delta, which spread out like a fan into the bed of the lake, and was covered with fine pasture, amid masses of tufted fern. To my left, another far wider glen opened on the head of the loch, walled in by a complete amphitheatre of hills, all equally steep, but all clothed with fine green grass to the very tops.

It was a magnificent and very peculiar landscape in mountain scenery, and, as the beaters were to begin at a point about two miles off, I had time to enjoy all the emotions which were natural to me at that time and in such a place. In a condition of health unusually good for me, and in high spirits, that long wait on the solitary mountain-side, with not a creature near me, and not a human habitation except one shepherd's cottage in sight, with atmospheric effects all round me which seemed to symbolize at once the joy and the awfulness of life, caused me to fall into delightful reveries. They were full of a vague sense and anticipation of happy years to come, during which that lake, those woods, and those noble mountain peaks and ridges, were to be a peaceful retreat from the contests and unrestfulness of political life. I will not say that I had any actual presentiment, for I recollect well feeling, too, our ignorance of the future, and the precariousness of building castles in the air.

I did not then know the full interest of the scene before me in a geological point of view, and was rather disposed to associate the grand buttressed masses of Ben More with the ideas of solidity and persistence which led the Psalmist to speak of the 'everlasting hills,' and even to make them the image of the Divine protection: 'As the hills stand around Jerusalem, so standeth the Lord round about His people.' Little did I then think that the great mountain mass in front of me, with an atmosphere of elevation about it far greater than that which envelops Mont Blanc, was a birth, comparatively speaking, of yesterday in geological time, and that

I should myself be the discoverer of fossil remains, not far away, which would determine the very recent period at which Ben More and all its subsidiary ranges were nothing but melted and boiling matter, seething underneath the surface of a world now vanished -- a world of beautiful lands and forests and rivers, all of which have been utterly obliterated and overwhelmed. Of this I knew nothing then. On the other hand, I was alive to other lessons from the scene before me. It had beauties unknown in any of the loveliest landscapes which had lately attracted me in the South of Europe. One of these was its extraordinary verdure. Except where the surfaces broke into actual precipices or were bare rock, they were all covered with the richest vegetation of various kinds of grass. The lower slopes of Ben More, even the steepest, filled the eye with a dark and luscious green. It was not in vain that the winds from the Atlantic were attracted to its lofty crests, and poured out upon these their torrents of tepid rain. The immense compensations of a wet climate were impressed upon me as they had never been before. And these included, moreover, such masses and depths of shadow, and such richness of contrasted lights, as were impossible in the brilliant but somewhat garish monotony of the Mediterranean and of the Italian lakes.

Whilst drinking in all the beauty of this scene, and resting in the passive enjoyment of it, I became suddenly conscious of some movement in the air which could not be called a sound. There was nothing to be seen in the direction in which I had been told to look, but on turning round I saw that a fine stag had 'broken cover' at an unexpected place, and was passing on the face of the hill above me in that curious fast-trotting amble which is so characteristic of the species. Before I could get my rifle to bear upon him he had plunged into the deep little ravine which was the boundary of the two estates; but I saw that he must reappear on the other side, unless he took up the course of the

stream. Accordingly, in another moment he emerged from the brushwood cover which clothed the banks, and took a line straight ahead. The farther brow of the hill was so close that I saw he would be out of my sight in a few strides. I therefore fired just as he was going out of sight, and dropped him quite dead with a ball through his heart.

So ended one of the happiest days I had ever spent in my life. Of its happiness I fear I can give no definite account. The scenery had, no doubt, a good deal to do with it, since what we call Nature has always had a great effect upon me. But there was present to me that day an internal landscape—not of the present or of the past, but of the future—into which I gazed with the joy of great hopes, and aspirations more enchanting even than the beautiful combinations of water and woods and mountains which were beneath me, and around me, and above me. I knew my Wordsworth well in those days, and a few special passages came nearer than those of any other poet to express my intellectual condition :

‘The power of hills was on thee,
As was witnessed in thine eye,
Then when old Helvellyn won thee
To confess their majesty.

But this expressed only an outward stimulus to veneration. Other lines of the same great poet, on the exaltation of sentiment and feeling due to the light and joy of skies and seas and hills, occurred to my mind, especially those on Tintern Abbey. But all poetry I knew fell short of expressing what I felt on that day of my delight—all—until, in later years, I read for the first time certain lines of him who soon became the sole master of my poetic fancy. Those lines occur in Tennyson’s lovely poem of ‘The Gardener’s Daughter,’ which had been already published, though I did not know it. There is a landscape there, too. It is one, however, absolutely different from that which was the

framework of my imaginings in Mull. But this—to me new—poet must have held in his own heart and imagination a vision the close counterpart of all I felt, and he has expressed it in words of incomparable beauty :

‘ A crowd of hopes
That sought to sow themselves like wingèd seeds,
Born out of everything I heard and saw,
Fluttered about my senses and my soul ;
And vague desires, like fitful blasts of balm
To one that travels quickly, made the air
Of life delicious.’

Such moments of present and of anticipated joy do not occur often in human life. But when they do they are never to be forgotten.

On my return to Inveraray, I spent some two months in the usual home-life there, with a fair amount of time devoted to reading, both in English and in French. The charming book on Greece by Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Wordsworth gave me a great desire to see the capital of ancient literature and philosophy—the city of Athens; and it was finally arranged that I should go there by as direct a route as possible, and then return to Rome, where my father had determined to go also for the winter. Accordingly, late in October, I went to Edinburgh, where I joined my old friend the doctor, who, with Howson, was again to constitute my escort. In passing through Edinburgh, I had a curiosity to hear two celebrated men who were Professors in the University, and who, though in advanced age, were still lecturing. These were Professor Wilson, the famous ‘Christopher North,’ poet and essayist, and Sir William Hamilton, the metaphysician. Wilson’s reputation was not won in the fields of philosophy of any kind, least of all in that of morals. He was a poet, a rhapsodist, a brilliant essayist, a titanic man in conversation over wine, the life and soul of *Blackwood’s Magazine*,

which had once thrown terror and astonishment into the literary society of Edinburgh. I confess I knew him best as the author of one of the most beautiful sonnets in the English language, 'A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun.' In the Chair of Moral Philosophy he was singularly out of place. Still, he was a lion, and I wished to see and hear him. When the doctor and I entered the lecture-room it was nearly empty; I don't think there were a dozen students. We, unfortunately, sat down on the bench nearest the Professor's chair, and immediately in front of it. Presently Wilson came in with a rush. A more singular-looking being it is impossible to imagine. The head was enormous, like the busts of Jupiter. The hair was long, hanging in dishevelled masses upon the collar of his coat. A wild force was still seated in his expression. He sat down with a plump, and instantly began his lecture with these words, uttered with vehemence in a deep and still powerful voice, 'Gentlemen, ye must not get drunk.' The grotesqueness of this exordium on the elements of moral philosophy, coupled with the grotesqueness of the man, completely upset the doctor's gravity. His convulsive efforts to suppress his laughter in the very face of the Professor were irresistibly infectious, and we both spent an hour in great agony, for there was nothing in what followed to take off the first impression.

On the following day we went to hear and to see a very different man, and with a very different result. Sir William Hamilton had then suffered a slight paralytic stroke, and his gait on entering the class-room indicated some feebleness. But his countenance was a noble one—full of calmness, dignity, and intellect. His nose was slightly aquiline, his mouth had thin lips, and his eyes were dark and piercing.

Before my departure for my second winter abroad I paid a visit to my dear old friends Lord and Lady Wemyss, who, with their daughters Lady Jane and Lady Caroline Charteris, were at Gosford. From

Gosford I went to Trentham, having received a cordial invitation from the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland to visit them before I left England. I found Trentham very different to my idea of the 'stately homes of England,' built as it is in the style of an Italian villa, with a campanile clock-tower. The view from it is beautiful indeed, but with a kind of beauty new to me, except in so far as it reminded me of some of the features in the scenery near Rome or around Verona. The Duke's brother, Lord Francis Egerton, afterwards Earl of Ellesmere, arrived the same day as I did, full of a great political event. This was the announcement of the determination of the Government of Sir Robert Peel to institute a State prosecution against the great Irish agitator, Daniel O'Connell.

Lord Francis Egerton, who did not in the least resemble his brother the Duke, was a man who immediately arrested and attracted my attention. He was considerably above the middle height, with a stoop. His face was very handsome, with a broad, fine forehead, long dark hair, and eyes of the darkest hazel. There was a curious droop in the attitude of his head, as if he were habitually looking on the ground, and as if it required a slight effort to raise his eyes to the horizontal. He gave me the impression of being a shy man, and there was about him an air of pensive gravity which was peculiar, and to me very interesting. I found that we had at least one bond of sympathy between us, as Lord Francis was a strong supporter of the Government. The story of the events which had led to Lord Francis becoming the heir of the last Duke of Bridgewater touches curiously on the margin of my own family history. The Duke of Bridgewater had been a great admirer of my beautiful grandmother, Elizabeth Gunning, and became engaged to her when she was left a young widow by the death of the Duke of Hamilton. The engagement was broken off, and he felt this disappointment so much that he never married, but betook him-

self to pursuits which have made his name famous in the history of English enterprise. He became the father of inland navigation in Great Britain. Having large landed and mineral property near Manchester, he conceived the great design of connecting that city with the Mersey by a navigable canal. Through many years of difficulty, both engineering and financial, he pursued this design with untiring perseverance and at a great personal sacrifice. It ultimately became a triumphant success. Besides the increased value of his own minerals, the direct net revenue which was eventually realized amounted to between £80,000 and £100,000 a year. Dying without direct descendants, he left all his fortune to his nearest relation, the Marquis of Stafford, afterwards created the first Duke of Sutherland, with the provision that his estates should descend to the second son of the Marquis, who was to inherit under the name of Egerton. This was Lord Francis Egerton, of whom I have spoken, and with whom I was afterwards to be connected by marriage.

CHAPTER XI

1843-44

VOYAGE TO GREECE—WINTER IN ROME—RETURN TO
ENGLAND BY THE RHINE—VISIT TO FIELD OF
WATERLOO

A FEW days after leaving Trentham, my party was reunited at Southampton, where Dr. Cumming, Howson, and myself embarked on board the steamer *Lady Mary Wood* for Lisbon, Gibraltar, and Malta. I have often since wondered how my father ever consented to my taking that route at a season of the year so exposed to equinoctial storms. To my family at least, my life was then a valuable one. I was an only son, and in the event of my death the titles and estates would have gone to a very distant heir, whose succession would not, certainly, have been desirable. But my father left all arrangements to the doctor, who was an old and experienced traveller, and youths at my time of life think little of such risks. As it actually happened, we did very nearly come to grief. The *Lady Mary Wood* was what would now be called a small paddle-steamer, which had been employed in the English coasting trade. We had some pleasant passengers, among whom was one whose immense stature, 6 feet 7 inches, inevitably attracted all attention. It turned out that this giant was no less a personage than the then celebrated occasional writer in the *Times*, whose well-known signature was 'Jacob Omnium.' His real name was Higgins.

Very early on the third morning of our voyage, when near Cape Finisterre, I was awakened by the

uneasy motion of the vessel, by a low continuous roar, and, above all, by the rapid tramping of feet upon the deck overhead. Jumping out of my berth, I dressed as best I could, and staggered through the state cabin to the foot of the deck-companion. But the door opening on the deck was closed, and an officer of the ship told me that all passengers must keep below. There was no need to ask the reason why. I could see the sky over the top of the door. It was a sky of dirty rags, and the rags were scudding across it at a rate indicating a strong gale. The captain in so small a vessel could not do what the great modern liners now do—he could not hold on his course, plunging through the billows, careless whether they broke on his decks or not. The *Lady Mary Wood* had no steam-power for that, and if she had had, and had used it, she would soon have been overwhelmed. The captain therefore stopped, and ‘lay to,’ using just enough steam-power to keep her bows steady to the seas. We passengers, like rats in a cage, could do nothing but hold on as best we could to the firm tables in the cabin, and most of us were of the opinion freely expressed by Higgins—that we had been very great fools to embark on such a passage at that season of the year. It is only fair, however, to our vessel to say that, for her size, she was a good sea-boat, shipping very little water, and rising over the huge waves like a cork. At one moment the captain, dressed in canvas overalls, and dripping with rain and spray, came rushing down the companion to get a glass of brandy from the steward. Howson, who was looking anxious and dejected, with childlike simplicity addressed him, ‘Captain, is there any danger?’ and was at once met by the well-merited snub, ‘There’s a great deal of fear, sir, but very little danger.’ Some time later in the day, however, the captain sent down a message to me that I might now come on deck if I wished to see the waves. It was indeed a sight. But though very awful, I did not think it beautiful. Water under all circumstances

reflects so much of the sky above it that a dirty sky makes dirty waves, and deprives the ocean of its lovely colouring. The sense of tremendous power was impressive, and the cockleshell size of our little vessel as it fell into the trough of the waves, and was lifted again upon their crests, added greatly but unpleasantly to that impressiveness. I recollected my father saying that the highest oceanic waves did not rise more than 15 feet above the level; therefore, allowing the same range to the trough, the aggregate height from bottom of trough to top of crest never exceeded 30 feet. In the presence of the Bay of Biscay waves, this seemed incredible to me, especially when I saw some vessels with tall masts completely concealed by an advancing wave.

After the discomfiting intimation from one of the officers that such gales at that time of year very often lasted for three days, it was a comfort to feel, after some thirty hours, that this one was sensibly abating, and to hear that the captain thought he might very soon be able to continue his course. Suddenly the sun broke and the ocean waters resumed their glory. The waves had thin crests of transparent green, and they were soon roaring under our counter as we turned our head and ran before them. Sometimes they looked as if they would certainly 'poop' us, but always just at the right moment they sank beneath us in lines of joyous foam. In a very few hours more we were steaming up the fine arm of the sea which runs up to the Spanish town and harbour of Vigo, under hills bare indeed, but bathed in sunlight, and with shining houses under a genuine Southern sky.

There cannot be a more sudden or joyous transition than to pass from England in November to any part of Southern Europe, and it was accentuated in our case by our having passed through such a disagreeable encounter in the Bay of Biscay. Verdure indeed is lost, for there is really no verdure in the general landscapes of the South; but light is gained—light and a

brilliancy of sunshine which is very delicious to the eye and very exhilarating to the spirits.

From Vigo a good night's passage carried us to the Tagus, and in the forenoon we were steaming under the shining houses and palaces of Lisbon. There is no city in Europe, or perhaps in the world, which stands on a nobler site. Built on a steep slope overlooking a fine river, and having a view over a great extent of prosperous country to the south and east, Lisbon holds a position as beautiful as it is commanding. But I saw nothing in the town which I should ever care to see again. We drove to Cintra, with the famed beauty of which I was bitterly disappointed. No doubt groups of cork and ilex growing out of fantastic rocks must be always beautiful. But the whole thing is on such a small scale, and the country to the north, over which the hills of Cintra look, is so utterly unattractive, and even hideous, that all beauty is limited to a narrow foreground. Nevertheless, there is one supreme interest in that landscape, which made me gaze upon it as if I could not take my eyes away. Across that strip of bare country, between a low line of hills to the east, and the shore-line of the Atlantic on the west, all as brown and monotonous as a ploughed field, across it from right to left, from hills to seashore, there once ran the ever-famous lines of Torres Vedras. Up to them rolled the tide of Napoleonic conquest: up to them, but no further—not an inch beyond. From that barrier it recoiled, and before the great captain who designed those lines, who held them, and who issued from them when he saw the time was come, the tide was rolled back by successive victories of unequalled strategy and triumphant perseverance. There is nothing more difficult for a civilian to realize than some of the great feats of military genius. Who, looking down from the hills of Cintra upon that wide expanse of dull and otherwise uninteresting country, could imagine that, by lines of hasty and temporary fortification drawn across it between the Upper Tagus and the coast, England

was enabled to secure her naval base for military operations which were the first to shake the conqueror of Europe and to prepare his downfall? I could hardly do so. Yet, knowing the facts, I drank in the view as well as I could, and to this day it is one of the landscapes most indelibly impressed upon my memory.

Resuming our voyage, we proceeded to Cadiz, and transshipping our luggage to a small coasting steamer, we ascended the Guadalquivir to Seville. On the great plains on either side of the river I saw, at a distance, objects which, from their size and colour, I knew must be the great bustard, a bird which our civilization has long banished from England, but which still abounds in the vast unenclosed lands which occupy a great part of the Peninsula.

With Seville I was delighted. The cathedral is, I think, by far the noblest specimen of Gothic architecture in the world, with its double aisles of majestic clustered columns, and its vast interchanging spaces of shadow and of light. For the famous palace of the Moors, the Alcazar of Seville, I could not get up any enthusiasm, although it possesses some prominent features of undoubted beauty, and its absolute novelty, as compared with any other building out of Spain, is remarkable. The great cathedral was indeed a glorious contrast. No two structures in one city could be more strikingly typical of the two races which once contended for mastery in the South of Europe—the magnificent strength, solemnity, and indefinite suggestiveness of the Christian church, and the graceful but flimsy pillars, and the rich but shallow repetitions of superficial surface ornament on the walls of the Moslem palace. Mere arabesque patterns, however ingeniously intricate, however pretty in form, and however set off by delicate and harmonious tinting, are as empty of meaning as they are destitute of substance. At the best they give only a kind of mindless and voluptuous pleasure to the eye, with nothing to incite the intellect or to rouse the heart.

Only one other feature was beautiful in Seville. The vista down each street is not only commonplace, but ugly. Windowless walls, uniform in height and destitute of any ornament, produce a dull effect. Yet every street is full of beauty to those who walk down it and look into the doorways as they pass. Those doorways are all wide-open arches, through which the eye is led into lovely interior courts, with flashing fountains and beautiful verdure — oleanders, bananas, and other plants of cool and pleasant leaves. Each court is enclosed from the street only by an iron grille or gateway, of the most delicate and graceful tracery; no two of these are alike. Hammered ironwork seems to have been an art native to Seville, on which an infinite richness of fancy found infinite variety of treatment. Coolness is, of course, the object of this arrangement, which descended from the habits of the Moors, as, indeed, of all Eastern peoples; for in Andalusia they had a fierce sun to deal with, at least in summer, and on the sweltering plains of the Guadalquivir.

Descending that river again, we caught the steamer at Cadiz, and proceeded to Gibraltar. Places of which one has heard much are always more or less prefigured in imagination. But none which I have seen has ever taken me so entirely by surprise as Gibraltar. Its familiar appellation of 'the Rock' had led me to imagine some glorified edition of hill-forts, such, on a smaller scale, as Dumbarton, or Stirling, or Edinburgh, or Ehrenbreitstein. Whereas, on entering that famous bay, I saw before me a fine mountain, ending in an abrupt precipice to the north, but sloping rapidly at the southern end into a long low point. The upper edges and sides are precipitously steep, but they slope gradually through gardens of orange-groves and other foliage to a considerable town, fronted by a forest of masts. It is in a magnificent position, a sort of advanced guard of the European Continent, facing the narrow entrance of the Mediterranean and the coast of Africa.

A short run across the Straits to Tangiers took me in a moment, as it were, from the western to the eastern world. On landing at Tangiers, all was absolutely new. Camels being loaded or lying on the quay; slave-girls from the interior, with true negro features, with lithe figures and skins shining in the sun with a curious lustre like that of black satin; fine-looking turbaned Moslems sitting under a gateway at the receipt of custom; narrow Oriental streets with open shop-fronts, and cross-legged owners looking imperturbably uninterested whether they had customers or not. Luncheon with our well-known Consul, Mr. Drummond Hay, and a ride into the country, completed my short visit to Africa. The country seemed to me largely waste, covered with a low evergreen scrub, with intervals of pasture in which the ploughing noses of wild boars had left conspicuous marks.

There was one other feature of the landscape between Tangiers and Gibraltar which interested and surprised me much, and that was the comparative nearness and the grandeur of the Atlas range of mountains. Whatever of African desert might lie behind that great barrier to the South, it was evident that there was a wide belt of glorious country between the Atlas and the Mediterranean coast, which, now under the barbarous and desolating government of the Mohammedan Sultan of Morocco, might have been the home of a rich and happy population. One cannot help speculating in this, as in many other cases, how different the course of European-African history might have been if Rome had never conquered Carthage, and if a Semitic race, full of genius, of enterprise, and of the spirit of commerce, had been allowed to develop a peculiar but a splendid civilization all along the northern shores of the African Continent.


Our passage from Gibraltar to Malta was uneventful, and I was glad to renew my acquaintance with the magnificent palaces of the old Knights, as well as to enjoy the hospitality of the new Governor, General the

Hon. Sir Patrick Stewart, who was an uncle of Lord Blantyre. He invited me to stay with him in the charming villa of San Antonio, embowered in fine orange-groves and other lovely evergreens. In company with his bevy of handsome and charming daughters, I rode all over the island to notable spots of interest, among others to St. Paul's Bay, at which a faithful tradition has fixed the scene of the Apostolic shipwreck. After a few days thus agreeably spent, we proceeded on our journey eastward.

I was bitterly disappointed when my eyes first lighted upon Greece. I had been full of expectation. In leaving Malta we had seen, far off, the magnificent white cone of Mount Etna breaking a cloudless sky to the north. We had passed the southern capes of Italy so distantly that the aerial colours of the Mediterranean had space to cover all local defects, and the faint tints of pink and blue could be interpreted by all that the memory or the imagination might hold of that fair land. But when we found ourselves close to the southern points of the Morea, it seemed to me that barrenness was not the word to describe the aspect of those promontories. I did not see a green thing on which a goat might live. Utter nakedness and desolation was the character of all I saw, and the hills were not even fine in form or grand in size. Burnt by the sun and blasted by the wind, they seemed to me the very abomination of desolation. The island of Syra, at which we stopped, was only a little better, with a considerable town built upon a conical hill, and covering it from base to crown. On landing, however, I was immediately struck by the beauty of the people—at least, of the men. With one man who was standing on the quay I was so impressed that I find an elaborate description of him in my journal, with the conclusion that he might have personated ideally any one of the greatest heroes of the Greek race. As we passed up the gulf which separates Attica from the Morea, and as we passed

the Cape of Sunium, with the remains of its columnar temple, I was glad to see that the elements of a really beautiful landscape were opening up before us, an impression fully confirmed when at last we anchored in the Piræus. The drive through the plain to Athens interested me much from its extensive olive-groves. But it was not until we reached Athens, and went out on the balcony of the hotel, that the singular beauty of the site burst upon me. I call it singular, because there is nothing else in Europe the least like it. It is a beauty that curiously suits its history. It is not majestic or imperial. There is nothing about it that suggests the centre of a wide dominion, or even of a considerable State. The plain that lies below it, and separates the range of Parnes on the west from that of Hymettus on the east, is but a limited area, and has nothing of the vastness of the Campagna of Rome. The mountains are lovely, but not majestic, and are so near as to give a sense of limitation to the whole scene.

I had never realized what a very small country belonged to the Athenian republic in its most glorious days, until I saw the close contiguity of the hills of the Peloponnesus, all of them belonging to rival and often antagonistic States. Of course, all the more illustrious and wonderful becomes the metropolitan rank which Athens attained in the history of the human intellect, so that in literature, philosophy, and art it became a veritable capital of the world. Its situation did indeed lend itself to one great source of political dominion—namely, naval power. Among the most beautiful features in the landscape are the far-penetrating and complicated lines of the immortal Gulf of Salamis. Close at hand appears the harbour of the Piræus, which was an admirable haven for such ships as the ancient triremes. Then, above and beyond this memorable inlet, yet at no great distance, rises out of the sea the whole range of the northern coast of the Morea. The meeting of the sea and land along varied and complicated shores, with bays and



capes and islands near enough to be distinguishable from one unvaried line, must always be beautiful, and this is one special feature in the view from Athens. The comparative smallness of the scale of the whole scene, especially when mentally contrasted with the crowded and memorable events with which it is inseparably associated, comes upon one with an absorbing wonder. From the more distant promontories of Sparta and the mountains above the mysterious Mycenæ in the south, to the dark hill which was the capital of Corinth on the west, the whole horizon of the Peloponnesus is comprehended within a mere turning of the eye. So much respecting the view from Athens; the view of Athens, when standing on the plain below, is not less striking and peculiar. The rocky hill of the Acropolis is just high enough to lift its majestic temple of the Parthenon above every other object in the landscape near it, whilst not too high to dwarf one of the greatest triumphs of human art under the dominance of any oppressive mountain. Hymettus is far enough away to be bathed always in the aerial hues of that sunny climate, and to afford an atmospheric background of blues and purples to set off the rich golden yellows which time brings out on the white marble of the majestic columns. When any rays of the setting sun strike upon the Parthenon, and when Hymettus behind is in purple shadows, the effect is lovely beyond the power of painting to express.

At no period of my life was I strong enough to stand the fatigues and exposure which were inseparable from such travelling as was alone possible then in the wilder parts of Greece, where generally there were no roads and no inns. I therefore was content with a good knowledge of Athens itself, and with such short excursions from it as could be easily made. We drove one day to Eleusis, a lovely drive through a depression in the Parnes range, into another valley opening on the sea. Above-ground there were no

remains worth seeing of the ancient temples which had been connected with the mysteries of Greek worship. I saw nothing but a miserable village, with some peasant women who were more like moving mummies than living creatures. But I was well repaid by the nearer view of the beautiful shores of Salamis, and the intricate curves in which it winds along the shores of the Morea, of the Isthmus of Corinth, and of Attica. On our return drive to Athens, looking eastward, and with the low sun behind us, we had a magnificent view of the Acropolis, and of the Parthenon gleaming in golden yellows against the purples of Hymettus.

Another excursion I took from Athens was farther afield, and not quite so easy. It was to ascend to the summit of Mount Pentelicus, as I knew that sites of the highest interest were thence visible, which otherwise I should not see. We drove along a tolerable road to the base of the mountain, and then made the best of our way to the top on foot. In ascending I saw nothing of interest except, high up, the impression of a wolf's tracks upon the frozen snow, and the old quarries out of which the famous Pentelic marble had been taken. These quarries formed a striking object, from the beautiful colouring of the ancient surfaces of rock, and from the knowledge that we were looking at the beds out of which the Parthenon had been hewn, and all the splendid temples for which Attica was famous. No wood of any size or beauty, nothing but a mere scrub of evergreen bushes, clothed even the lower slopes of the mountain, and near the summit it was almost absolutely bare. Even in December the sun was hot upon the southern face by which we ascended, but when we reached the top we found ourselves exposed to a strong and piercing wind from a whole horizon of snowy mountains to the north and north-east. Undoubtedly the view was splendid, and one of absorbing historical interest. At our feet was the narrow border of plain, between the hills and the sea, which was the site of Marathon. Even the

famous mound, said to have been heaped over the dead after that memorable conflict, was distinctly visible. The winding shores where the sea interpenetrates the land along the Gulf of Volo, between the long island of Eubœa and the mainland of Greece, were backed by the splendid ranges by which Thessaly is traversed or enclosed, and which, farther north, pass into that famous land which gave birth to the Macedonian Phalanx, and therewith founded one of the greatest empires the world has ever seen.

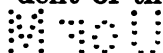
Here again, as at Athens, it was impossible not to be struck with the small geographical area occupied by such memorable names, which was the home of tribes which did much to civilize as well as merely to conquer the world. I could have stood long on that summit, until every line of it had been engraved on my memory, if I had dared to do so. But heated by the steep ascent in a blazing sun, I felt quite cut through by the bitterly icy wind, and I was soon driven back behind the shelter of the crest, and compelled to retrace my steps to the foot of the mountain. There was but one fault in that glorious view—the usual one all over the South of Europe, and that was the bare brown colour of all the plains, whilst any forests on the mountains were either wanting or were scanty and inconspicuous. But in all other respects the landscape which frames Marathon and Thermopylæ is as beautiful as its interest is intense. It was worth the severe bronchial cold which I did not escape, from the exposure to such sudden passages from great heat to extreme cold, and which confined me for several days entirely to our rooms in Athens. As, however, those rooms commanded a splendid view of Salamis and the Peloponnesus, I was not ill off, whilst one night a house very near us took fire, and the ruddy glow thrown by the flames on the range of Parnes produced effects of curious beauty.

But the whole of my time in Athens was not spent in looking at scenery and sites. I made the acquaint-

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ance of our Minister at King Otho's Court—Sir Edmund Lyons, that able and energetic sailor who was destined ten years later to be the Commander of the British Fleet in the Black Sea during the Crimean War, and without whose ceaseless vigilance and forethought the siege of Sebastopol, resting as it did entirely on a naval base, could never have been conducted. Sir Edmund Lyons is the only man who ever reminded me of the descriptions and paintings of Nelson. Small in person, with a curious combination of gentleness and latent force in his expression, his address was charming. His daughter, then Miss Minnie Lyons, a very clever and agreeable woman, did the honours of his house; whilst his son, Mr. Bickerton Lyons, was beginning to develop those great diplomatic abilities and qualifications which at a later date made him, as Lord Lyons, the able representative of the British Government in France during many critical years.

Besides enjoying the interesting conversation and hospitality of this remarkable family, we were admitted, under the wing of the British Embassy, to seats in the Diplomatic Gallery at a very curious performance. We had arrived in Greece at a very critical moment of its political history. The strange superstition was then universal that new communities just relieved from barbarism, and altogether inorganic in their own nature, could be governed only under the full-blown Parliamentary system which has been the growth of centuries in England. A constituent Assembly, or House of Commons, had been called together, and in due form had been opened by a speech from the Throne. In stereotyped form, also, an answer to this speech had been issued as an address, and the debate was to come off on a day soon after we arrived. The scene was most curious. A considerable number of the deputies were in the common European dress, amongst whom was Mavrocordato, an illustrious name in the Greek War of Independence. He was Speaker, or President of the Assembly. But the great majority of the



Assembly were men clad in the white kilts and sheep-skin coats of the Greek or Albanian dress. In large proportion they were fine and handsome men, and the scene was curious and striking. Of course they had no idea of any rules or order of debate, and any number of them were on their legs at once shouting and gesticulating with all the excitement of their Southern natures. Poor Mavrocordato was armed with nothing but a little tinkling bell, which he kept continually ringing, in a vain endeavour to secure some order in the debate. The deputies had no idea of taking the speech from the Throne in the order of its sentences. One man attacked it in the middle, another near the end, whilst a third covered the whole of it with a few words. Mavrocordato kept repeating over and over again two words only—the first I ever heard and understood in modern Greek; their simple object was to insist that the speech must be taken ‘paragraph by paragraph’ in regular order as they occurred. ‘Paragraphon pros paragraphon,’ he kept repeating, whenever a moment’s interval in the noise enabled his voice to be heard. I do not recollect that any progress was made during the time I was able to wait, and when I left, the Assembly was apparently in helpless and hopeless confusion.

A comical incident occurred during this visit to the Greek Assembly, which afforded us great amusement at the time. It so happens that both my elder brother, who died in 1836, and myself, although the children of dark-haired parents, were born with hair of a brilliant golden-red colour. In my childhood I had always been accustomed to hear red hair spoken of with some disparagement, and I used to be much amused, and sometimes a little indignant, at a familiar illustration which was common in the Scottish Church controversy—namely, that of a congregation rejecting a presentee for no better reason than because he had red hair. But now here—in this eye of Greece, this ancient centre of all taste for beauty—my time of

revenge had come. Howson mingled among the deputies, and engaged them in such conversation as was possible between a Cantab, familiar only with classical Greek, pronounced in the barbarous forms of Anglican scholarship, and men who still use as a living language the glorious tongue of Plato and of Aristotle. One of the deputies, seeing that Howson had been sitting with me, and pointing to me with his finger, asked who I was. Howson told him that I was a young Scotsman, travelling for health and instruction, and that I had a great interest in seeing Greece. 'How does he dye his hair to produce such a colour?' asked the deputy. Howson told him that the colour was not produced by a dye, but was purely natural. 'Don't tell me that,' said the deputy. 'Nature never made anything so beautiful as that hair.' This was a view of red hair that was quite new to me. No doubt such colouring is unknown in Greece or in any part of the Levant. But absolute novelty in any feature of the human person is not always agreeable, so that the opinion of that Greek deputy was afterwards an occasional comfort to me under less favourable appreciations in my own Northern latitudes.

I was very sorry to leave Athens. Its charms did not wane, but grew upon us. Its beauty and interest seemed inexhaustible. We left it by a route which, for the first day at least, was one of surpassing glory. A steamer from the Piræus took passengers for the west to the head of the Gulf of Salamis, and landed them on the shore of the Isthmus of Corinth. There horses or mules were provided, and it was necessary to ride across the Isthmus and along its western shore, to its northern junction with the mainland of Greece. The beauty of the Gulf of Salamis seemed greater the more we saw of it. In riding across the Isthmus, we rode, of course, across the ground which used to be crowded by all the sons of Hellas in the tumult of the Isthmian games.

Nothing could be more impressive than the contrast

between the present, and the brooding memories of the past. Those memories were not without some silent but striking witnesses. We passed a few still standing columns of a very ancient and almost archaic form of Doric architecture. But the whole surface of the Isthmus was one unvaried desolation, unadorned even by trees, and covered only by a low scrub of uninteresting evergreen bushes. We stopped at the wretched village which is all that represents the ancient city of Corinth, and I tried to ascend the Acrocorinthus; but in that clear air the height of hills is deceptive, and I found that I had no time to reach the top. Resuming the saddle at Corinth, we rode along the Isthmus, through the splendour of a glorious sunset, with the mountains of the Morea in shadow, of an intense purple, and those of the Olympian ranges to the north in tints of brilliant rose and gold. The waters of the Gulf of Patras to the west reflected all the colours of the sky, with edgings of opal along the receding shores. During all that long ride the only living thing I saw was, appropriately enough, the bird of Minerva. On the top of a little rock, so close to the bridle-track, and sitting so absolutely still, that I thought it must be somehow disabled, I saw a lovely little owl staring at me with its yellow eyes. But on my dismounting to try to catch it, the bird darted off into the deepest shadow of the bush. It was nightfall before we reached the point off which the steamer was anchored under the northern shore, and we could only see her by her lights. Hailing her to send her boats, we got on board, thus closing with a day of surpassing beauty my visit to Greece.

It was at Corinth that I finally parted with Howson. He went farther east, and our connection was ended. He was an excellent man, and I derived much benefit from his knowledge of books.

Next morning, on our return voyage to Malta, as we passed down the whole of the Gulf of Patras, the scenery declined in interest and in beauty. The

northern hills of the Morea were naked and without striking forms. The ranges of Olympus were fine, but far off, with bare, sunburnt, low ground near the sea. At one point only my interest was awakened by a little scattered town of white houses on the shore, which was pointed out to me as Mesolonghi, the spot where Byron closed his short and brilliant but deplorable career. His final devotion to a great cause, and his willingness to sacrifice his life to it, were at least redeeming features of which it was pleasant to be reminded.

From Malta we took the first steamer to Naples, where I found my father with his wife, and my sister, who had come from England. Advising him strongly not to think of wintering anywhere but at Rome, I at once returned there myself, taking the route by sea to Civita Vecchia, and was soon after rejoined by my family, with whom I spent my second winter in that great centre of inexhaustible interest and beauty. As before, I did not go much into society, but made a few friendships which I valued. Foremost among these was that with the eminent American sculptor, Story, and his wife and family. They lived in one of the finest old Roman palaces, on the staircase of which there was a magnificent sculptured lion, and they gave pleasant dinners and evening entertainments. He had all the great charm (to me) of highly-cultured Americans, with the added charm which belongs to the artistic world. The worst of such friendships made in Rome is that they are cut off by departure from it. Those who settle there every winter generally spend the summer among the Italian or Swiss hills, and pay but rare and passing visits to England. The result is that even great friendships made at Rome do not continue. This is the case even with friendships between fellow-countrymen. Men and women belonging to widely different sets in the immense whirlpools of society at home may be thrown together in Rome, and pleasant intimacies be formed ;

but these are dissolved like soap-bubbles into thin air when the opportunities of meeting are ended. Several of these occurred in my case—associations with people whom I greatly liked, but whom I never met again in life.

There was, however, one friendship I made that winter in Rome which belonged only too much to this class, but which, in some measure at least, I was able to prolong. This was my friendship with a very remarkable woman, the celebrated mathematician, Mrs. Somerville. Her singular simplicity and modesty of character and conversation, completely masking her brilliant intellectual powers, were a perpetual astonishment and an irresistible attraction to all who met her. Small and inconspicuous in person, she had refined features, and must have been pretty when she was young. When I met her she must have been well past sixty, and was going about with two not very youthful daughters. Many years had passed since she burst upon the world with an English translation of one of the most profound and difficult mathematical works of the century—the '*Mécanique Celeste*' of the great Laplace. The scientific world was taken by surprise, and all the savants of London, including Lord Brougham, were at her feet. She was dined and fêted as no woman had ever been, or had equally deserved to be. But no spoiling could move that gentle little woman from her quiet and dignified equanimity. She was as simple as a child. With no obvious look of power in her face, she had that inwardness of expression in her eyes which comes to all who habitually dwell in the higher regions of abstract thought. But she was fond of society, went much out, and did not at all seek to conceal her interest in even the most trivial of its concerns. A cousin of mine, J. F. Campbell (of Islay), had a droll example of this. He also had met her in Rome the year before my acquaintance with her. She was very kind to him, as a handsome, agreeable young Scotsman, and he gained some intimacy with her.

Sitting next to her one evening at dinner, he noticed that quite suddenly she fell into a profound fit of absence of mind. She seemed to see or to hear nothing. He was too shy to disturb meditations which he could not doubt were connected with high and difficult subjects of calculation. He continued, therefore, in respectful silence. But when he saw her suddenly awake, and begin to hear and to observe, he said to her: 'Pray do not think me impertinent, Mrs. Somerville, if I ask you what you were thinking of for some little time, for I could not but see that you were not here, but somewhere else.' 'Would ye like to know?' said Mrs. Somerville, with an arch expression in her eyes, and with an accentuated Scottish pronunciation, which lent itself to her sense of fun. 'Very much,' replied my cousin. 'Well, then, I'll tell ye. I was just thinking of a—new bonnet.' My cousin and she equally enjoyed the joke, for she saw the inference he had drawn, and was only too delighted to confirm it.

It may be well to relate here an explanation which Mrs. Somerville gave to me of her own literary history, not only as an interesting anecdote of a very remarkable woman, but as an indication of the real nature of such phenomenal powers as she possessed. I was very curious to know how she first came to discover them herself. Of course, in the present day, when there are women's colleges, and even women Senior Wranglers, no such question can arise. But in the days of Mrs. Somerville's youth, and in my own youth, women had no opportunity of learning mathematics. One day I put the question direct to Mrs. Somerville. 'Well,' she said, 'I'll tell ye that. An elder brother of mine had a tutor, and one day, when I was about, I think, twelve years old, I happened to find a little book on his table which I had the curiosity to open and look into. I was surprised to see single letters of the alphabet—*x*, *y*, *z*, and others—printed all over the pages, together with lines and crosses between them. I took

the book to my brother, and asked him the meaning of these signs. He said it was no use his trying to explain them to me, as girls never could understand algebra, which was the name for this branch of knowledge. It was a science for men, and not for women, so I had better give up any attempt of the kind. I was piqued by this answer of my brother, and determined to make another attempt by another way. So, watching for an opportunity, I got hold of the book which had so excited my curiosity, and took it, not to my brother, but to his tutor. He was very kind to me, and began to explain the significance of the algebraic signs. I at once felt able to understand his explanation, and followed him with delight, nor ever after did I feel the slightest difficulty in understanding anything in the nature of mathematical reasoning.'

This curious story arrested all my attention at the time, and has recurred to me again and again in later life. It bears directly on many problems of psychology and many of the facts of history. Men and women are born with an average equipment of innate capacities and powers—an average largely determined, no doubt, by an average organization, an average of common traditions and hereditary habits. But every now and then, at rare intervals, some one man or woman is born with some quite exceptional gift, or gifts, of intellect. When these are numerous and well combined, we have those extraordinary beings who, at distant intervals, have given a new direction to the world. But, short of this, there are many cases where the special power is a solitary gift, standing pretty nearly alone, or combined only with very ordinary aptitudes in other spheres of thought. The mathematical faculty seems to me to be, of all others, a separable and an innate mental power, occurring frequently in various degrees of congenital power and strength. Yet it appears very often to stand alone, if it be true, as I have heard it stated on good authority,

that the proportion of men who have been Senior Wranglers at Cambridge, and who have become otherwise distinguished in after-life, is by no means considerable. The comparative want or feebleness of this power is as marked as its occasional exceptional activity. My own consciousness had always told me that I have it not, insomuch that abstract numerical relations have ever been to me a subject from which I instinctively recoil, admitting, however, all the time, and wondering at, the processes of pure thought which have yielded such splendid and sure results in our knowledge of the mechanical facts and laws of Nature.

As in the former year, I returned northward by posting to Florence and Bologna, enjoying much the very picturesque scenery to the north of the Roman Campagna and on the southern borders of Tuscany. Steep and sudden glens, with sides wooded often by ilex and pine, and little farms and old castles on the crests of hills, with vistas of the blue Apennines behind, made a paradise of artistic subjects. As in the previous year I had seen the Lombard Plain with its cities on the northern side, at the foot of the Alps, I wished now to see its southern side at the foot of the Apennines. We therefore posted from Bologna by that route, visiting Modena and Parma in succession. At Parma I was delighted with the famous frescoes of Correggio, especially those in the little room where the most charming 'putti' play in and out of spaces left among trellised vines. The greater frescoes on the cupolas and spandrels of churches are no doubt very wonderful, as exhibitions of a mastery of drawing and perspective which has never been equalled since. But I confess that to me the general effect is unpleasing. Tangles of human legs and bodies, foreshortened in every attitude of bending and of extension, never can be really beautiful, however wonderful the artistic ingenuity and power expended upon them. There was one object on this southern area of the

great Lombard Plain which above all others attracted my interest, and had in a great measure determined my route. This was the Bridge of Lodi.

As a boy I had been much under the glamour of Napoleon's military genius, despite the scathing denunciations of Mr. Pitt, some of which I had by heart. The action in which he forced the Bridge of Lodi is one of the most famous and extraordinary of his immortal Italian campaigns, and if it be true, as he himself is reported to have said, that it was after this action that he first began to dream of a future beyond the visions of mere military renown, then that bridge is one of the most interesting spots in Europe. I was not disappointed with it, seeing that its whole position, structure, and aspect make the wonder of Napoleon's success seem fateful, and almost miraculous. The bridge is a very long one, very narrow, and erected on wooden piles driven into the bed of the river. Every inch of it could be swept from end to end by a few guns planted on the southern bank to command it, yet, in face of the Austrian army, Napoleon, personally leading his men, carried that bridge by assault, and gained a splendid and a telling victory. Fuller knowledge of Napoleon's later character, cruel and villainous when he was drunk with power, has long destroyed the glamour under which I lay in early life. But if there ever was a moment in his career when genius and courage were alone so conspicuous as to challenge universal admiration, assuredly it was in that memorable campaign in Italy which saw his astounding victory at the Bridge of Lodi.

Having crossed the Alps by the Simplon in 1843, I now wished to see the Splügen, more famous for its scenery. Accordingly, passing again through Milan, we posted to the Lake of Como, and on the 30th of April, my twenty-first birthday, we slept at the southern foot of the pass, and next day we crossed it. It is indeed a splendid bit of engineering, and the grandeur of the scenery is beyond comparison greater than that of

the Simplon. It was interesting to me to think that every torrent on the northern side was to be counted among the head-waters of the Rhine, and at one point I was amazed to see the ultimate parent of that famous river contained in a cleft of rock so narrow that it was spanned from side to side by one tall pine that had been blown down on the nearer bank. But the precipices from which those torrents came, and the ragged forests through which they rushed, were less interesting and less beautiful than the rich and smiling valleys into which they fell, and through which they pursued their gentler course.

No part even of happy Switzerland struck me as happier than all the slopes and valleys which collectively are known as the Rheinwald. We posted through it with delight to the Lake of Zurich, and, once more embarking on the Rhine, followed it to Cologne. From thence we went to Brussels, as I wished much to see the field of Waterloo. Few famous fields of battle have had a plan so simple and so easily understood. The two ridges of slightly elevated country, with a shallow depression between them which separated the two armies; the hollow ways through which the roads passed behind the British position; the farmhouse and orchard walls of Hougomont, which were so long and so fiercely contested, were all just as they had been twenty-nine years before. The leaden splashes which marked the rain of French bullets were still conspicuous on the brick surfaces which had been exposed to it. The immense conical mound, surmounted by the Belgian Lion, which has been erected on the Allied position, is in itself an ugly object. But the bird's-eye view from the top of it enables one to see what a decisive effect must have been produced upon Napoleon's already discouraged armies by the sound of the Prussian guns, and the approach of old Blücher on their right flank and rear. In passing through the village of Waterloo, I was amused by seeing a very pretty young weeping-willow growing in one of

the cottage gardens by the road, and being told that it marked the burial-place, not of one of our heroes in that bloody fight, but only of one of the legs of Lord Paget, which he lost in a gallant but unfortunate cavalry charge, that charge of which the Duke of Wellington is reported to have said when he saw the blunder, 'Either Lord Paget or I must go home.'

I confess I looked and gazed on the field of Waterloo with an interest more intense than could possibly be connected with any mere military triumph. In my boyhood my mind had been saturated with the sentiments, with the policy, and with the very words, of the younger Pitt. I called to mind on that spot the splendid and indignant denunciations of the tyranny of Napoleon with which he animated the Parliaments of England, and the listening Sovereigns of Europe, in urging on them a policy of combined action against the usurper. I called to mind how long and weary, yet how steady and determined, his gallant and prescient struggle was; how under the tremendous blows of Jena and Austerlitz his spirit never quailed, although his physical strength gave way; and how he died with 'Oh, my country!' on his lips. There, on these two low ridges of farming land, there round two commonplace farm-houses, Hougomont and La Belle Alliance, the policy of Mr. Pitt, only nine years after his death, had been at last triumphant, and the united armies of Europe, under the great English captain, had advanced step by step from the lines of Torres Vedras, till on the fields then before me they had pulled the conqueror of Europe to the ground. It may and it must be right to 'lay our earthly fancies down.' But there is one of them which it is sometimes very difficult to abandon, and that is a longing that some great man had lived just long enough to see the full triumph of his great ideas, and the realization of hopes with which he had inspired the world. This earthly fancy was certainly not realized in the case of Pitt. But in the sphere of military action it was realized in

the case of Wellington. The deference shown to him by the Allied Sovereigns in Paris, when the full fruits of Waterloo had been grasped and secured, was but a presage of the universal honour which in his own country followed that 'good grey head which all men knew,' till, in the fulness of age and honours, I saw him followed to his grave in St. Paul's with the lamentation of a mighty nation.

CHAPTER XII

1844

MARRIAGE—ROSNEATH—POTATO FAMINE AND ABOLITION OF CORN LAWS—FORMATION OF PEELITE PARTY—RISE OF DISRAELI

I RETURNED to England by Ostend, and on reaching London called at Stafford House. The affectionate kindness of my reception assured me in a moment that I had lost no ground by my winter's absence. I had corresponded regularly with the Duke, who, however, was then absent at Brighton on account of his health. I at once went off to Brighton to see him, and spent a happy day with him in a boating excursion to see a new church at Worthing. Next day he insisted on coming with me to the station to see me off, which, considering my youth and his own age, was, I thought, a very touching but unnecessary attention, though it was, indeed, but a slight indication of the ingrained kindliness and courtesy of his most charming character. Feeling now sure of my ground, I soon took occasion to confess my hopes. The Duke came up from Brighton, and all was settled, to my great happiness and satisfaction then, and for thirty-four years. I was married to Lady Elizabeth Leveson-Gower at Trentham on the 30th of July, 1844, by old Dr. Vernon Harcourt, Archbishop of York, the last that I remember of the old school of English prelates, a tall, handsome man of grave and dignified manners, who never appeared except in his episcopal wig, and was a great magnate, rather than a prelate of the more modern school of Anglicanism.

I think it right to record here that I found in my wife more than all that had been told me by her numerous friends. On some subjects, excepting philosophy and the natural sciences, she was more widely read than I was at that time. I found that her religious feelings and opinions were deeply touched by the teaching of Dr. Arnold, and her enthusiasm for every great and good cause was an hereditary characteristic derived from her beautiful mother. The main bent of my own mind had been already largely determined, but many new interests were awakened by my married life. My own family circle had been very small indeed. My wife's family connections were, on the contrary, unusually numerous. In the fullest sense of the word, my wife's mother became like a mother to me, and her sisters like my own. These were Evelyn, who had married Lord Blantyre the year before; Caroline, afterwards Duchess of Leinster; and Constance, afterwards Duchess of Westminster. More than one of her uncles became my dearest friends, as, for example, Lord Morpeth, afterwards Lord Carlisle, and Lord Francis Egerton, afterwards Earl of Ellesmere, of whom I have spoken already. With the Sutherlands we lived for a time literally as one family, at Stafford House, or at Trentham, besides paying long visits to each other in Scotland.

With this happy enlargement of family life I gained a wide circle of interesting friendships. I had had indeed some warm friendships, but they were mostly with men far older than myself. Partly from this cause, no doubt, but also from an inborn circumspect and logical habit of reflection, my mind was unusually mature at an early age. My letters from the Continent to the Duke of Sutherland were circulated rather widely in that very large family circle, and I was amused by hearing afterwards that one near relative, old Lady Granville, an aunt of the Duchess of Sutherland, and a very clever woman, had exclaimed on reading one of them, 'Quite charming; but, oh, it might be from a

grandfather!' The Sutherland family, as regards politics, was predominantly Whig, whilst my own allegiance to Sir Robert Peel remained unshaken. But this was an immense advantage to me, since at that time I had an unreasonable antipathy to the Whigs as a party, and did not fairly appreciate the immortal services they had rendered to the country only a few years before. My antipathies soon melted away under personal intercourse, and the great charm of character and of conversation which distinguished such men as Lord Morpeth, Lord John Russell, and Lord Lansdowne. To Lord John Russell I had, indeed, been introduced before, but on more intimate acquaintance I was surprised to find him playful, humorous, and affectionate, whilst, of course, a long and eventful political life had given him a fund of most interesting anecdote. A more charming companion in private society could not be found, and we soon formed an intimate friendship, which lasted till his death.

There is one other general reflection which it is convenient to make here, before I begin the record of my life after I had entered on its full course and many duties. Men in the position in which I stood have the external conditions of their life pretty well predetermined for them. Country homes and the business of administering large estates render a home-life both a pleasure and a necessity. All the associations of my childhood and all the pursuits and predilections of my early days made this kind of life a second nature to me. The result was that our residence in London was no longer than the exigencies of political duty rendered absolutely necessary, and the moment we could get away we rushed off to our homes in Scotland. There we entertained a great variety of friends, and enjoyed the society of distinguished men and women, whom we could never have elsewhere seen with equal intimacy and comfort.

I ought not to omit to mention the special character of my country home. Rosneath, which

was assigned to us by my father on our marriage, was, it will be remembered, close to the home of my birth and childhood, and had itself been the place in which my memory became awakened to conscious life. Sir Walter Scott, in the concluding scenes of 'The Heart of Midlothian,' calls it an island. This is a mistake, although its long peninsular extension into the Firth of Clyde makes it seem to be an island from several points of view. At the eastern termination there is a bend and a projection on which the old residence is situated, and from which there is one of the loveliest views in the West of Scotland. The foreshortened shores of a long mountain lake, surmounted at the western end by a splendid range of wild and corrugated mountains, cannot fail to be beautiful, especially when the foreground consists of intricate and quiet bays, with fine woods fringing them on every side. Magnificent beeches drooped their branches over the very water at high-tide, whilst fine Scots fir-trees and the two largest silver firs in Europe adorned the elevations which sloped gently into the sea. One great attraction of the place was its privacy. Being a peninsula, there were no public roads following the line of coast, as is very usual in the Highlands. The shores were part of the estate. On the southern side there was a low horizon towards the Valley of the Clyde, and the early winter's sun came streaming across the lawns and gardens full of delicate evergreens, including large arbutus and bay-laurels. The high range at the head of the loch was often splendid in this light, a perpetual reminder of that beautiful expression in the Book of Joel which was a favourite with Lord Shaftesbury, 'Like morning spread upon the mountains.'

This beautiful place had, too, some interesting historical associations. Its castle had been held by Edward I., and had been won from his hands by Sir William Wallace. Popular tradition, erroneously no doubt, pointed out a spot where his horse had

been killed in leaping a precipice of about 50 feet of conglomerate rock. The estate included many features delightful to me; one was a fine wood of Scots fir, which contained a large heronry. Those beautiful birds were always fishing round our quiet shores. There was an excellent grouse moor easily accessible from the house, and the views all round the shores of the estuary of the Clyde, down to the peaks of Arran, were cheerful, various, and beautiful. The Argyll family had held the estate since 1489, and had embellished it by continuous improvement, and by judicious and effective planting. It will not be surprising that, having such a country home, we never wished to leave it except for Inveraray, and that there I found uninterrupted time for the literary and political work which soon became my principal occupation.

The date of my coming of age and of my marriage, so nearly simultaneous, seems the proper time to mention one disadvantage in my career which made itself felt by me at that time—the disadvantage, namely, of never having had any opportunity of entering the House of Commons. I missed it from very peculiar circumstances. The county of Argyll was a secure family seat. My uncle, Duke George, though he took no personal part in politics, was always a Whig, and held office under more than one Whig Government. His nephew, Walter Campbell of Islay, son of his beautiful sister, Lady Charlotte, sat as member for the county in the Whig interest. When my father succeeded, his nephew Islay did not feel comfortable in retaining the seat, and resigned. A former Conservative candidate, Mr. Campbell of Monzie, stood, as he had stood before, and with my father's support met with no opposition. He took part with my father in the Scottish Church question, being one of the few Scottish members who did so. But he made speeches which sounded very radical to the county lairds. The constituency became very

restive under him, and, encountering many indications of this, he felt anxious to escape from his position. But he knew that I must naturally desire to succeed him, and, as this was in 1843, I could not do so for another year. Under these circumstances, he wrote to me to say that, if I wished him to do so, he would hold on in the seat till after the 30th of April, 1844. This put me in rather a difficult position, because no one knew better than I did the dissatisfaction of the constituency with their member. After mature deliberation, I felt that I could not, on grounds affecting myself only, take the responsibility of saddling a great constituency with a distrusted member for a whole year at a very important political time. I therefore declined his offer. The seat was at once filled by no less able and distinguished a man than Duncan McNeill of Colonsay, a representative of one of the oldest families in the county, who was Lord Advocate for Scotland in the Government of Sir Robert Peel, the author of much difficult and important legislation, and who became Lord President of the Court of Session, one of the very best that has guided the decisions of that supreme court of law in Scotland. On all occasions, and they were many, on which I heard praises of his career in the House of Commons, I felt how rightly I had decided in not standing between the constituency and the services of so eminent a man. He was made a peer, under the title of Baron Colonsay of Colonsay and Oronsay, in 1867. But I have never ceased to regret the loss of an experience of the House of Commons. It is true that, as it happened, that experience could only have extended over three sessions, because in April, 1847, I succeeded to my father's peerage. But during three sessions I should undoubtedly have made many personal friends of my own age, and should have acquired a knowledge of men which nothing else can supply. It is not generally observed how very large a number of the peers have been members of the House of Commons for a longer or a

shorter time, and what an effect this has on the silent and automatic causes which smooth the working of our old and hereditary Constitution. There is no truth whatever, of course, in the passionate nonsense which Gladstone once used when he spoke of peers, as such, 'living up in a balloon.' They mingle with all other classes in society, they belong to the same political parties, they stand often on the same platforms, they read the same newspapers, and the line between peer and commoner is invisible and imperceptible in all the business relations of life. I speak of the House of Commons simply as an assembly of men which it is of importance for every politician to belong to, even for a time, however short, that he may know its members as widely as he can. This, and this only, was a loss to me, a loss which I have felt through life.

The attitude of my mind towards political parties at this critical period of my life may be easily explained. Sympathy with a great popular cause in Scotland, which both political parties treated with equal folly, had effectually destroyed any complete trust in either. Mere names could not deceive me. The Conservatives had failed to see what was really best worth conserving. Liberals had failed to see what the most sacred of all popular rights demanded of them. But on all purely secular matters my sympathies were entirely with Sir Robert Peel. I had seen the decrepitude of the Whig Government under Lord Melbourne, their clinging to office when they had lost all power. I saw with something like contempt the opposition made by the Whig party to the great policy of Sir Robert Peel in a complete reform of the tariff in the direction of Free Trade, and under the protection of a renewed income tax. I could see no reason in the Whig objection that, because Mr. Pitt had originally established the income-tax for the purposes of war, it was never right to use it for any other purpose whatever. Sir Robert Peel was not a chief to inspire a young man with any

enthusiasm, and I had none for him. But I used to go to the House of Commons whenever Peel was to make a great speech, and always listened with the greatest interest to his somewhat ponderous but impressive and weighty arguments. One thing in those speeches during the two sessions of 1844 and 1845 which I particularly noticed was the almost faint-hearted, and certainly apologetic, tone of his speeches on the annual motions for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Nothing could be more different from the tone of the really convinced Protectionist party. Protectionism, not only for agricultural produce, but for manufacturing and colonial interests, had been the traditional policy of all parties in the State. The Whig leaders, with Lord John Russell at their head, had begun to waver, and had proposed a low fixed duty on corn in preference to the sliding scale of the existing tax. But this looked so like a mere party manceuvre that it only increased my distaste towards them. On the other hand, the orators of the League were so unjust and violent in their ascription of purely personal motives to all landlords and tenants who supported the traditional policy, that their speeches constantly filled me with an indignation which was not unjust. Moreover, it was evident to me that, if merely personal and class interests could be ascribed to one party, they were often openly avowed by the other. For the doctrine often paraded was that wages were regulated by the price of bread, and cheap bread was the only hope of securing cheap labour. This would have been the broadened doctrine of the great economist Ricardo. But this argument held out no promise of any universal benefit. It promised a great advantage to the capitalist, possibly, without any benefit to wage-earning classes.

On the whole, therefore, my sympathies were with Peel in his cautious defence of the very modified protective laws which he had himself introduced only two years before, in 1842. He was supported by large

majorities in resisting the annual motion of Mr. Charles Villiers for the total repeal of any duty on corn. And this was the condition of affairs down to the close of the session of 1845, which ended on the 9th of August. Peel's position seemed unassailable. There was a general recognition of the splendid political services his Government had rendered, in restoring the finances, in reforming the tariff, and in conciliating the Catholics of Ireland by a grant to the College of Maynooth.

It was at this time that an incident occurred which seemed at the moment trivial, but which nevertheless has left an indelible impression on my mind. We were then living with the Sutherlands at Stafford House, where on the 6th of August, 1845, our first child was born. A few days after, relations and friends were calling to inquire or to congratulate. Amongst these came one day the Duke of Norfolk, whose Duchess was the Duke of Sutherland's eldest sister. He was not a man of any distinction in public life, but he was an excellent country gentleman, and had a very competent knowledge of rural affairs. He had just come to town from Arundel, his beautiful place in Sussex, and he told us of a mysterious blight which had fallen on the potato crop in Sussex and in other Southern counties. He described the sudden withering of the stalks and leaves, the rapid infection of the tuber, and the destruction of it, even as a food for pigs. Although he was full of the subject, and his description must have strongly arrested my attention, from the vividness of my recollection of it, neither he nor I, nor anyone else at that time, had the remotest conception of the tremendous effects which were about to be produced by a cause apparently so trifling and accidental. We should then have thought him mad, if any man had told us that the mysterious blight described by the Duke of Norfolk would, within a few months, not only settle the long-standing question of the Corn Laws, by rendering their repeal inevitable, but would break up

the strongest and most beneficent Government that had existed for many years in England, would make an entirely new cleavage in political parties, lasting for more than a generation, and finally, would much more than decimate the population of Ireland.

It was not many days after this conversation that the first serious intimation reached Sir Robert Peel. It came not from any land-owner or farmer, speaking only of his own fields, but from a potato-merchant who spoke of the whole of the South-eastern counties. Peel took immediate alarm. So did Sir James Graham, who was his Home Secretary. Steps were at once taken to secure systematic reports on the extent of the disease. In the abeyance of Parliament, a terrible responsibility was thrown on the Executive. Those two Ministers were like men standing on a watch-tower, and seeing all round the horizon the distant gleams of a great but slowly invading host. But this is only a feeble image of the desperately embarrassing position in which those two Ministers stood. Watchmen are not generally disbelieved. Still less is there ever any antecedent prejudice tending to suspicion against their warning cries. But Peel and Graham were the leaders of a great party which had been trained and educated to believe that it was a matter of vital importance to keep up a system of duties on the import of food. The very first conviction which was daily forcing itself on the watchmen, Peel and Graham, was that in the face of a great scarcity and of a probable famine in Ireland, all such import duties must be at least suspended. The next conviction which both Peel and Graham, being statesmen, felt more and more strongly was that, once removed, those duties could never be reimposed. They knew, on the other hand, that this sequence was instinctively foreseen and felt. Peel knew that the great majority of his colleagues were Protectionists by conviction as well as by mere tradition. He must have known that his own cautious and half-hearted language on behalf of their doctrine had been observed

by them, and must expose him to suspicion if he acted on his growing alarm one moment before the danger became imminent and undeniable.


In this most unpleasant and dangerous position he spent the rest of August, the whole of September, and the whole of October, before he ventured to summon his Cabinet. During those two months and a half he was not idle. He was collecting the most authentic information, he was preparing for executive action in relief of the inevitable distress in Ireland, and he was corresponding with leading men both inside and outside the Cabinet. At last he summoned that body to meet him on the last day of October. Laying open to them all his mind, he showed them that the continued maintenance of import duties was impossible. He told them that he could not undertake to propose the restoration of the Corn Laws when the temporary emergency had been met. He foresaw it would be an impossible policy. What he proposed, therefore, was an immediate suspension, and ulterior legislative proposals with a view to the final settlement of the question by a careful and well-considered repeal, under such precautions and compensations for the agricultural interests as might be agreed upon. His weighty statement of facts and his irrefutable logic fell on deaf ears. Out of all his colleagues, only three of the members of the Cabinet supported him. Those three wise men were Sir James Graham, Home Secretary; Lord Aberdeen, Foreign Secretary; and Sidney Herbert.

Peel consented to wait till the end of the month rather than break up the Government at once. But the month only brought a new embarrassment to the Prime Minister. He whom we all at that time irreverently called 'Johnny'—Lord John Russell—thought it an excellent opportunity for striking a strategic blow. He issued a manifesto in favour of a total repeal of the Corn Laws. The leader of a party which had hitherto supported Protection, and had

voted year after year against Mr. Villiers' motion, now suddenly discovered that Protection was 'the bane of agriculture.' Of course the Protectionist majority in Peel's Cabinet were made more intractable than ever. His proposed course looked like a surrender to the Whig leader. In spite, therefore, of the rapidly-growing evidence of approaching distress and famine, the Protectionists would not give way. Peel then resigned. The Queen sent for Lord John to form a Government. He tried and failed. Peel was recalled by the Queen. He accepted unconditionally, determined no longer to depend on the assent of his former colleagues, but to go on if necessary without them. He summoned them and told them so. All except two accepted the inevitable, and one, the grand old Duke of Wellington, was positively delighted with Peel's resolute attitude, and assured him of his own cordial support.

The Bill for the abolition of the Corn Laws was accordingly introduced early in 1846, and was triumphantly carried in both Houses. But, by a discreditable coalition between the angry Protectionists and the Whigs, Peel was defeated almost at the same moment on a Bill to check assassination in Ireland, and in July, 1846, he closed his great political career by his final resignation.

During all these transactions in 1845 and 1846, in so far as they were known to the public, I followed Peel's course with sympathy. I rejoiced in Lord John's failure to form a Government in December, 1845. I resented the assumption that the Whig party as represented by him had any special mission to repeal the Corn Laws, when I had with my own ears, session after session, heard all the leaders of that party resist repeal, and when they had at last lifted the banner of Free Trade only under circumstances which condemned it as a new move in the party game. In the session of 1846 I was present at many of the debates both in the Commons and in the Lords. I



heard Peel open and defend his case with, as I thought, irrefutable logic. I heard the young and fantastic adventurer, Benjamin Disraeli, begin those personal assaults on the great Minister which assisted to bring him into prominence. I confess I hated them and the man who made them. They were purely personal, nothing but a series of clever invectives carefully prepared, glancing even with great skill at individual peculiarities, but never containing any serious convictions. They were essentially the attacks of a condottiere. Nothing but the excited passions of men who thought they had been betrayed, could have made those attacks otherwise than offensive to any assembly of English gentlemen. I recollect well, as if I had seen and heard it yesterday, the only occasion on which I heard Peel condescend to notice the language and conduct of his assailant. Disraeli sat on one of the higher benches on the Conservative side of the House. Peel, speaking, of course, from the Table, turned half round, so as to be able to see the Bar with a sidelong glance to his left, and said, very slowly and deliberately: 'Sir, I will not waste the time of the House in making any reply to the venomous attacks of the honourable member for Shrewsbury.' The word 'venomous' was pronounced with emphasis, and with a peculiar curling of the lips which was very expressive of intense contempt. There was, indeed, one other occasion on which Peel felt called upon to vindicate himself, by a long personal explanation, from an accusation against him in his relations with Canning, and with Catholic emancipation nineteen years before. He did so, not because the accusation was made by Disraeli, but because it was made by Lord George Bentinck, who, as a relative of Canning, might be supposed to have authority for his statements. But at the close of his triumphant refutation of an old political slander he treated Disraeli with a lofty and a due disdain. 'The honourable gentleman,' said Peel, 'frequently and feelingly complains that I won't condescend to bandy

personalities with him. . . . Every man has a right to determine for himself with whom he will descend into the arena of personal contest.' And so he left the great adventurer to lead and guide the Protectionist faction, on whose vindictive passions of the moment he knew so well how to play.

There is one other personal recollection of that stirring time which I must dwell on for a moment, and that is the speech of Lord Stanley in the House of Lords against the second reading of the Bill for the abolition of the Corn Laws. It seemed to me then, and it seems to me still, by far the finest speech I have ever heard in Parliament. His silver voice, his easy and graceful delivery, the rhythm of his sentences, his skill in arranging the main points of his case—all were combined in that speech with a fervency of conviction which was rendered all the more apparent from the painful contest he had gone through with his own colleagues in Peel's Cabinet. It was a real pleasure to me to hear those arguments so well put, which up to a few months ago had satisfied all the leading parties in the State. This was a plea on which he rested a good deal in a splendid and touching peroration. He declared he could not accept the new teaching. If he was wrong, he could at least remember that he was wrong in good company, including the wisest men in both parties in the State. He was content to abide in the convictions of Liverpool and of Huskisson, of Canning and of Grey.

When the smoke of this great battle, fast and furious, had passed away, it was clear that a new face had been put on the world of English politics. The old traditional parties had been completely shattered. A new party had arisen, which for the moment was called Peelite, but which soon came to be recognised as the Liberal-Conservative party, inheriting all that was best in the traditions of Toryism, and yet under a new impulse to yield to evidence or to argument in favour of all real reforms. It was a party which seemed

to be founded on the remarkable words of Peel in his great speech on the Address on the 22nd January, 1846: 'Whether holding a public station or placed in a private one, I will assert the privilege of yielding to the force of argument and conviction, and acting on the results of enlarged experience.' This party, though ejected from office and not numerous, was in a position of effective power, holding the balance between other parties for the moment, and sure to grow in numbers and in weight. It included all the members of Peel's Cabinet who were of any great ability, with the single exception of Lord Stanley. Outside the circle of those who had been Cabinet Ministers, it included a good many men of high position, great abilities, and a wide sphere of influence.

It is well to record the names of some of these, for they contributed not a little both to the settlement of a great question and to the establishment of a great party. One was Lord Francis Egerton. He moved the Address for Peel on the opening of the session of 1846. Another was Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, a man of strong Conservative leanings, but also one of the most earnest and most successful reformers of his time in social legislation. Another, again, was Lord Mahon, afterwards Earl Stanhope, the historian, also of strong Conservative opinions, but upon whom reading and reflection had told decisively under the combination of circumstances which had determined the course of Peel himself.

To a new party so constituted it seemed as if I belonged by nature. The tendency to eclecticism in my opinions, which arose out of early education and circumstances, was exactly reflected in this fresh political group, and I gave to it all my sympathy. Their power in the State did not at once become apparent. It was the joke against them that they were like a corps of officers with no battalions to command. But they acted together as one man in

supporting the Whig Government against any reactionary attempts by the Protectionist party. Peel continued to fear this danger long, as I think, after it had passed away. But for a time the Peelites seemed merged in a great united army, whose one object was to defend free trade in corn against any possible risk of overthrow.

As all the world knows, it was in the broken waters of that stormy time that Benjamin Disraeli was floated to the surface. But it is less known how completely this image represents the nature of his rise. A statesman of great eminence, who served with and under Disraeli to the last, once said to me in conversation, 'Disraeli is the greatest myth that I know,' referring, as I understood at the time, to the wide difference between the current beliefs about him and the realities of his character and position. This mythical atmosphere enveloped him from the first. The popular idea, propagated alike by friends and foes, has been that, by the sheer strong swimming of extraordinary genius, he breasted innumerable opposing currents; that the accidents of opportunity did little for him, and that he was even handicapped in the race for power by every kind of external difficulty and disadvantage. All this is not only incorrect, but it is the reverse of the truth. Never, perhaps, has any politician been so favoured by the most extraordinary accidents of external circumstance. The secession from the ranks of the Conservative party of the whole of Peel's Official staff cleared out of his way in the House of Commons, at one fell swoop, every single man of recognised Parliamentary experience and ability who could possibly be thought of as a leader. Lord George Bentinck was, for a short time only, a nominal exception. His whole life had been devoted to the turf, and though he had considerable natural abilities, they were not of a kind to qualify him for such a position. His high birth, his perfect honesty, and the evident sincerity of his opinions, did nevertheless raise him

to it for a moment. But even this obstacle was speedily removed out of the way of Dizzy. In the prime of life, with a person the handsomest in the House of Commons, and an appearance of manly strength which was in itself attractive, Lord George Bentinck fell dead on a lonely footpath across one of his ancestral fields. By this strange event Disraeli was soon left absolutely alone, the only piece upon the board on that side of politics that was above the level of a pawn. What is true of Disraeli is, not that he conquered his own position and opportunities, but that he had some special gifts which enabled him to take advantage of several purely accidental openings, altogether unprecedented in their width and facility of passage. He was like a subaltern in a great battle where every single superior officer was killed or wounded.

Nor is the popular impression less wide of the mark respecting some supposed personal disabilities over which he is said to have triumphed only by supreme genius. It is true, indeed, that in the ordinary social sense of the words he was a man of no birth. He was a foreigner, and a Jew. But these circumstances were no impediments whatever in his way. The British aristocracy was called a 'proud' one by Lord John Russell in 1846. But whatever faults it may have, it has never had any vulgar prejudice against 'new men.' Out of such men it has been itself built up, by the continuous welcome and incorporation of them for 700 years. Nor does there now exist in England any of that disgraceful antipathy to Jews which still prevails on the Continent of Europe. But besides all this, Disraeli was the son of a man highly distinguished in literature, who had been long naturalized in England, and was an acceptable guest in the best society. Young Dizzy himself, although in dress and manners a fantastic fop, had long before made his mark in the literature of fiction. His novels, full of absurdities and paradox as they were,

had so arrested attention that Dean Milman spoke of one of them as being as clever as Byron's poem of 'Don Juan.' In one of his early, but abortive, attempts to win a seat in Parliament, he had actually enjoyed the support of such splendid patrons as Wellington and Lyndhurst. In London society he was received everywhere with a distinction which was largely mixed with curiosity and amusement. It is really nonsense to talk of a man in such a position as a mere 'Jew boy,' who, by the force of nothing but extraordinary genius, attained to the leadership of a great party. The only impediments in his way were, not any want of external advantages, but his own often grotesque and unintelligible opinions. These, however, all the more served to rouse curiosity and arrest attention. But neither these nor any other power which he possessed would ever have secured for him the place he came to occupy if the normal division of parties had continued, and if the Conservatives had not been suddenly deprived of all their leaders. If such men as constituted Peel's staff, if Sir James Graham, and Sidney Herbert, and Gladstone, and Dalhousie, had continued to be chiefs in that party, they never could have been pushed aside or superseded by such qualities as Disraeli possessed. In 1846 he had been for twenty years a conspicuous writer, and he had been already for nine years in the House of Commons. He was not a youth with unknown qualities undeveloped. He was forty-two years old, and in the House he had been a frequent speaker without giving any indication of political genius. But when a clean sweep was made of all the official leaders and of others from the Conservative ranks, an absolute vacuum was created, into which Dizzy was just the man to step. He had no opinions of his own. He had no traditions with which to break. He was free to play with prejudices in which he did not share, and to express passions which were not his own, except in so far as they were tinged with personal resentment.

He was an adept in the art of inventing skilful phrases, and these, carefully prepared, and backed with the venom of the enraged Protectionists, were the very weapons needed to concentrate on the great Minister the resentful animosities of an angry and defeated party. I write now as I saw and felt then, but later reflection has not altered my opinion.

The feeling of loyalty to Sir Robert Peel told, no doubt, on all the able men who formed the backbone of the Peelite party, and who had been his colleagues, and, together with the dread of a reaction in favour of Protection, was the predominant influence which determined the course of politics during the six years from the end of 1846 to the date of the so-called Coalition Government of Lord Aberdeen in the end of 1852.

CHAPTER XIII

1846

ECONOMIC PROBLEMS AFFECTING ARGYLL PROPERTIES— VISITS TO THE HEBRIDES

THE lessons which came to me in this period of my life were not confined to those connected with politics. The same mysterious calamity which then broke up our political parties told most seriously on the private affairs of my father and myself. As suddenly as the British Parliament found to its dismay that it had in Ireland a population on its hands of 8,000,000 souls, a great number of whom were threatened with starvation, so, not less suddenly, did we find that we had on our hands on our own estates a population of about 7,000 in a like condition. The whole of one Hebridean island, Tiree, and a large portion of another, Mull, formed part of the Argyll estates. Geographical isolation had kept the Hebrides behind the rest of Scotland in the progress of civilization. The inhabitants were steeped in an ancient hereditary ignorance of the very elements of agricultural industry. The whole of Celtic Scotland was bad enough in this way. The people did not even know how to save a little of the abundant summer grass for hay in winter, and the cattle were consequently nearly starved. They did not know the principle of a rotation of crops, and the corn was miserably poor. Their system of occupancy was communal, each man changing his wretched patch with his neighbours in the same village or township every year, by lot. The very idea of improvement was impossible. The indi-

vidual mind, the source of all power, was kept down to the level of the stupidest, who had the right to object to any change. But, bad as the condition of things was on the mainland, it was ten times worse in the Hebrides.

All through the military ages, the epoch of the clans, the insular chiefs were in chronic hostility to the Scottish monarchy; and when not fighting against the Crown, they were perpetually cutting each other's throats, devastating each other's lands, and putting to flight each other's followers. The only chance the poorer classes had of peace and security was to come under the power of some chief who was strong enough to protect them. My family had always taken the side of the Crown in its contests to secure a central and national Government. That was the highest service any subject could then render to his Sovereign and his country. The natural and legitimate reward was grants of the lands of the rebellious and defeated chiefs. Such grants accordingly were given to the Argyll family, in the seventeenth century, of lands in Mull and Tiree and Morvern. The value set upon landed possessions under the anarchy of the clans had been measured by the number of men they could hold for the purposes of war and plunder. And that number was generally greatly in excess of the amount of people that could be supported by merely local produce. Therefore, at the union of the Crowns in 1603, the population was already in many places excessive. The same thing happened in the Border Highlands, where the clan system had been quite as much developed and as mischievous as in the Celtic Highlands. In the Border Highlands the surplus population was speedily dispersed by migration to the rising towns, and by the plantation of Ulster. But in the Celtic Highlands no such depletion followed for more than a hundred years.

Between the union of the Crowns in 1603 and the first Jacobite Rebellion in 1715, the population was only kept down by pestilence and famine. Periodically the

small-pox decimated the people, whilst seasons of scarcity, from a bad climate and from a most ignorant and barbarous husbandry, were frequent and severe. Even with these checks on population, it did increase beyond the average means of subsistence, because, unfortunately, when fighting ceased, the fighting organization of society remained. The cultivators, if such they could be called, were grouped in 'townships.' They had no individual holdings, so that even the few who might know how to improve land had no inducement or opportunity to do so. They were only tenants at will under the larger leaseholders, and they were liable to them for services in labour which were indefinite, and therefore tended to be oppressive and discouraging to individual industry.

The island of Tiree had the natural advantages of good soil and rich pasture. Yet when the attention of my ancestors was first called to the state of the people, it was found to be in a condition which we should now describe as barbarous. There was no remedy short of a complete break with the past, and a reconstitution of society. The poorer classes had to be emancipated from their thralldom to the leaseholders, and from their worse thralldom to each other. But all such changes, however beneficent, were opposed by ignorance and the insuperable love of ancient customs. Reform was effected only by the power of the landlord to insist on the necessary changes, or on the departure from the estate of those who refused. But fast as these reforms led to increase of produce, so fast did the population increase.

Then came what seemed a godsend at the time—the discovery that the seaweed cast on an open and stormy shore was full of alkali salts of great commercial value, which could be realized by a very simple process of burning in open kilns. A roaring trade was soon established. My grandfather paid to the people so high a price for their 'kelp' that practically they had no

rent to pay for the land. He was an old soldier, and had been busy in his youth raising regiments for the army. He disliked and dreaded the emigration which had begun to set in, and to accommodate more people, he cut up several of the larger farms into smaller possessions, holding about ten or a dozen cows. Unfortunately, he died in 1806, and was followed by my uncle, Duke George, who was what silly people call an excellent landlord, because he let the people do exactly as they liked. And what they did like to do was to allow all their descendants to settle on the land, subdividing again and again their holdings to accommodate their young married sons. The potato had been introduced earlier, and had served well to support the growing multitudes. The population of Tiree had increased more rapidly than the population of Glasgow, so that from 1769 to 1802 it had increased from 1,670 to 2,776, and in 1846 it had mounted up to 5,000.

When the potatoes failed in 1846, of course there was great distress, and there would have been starvation but for the measures taken by my father and myself. His health had by this time so far declined that I was called upon to deal with the difficulty as well as I could. What we did was to take advantage of the loans which Sir Robert Peel established to enable land-owners to tide over the difficulties that might arise from the abolition of the Corn Laws. In the meantime we bought cargoes of Indian meal, and gave it out to the people in wages for systematic drainage on the land. But we did also what was even more immediately necessary for a permanent reform. The time had not then come which I call the epoch of the fools, when agitators told the people that an excessive population ought to be 'rooted in the soil,' and that emigration was a device of the great enemy of mankind. The people themselves were intelligent enough to see that their numbers were excessive, if the mainstay of their former food was no longer to be depended

on. They therefore petitioned my father to help them to emigrate to Canada. I advised him to comply. Large sums were spent on emigration for several years, and before the operation had been completed we had helped to settle in the New World, under favourable conditions, very nearly 2,000 souls from the overburdened island of Tiree. In the meantime drainage of land went on upon a large scale. Vacated holdings were added to the other crofts, and in the course of a few years the people were beyond the reach of famine from the potato failure. They have remained so ever since. But it was a time of great anxiety, great trouble, and no small embarrassment. The whole rental of the estates affected was absorbed for more than five years, whilst a sum of £10,000 was borrowed from Peel's Parliamentary Loan Fund, at the rate of $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which involved a heavy charge, so long as increased production was inadequate to meet it. By the judicious management, however, of those whom we employed, this great result and test of real improvement—remunerative returns—was ultimately brought about, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the loan entirely paid off at the end of the statutory period—thirty years.

At the close of the London season of 1846, I was anxious to visit the estates in Mull to see the people and the works which were then designed, or begun, for averting famine and for improving the farms and crofts. My brother-in-law, Lord Blantyre, was an excellent agriculturist, and I was anxious to have such advice as he could give. We therefore proposed to him and to Lady Blantyre that they should come with us to Mull and see the beauties of the country. They entered into the plan with pleasure, and we were soon ensconced in the farm-house of Knock, close to the lake and woods where I had shot my first deer, and had spent such a happy day in 1842. The tenant of the sheep-farm of Knock, Mr. Campbell Paterson, was an ideal tenant. He had been a banker

at Oban, and was expending money on stone dikes to enclose the comparatively small area of level land which stretched from the foot of the mountains to the sea.

We had some excellent fishing in the loch and river, and I shot my first seal at the head of Loch na Keal, close to the farm-house. But the moment it was shot it sank, and the question was how to get it. The water was not deep, but it was full of seaweed. Our host, however, was equal to the occasion. He marked the spot, and then, returning home, he took down an iron curtain-rod, and tied to it a number of fish-hooks. To each end of the rod he attached a rope. This apparatus was let down near the spot, and hauled slowly over it. On raising it we saw the seal shining through the water, and it was brought easily into the boat. The wonderful structure of this creature filled me with interest and admiration. Mr. Paterson impressed upon me the immense number of salmon and sea-trout which even a few such creatures must consume. This was undeniable. But my fondness for wild animals of all kinds would not allow me to admit the conclusion to which he pointed, that the whole of the seals should be destroyed. I liked to see their strange movements when basking on the rocks or when following a boat in the sea.

But the lofty sheep-grazings of Ben More and the inland shores of Loch na Keal were not what we had come to see. Our principal destination was a part of Mull called the Ross (or Point), stretching westward, close to Iona. There was no direct route to this particular point, except by an open boat. To row across would have occupied many hours, and taken us into very open waters. Our host, however, again came to the rescue. He had a sailing lugger in the bay, which brought to him from time to time all sorts of supplies from the low country. It was a large powerful boat, but entirely without any accommodation for civilized passengers. He offered it to

us, and, being in the mood for some roughing and adventure, we accepted the offer. Sailing down Loch na Keal, we had the grand ranges of Ben More overhead against the southern sky, whilst down the vista to the west we came in sight, one after the other, of

‘ All the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round.’

The day was perfect, and as we emerged from the walls of Loch na Keal we found ourselves within a couple of miles of Staffa. The sea was calm. It was an irresistible temptation to turn a little out of our course, and to visit the famous island and its marvellous cave. I had seen it, but never tire of seeing it. My wife and her sister had never been there. So we put the lugger's helm about, and steered for Staffa. It was most enjoyable to have it all to ourselves, instead of sharing it with a crowd of passengers. The day was so calm that we landed easily, and walked upon the causeway of broken columns right into the cave. There is nothing in the world like it. There are thousands of sea-precipices a great deal higher. There are whole miles of basaltic columns in Antrim and elsewhere higher and more continuous. But nowhere in the world, so far as we know, is there anything approaching to the majesty of the great sea-cave at Staffa. The perfection of the columnar structure, the high relief in which the columns stand out from each other, the symmetry of the sides, the perfection of the central arching, the wide opening to the ocean swell, the depth inwards to which that swell reaches between the retreating columnar walls, the reverberations of the sea, the pellucid clearness of the water, and the lovely colouring reflected through it from seaweeds and from encrusting corallines, make it altogether a scene absolutely unique, and, on a fine day, gloriously beautiful beyond description.

The noble lines of descriptive poetry in which

Sir Walter Scott has dealt with Staffa in 'The Lord of the Isles' have with true genius struck the fundamental note on which its peculiar impressiveness undoubtedly depends. It challenges no comparison with any mere sea-cliff or any mere accidental cavern. It does not even suggest the power of any of the forces of Nature working at random, as they seem to work in either the beauty or the awfulness of mountain forms. It strikes the imagination at once as a specially wrought wonder, but not by human power—as veritably a building, but not made with hands :

‘ When, as to shame the temples decked,
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself would seem to raise
A minster to her Maker’s praise.’

It does, therefore, seem a marvellous fact that no knowledge of the wonders of Staffa had ever reached the world till it had been visited and described by a scientific Englishman, Sir Stamford Raffles. It must have been often seen by the natives and the Norsemen in their passing boats and galleys. It was certainly seen by the monks of Iona, because joints of the columns form part of the material used in the ancient ecclesiastical buildings of the island. It was a most convenient quarry, only six miles off, and water carriage all the way. The truth seems to be that the human eye in those ages was dead to all the wonders of the physical world.

After a delightful hour upon the island, we regained our lugger, and turned her head to our destination—the village of Bunessan, at the head of a short arm of the sea called Loch Laigh. It was not more than five miles off, but, unfortunately, the wind was very light and directly in our teeth, so that we had to make long tacks, or, as the skipper called them, ‘fine stretches,’ in order to make good our way. It was late before we reached Bunessan, and found a little inn with very poor accommodation and no kitchen

except a thatched hovel outside the walls. But we were all young, and some 'roughing it' was part of our fun.

The Ross, though interesting and curious geologically and otherwise, and although it has some lovely bays upon its shores, is not itself picturesque, consisting largely as it does of low hummocky hills of a fine red granite. But the views from it are various and beautiful. Every evening we saw the sun gilding the columns of Staffa, whilst a magnificent headland of volcanic terraces, piled up to the height of 1,600 feet, looked down into our tranquil harbour from the east. From a very short distance above our house, the eye ranged on the southern side over wavy distances of sea to the hills of Colonsay and the triple peaks of Jura. We visited with the Blantynes the great granite quarry, out of which Mr. Alan Stevenson had built the Skerryvore Lighthouse, and were struck with its absolute silence and desertion, in contrast with the busy and laborious years during which its beautiful and faultless blocks had been first blasted and hammered to a convenient size, and then embarked on lighters in a now empty creek.

After the Blantynes had seen enough of the curious scenery and as curious cooking, they took the steamer for Iona and went home, whilst my wife and I remained behind, in order that I might make myself more perfectly acquainted with the people and the individual farms. Works of agricultural improvement, begun for the relief of famine, were then going on upon a large scale. Bogs were being drained and fenced, and holdings were being reconsolidated. In all these operations I was intensely interested. I well recollect how, the next year, when an old friend of my father came to visit us, he found me busy draining a refractory field of clay close to the castle at Inveraray. He had known me and my pursuits from my childhood, for he had given me some fine specimens for my collection of birds, and he said,

‘I didn’t know you cared for this sort of thing.’ He was quite right. In my boyhood at Ardencaple I had never either seen or heard of land improvement. My father had other pursuits, and the little land he possessed that was capable of reclamation he was content to leave covered with the golden furze. There can be no doubt whence this taste came to me: it was from my old grandfather, who had died seventeen years before I was born, but who had been one of the greatest land-improvers of his time. It now became to me a genuine delight to see land redeemed from slovenly and ignorant cultivation, and brought under the power of intelligence and capital.

It was a rare pleasure to help those men who were capable of turning improved land to good account. It was an expensive pleasure, as it absorbed for several years the whole revenue of the estate, out of which I could never afford during these years to devote a shilling to any mere personal expenditure. On the other hand, it held out a prospect of a fair ultimate return, because of the enormous difference between the produce under the old managment and the produce under the new. No man can increase his income honestly, except by conferring some great benefit upon others. But there is no profession or calling of which this is more conspicuously true than of land-owning and farming, since whatever increase of income they can secure can come from nothing but a direct corresponding increase in the supply of human food. As this would be a tedious and impossible subject to resume from year to year, I may here state at once that I have continued to be an improver of land on a large scale during my whole life, the total sum expended by me during fifty years having exceeded half a million pounds sterling. Moreover, it has been paid entirely out of income, not a shilling having been raised by loan, except that borrowed to meet the famine, under Sir Robert Peel’s Act, which has long been repaid.

As it was with my old friend in my youth, who had

only known me in connection with very different pursuits, so has it been with the public in my later years. I have been known, more or less, in connection with politics and with literature and with science, but nobody has ever noticed or known my work as a land-improver. And this I say, not as a complaint, but to point out that the same oblivion enwraps the whole work of the land-owning class, as compared with the work of the manufacturing and commercial classes. Their works strike the eye and the imagination. The growth of cities, the growth of fleets, the creation of great factories, of tall chimneys—all those and many other evidences are always in sight. But the drainage of land is never seen at all, and even farmhouses and enclosures escape attention. The landlord invests his thousands mainly underground, and the passing idiot thinks that his rental is some kind of spontaneous return for which the owner has done nothing.

CHAPTER XIV

1847-48

DEATH OF MY FATHER—VISIT OF THE QUEEN AND
PRINCE CONSORT TO INVERARAY—BANQUET TO
LORD DALHOUSIE—LITERARY WORK

It was in the middle of this time of economic difficulties and anxieties that I succeeded to the dukedom and estates, by my father's death in April, 1847. A man of sweeter nature than my father never breathed. I have already indicated some elements in my own mind and education which I have derived from him. They did not belong to the sphere of either literature or politics, but they did belong to a sphere much more important. He indoctrinated me deeply with the love of science, in the highest acceptance of that word. The lesson he taught of a supreme regard for accuracy in all observation and in all work was a lesson inseparably connected with that supreme love of truth for its own sake which I have at least desired to cultivate, and which I regard as an inheritance from him.

Soon after my succession to the family estates, a friend of mine, who was a great agricultural improver, and an excellent judge of the value of land, offered to buy the island of Tiree, at a price which represented an income of £1,400 a year. As my returns from the estate were then nil, this offer was pecuniarily a great temptation. But I declined the transaction, influenced largely by my reluctance to diminish still further the family estates, and also by my liking

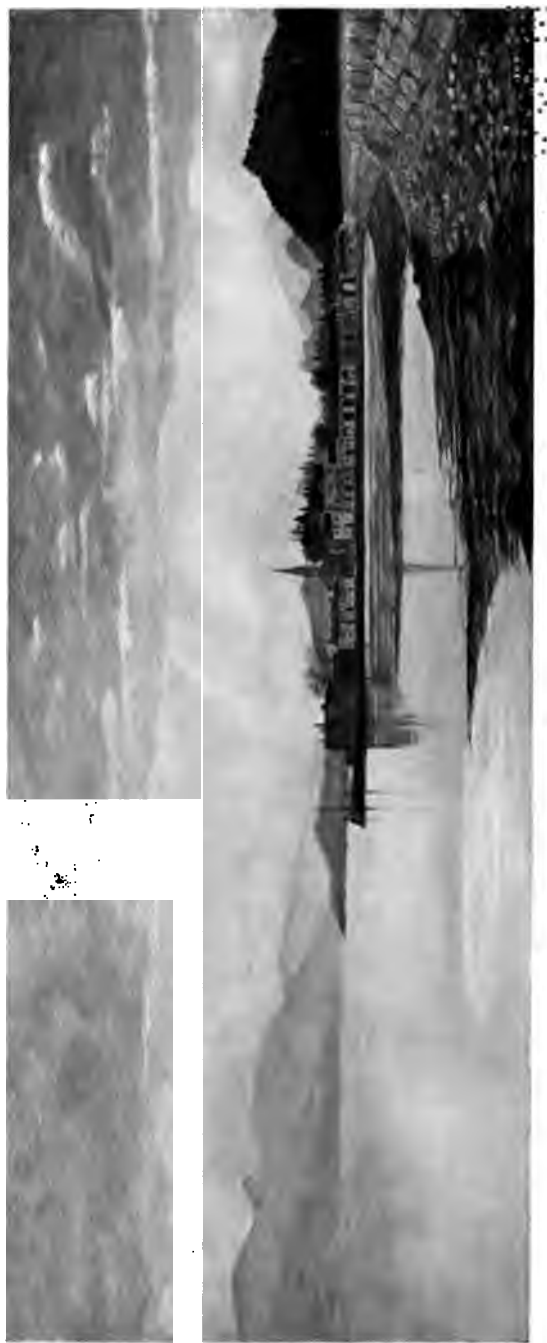
for the island, ever since I had seen its charms in the summer of 1840, when I was enchanted with its wealth of sky and sea, its long, beautiful bays of pure white sand, its rich pastures, its air ringing with the song of skylarks, its multitude of corn-crakes, whose curious cry I have always loved, and its rocks full of shining crystals of felspar and horn-blende.

Besides all this, I felt sure that the new proprietor would deal rather too summarily with the excessive population. I considered that although in a sense that overpopulation was the fault of the people, it was also in a sense the fault of my predecessors. If they had kept watch, and had fully enforced the rules of the estate against subdivision, the evil would not have arisen. On the whole, therefore, I considered it my duty to continue my connection of ownership with the estate and people, and to deal with the problem of overpopulation by such voluntary emigration as I could persuade the people to adopt, and by such permanent rules of management as would compel the idle or incompetent to make way for others. For this purpose I instructed my local agents to turn out no tenant who continued to pay those reasonable rents which had been determined a good deal by custom, founded on the stock which each possession could support, and in all cases to add any holdings vacated to the nearest neighbour who could manage an enlarged holding. I instructed them never to put up vacated crofts to competition. I thus sacrificed the higher rents which men might be tempted to offer, but I laid the foundation for larger and more comfortable farms and an improved class of tenants. This system was steadily pursued for forty years, when it was arrested, if not wholly stopped, by the Crofter Act. Fortunately, however, it had been in operation so long that it had already secured such an improved condition of the people that no distress has ever since afflicted that island, whilst other islands of the Hebrides have had

seasons of sore distress when public subscriptions were required to relieve them.

On my father's death, we broke up the establishment at Inveraray, and retired to our own quiet house at Rosneath, where we remained until the autumn, when we were anxious to have a change, and arranged with the Sutherlands to visit them at Dunrobin. Our plan was to join the Duke, who then had a yacht, at Portree in Skye, and to go with him by sea to Lochinver, on the west coast of his county. From that point we were to post by land across the county to Dunrobin. Some time before we started, we heard a vague report that the Queen might possibly visit the west coast of Scotland, and that, if so, Her Majesty might wish to see Inveraray. It was, however, a mere rumour, which we did not think very probable. We therefore carried out our plan, by taking the public steamer from Oban to Portree. As far as the Point of Ardnamurchan, this passage was well known to me, but beyond that point it was all new. We were delighted with the scenery, and at one spot, between Skye and the mainland, near the mouth of Loch Hourn, we saw an effect of light and shadow on the sea and on some boats which has remained in my memory ever since as the most beautiful thing of the kind I have ever seen. We reached Portree late at night, but were soon on board the *Ondine* schooner yacht, where we found the Duke of Sutherland. Next morning we were off at day-break, and on coming on deck I found we were sailing fast before a fair wind past the beautiful and very peculiar mountains of Western Ross and Sutherland. We reached Lochinver early in the day, and I was delighted with a form and structure of Highland scenery the like of which I had never seen before. But hardly had we been settled for more than a day in Assynt, when the post brought us letters from the Duchess of Sutherland to say that the rumour about the Queen was no longer doubtful, but that it had been settled that Her Majesty was





THE TOWN OF INVERARAY, JAN., 1882.

From a picture by The Duke of Argyll.



THE TOWN OF INVERARAY, JAN., 1882.

From a picture by The Duke of Argyll.

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attended Her Majesty on her re-embarkation, and, with the assembled gentlemen of the county and of the place, wished Her Majesty a prosperous prolongation of her cruise round the western coasts.

We had no idea, however, of giving up our visit to Sutherland. We should naturally have taken the route by the Caledonian Canal to Inverness, but the Duchess intended, as usual, to post all the way to Dunrobin, and invited us to travel with her in the same carriage—an offer we joyfully accepted, since to both of us every pleasure in life was made more pleasant by her society. Her abounding vitality, her intense enjoyment in, and quick eye for, beauty of every kind, and, last not least, her affectionate nature, made companionship with her a perpetual delight. To travel in an open carriage through a beautiful country was always a great enjoyment to me, but the enjoyment was doubled under such conditions. We had a very pleasant journey, going to Taymouth the first night, and there renewing the memories of our first meeting five years before. By beautiful Killiecrankie we took the great road to Inverness, and thence to Sutherland, by Dingwall and the shores of the Cromarty Firth. The east coast of Sutherland is another world from the western coast, of which I had only a glimpse at Lochinver. It is hardly Highland in character. The hills are low and rounded, whilst great stretches of level land intervene between them and the sea. But I was delighted with the situation of Dunrobin—perched on the top of an old coast-line, overlooking the open sea, and having below the windows some good trees, with a lovely old-fashioned garden. At night the column of light cast by the moon on such a sea, seen from such an elevation, was really glorious. It is one of the peculiarities of the place, of which my wife had often told me, and I was not disappointed.

After a most happy visit in Sutherland for a few weeks, we returned South and rejoined our children

at Rosneath. Very soon thereafter I was called upon to discharge a duty which was my first introduction to the public in a new capacity. The occasion was a remarkable one. Among the members of both Houses of Parliament who used to take notice of me when I was a constant attendant at debates in 1841-1843, there was one young man of growing distinction—my cousin, the Earl of Dalhousie. He had always been most kind to me, and we used to have frequent talks for a few minutes at the steps of the throne in the House of Lords when he was Lord Ramsay. He was a valued member of Sir Robert Peel's Administration, in which he held the important post of President of the Board of Trade, at a time when the great rush of railway enterprise cast upon that department the solution of many difficult problems. In this work he earned a great reputation as a man of business of remarkable ability. When in 1847 the Governor-Generalship of India fell vacant, the Whig Government was antecedently disposed to conciliate the Peelite party, which was then standing by them in defence of Free Trade. They therefore offered this great office to Lord Dalhousie, and he was advised to accept it by all his political friends. Before leaving England it was proposed to give him a banquet in Edinburgh, which men of all parties were to attend. An invitation came to me to be present at this banquet on September 14th, 1847. At first I was disposed to decline the invitation, being then on a visit to my father's widow at Ardencaple, where I was enjoying the pleasures of memory in the haunts of my boyhood. My wife, however, with a true woman's instinct, strongly urged me to go, and I went. When I repaired to an office where the tickets were issued, my extremely youthful appearance led to some questions being put to me, and on giving my name I saw the surprise excited. I was, however, assigned a place at the banquet next to Lord Dalhousie, and at his right hand. The chairman was the Duke of Buccleuch.

It was an immense assemblage. It included men of all parties in the State, although, perhaps, the Conservative element predominated, since Lord Dalhousie had, as Lord Ramsay, been well known in Edinburgh during his contests for the seat. The dining-tables stretched across a great hall from one platform to another, and faces at either end were barely recognisable from the other. The duty assigned to me was to respond to the toast of 'The House of Lords.' Ordinarily this is a formal toast, and my very recent succession to the peerage would have made it natural for me to treat it formally and as shortly as possible. Yet I felt this to be impossible. I liked Lord Dalhousie, and I was really somewhat excited by the success of the only relation of my mother's who had come across my observation in the paths of public life. On the other hand, if I diverged from the task assigned to me, I was in danger of trespassing on the 'toast of the evening' and forestalling the duty of the chairman. Great audiences, expecting important speeches as the main business of the day, are apt to be impatient of preliminary formalities. I felt that nothing would save me from a position of some awkwardness except success. What I did say I must say well, so that the execution should cover what might be open to criticism in the design. I was therefore very nervous before rising, but when I sat down I was greatly encouraged by the kind applause with which my short speech*

* [NOTE BY EDITOR.—The conclusion of the speech alluded to is here inserted.

After replying to the toast of 'The House of Lords,' the Duke, addressing the chairman, said :

'And now, my Lord Duke, having discharged, however imperfectly, the duty which has been imposed upon me by the position I have the honour to hold, I trust I may be allowed to take up another task more grateful to my own feelings. I trust I may be allowed to add my humble voice of sincere and hearty congratulation to one whom I am proud to call my noble friend

was received, but still more so when Lord Dalhousie, turning to me, said :

‘Well, Argyll, you see you have won a great success. Allow me to give you one word of advice. Don’t be in a hurry to speak when you go to the House, and don’t speak too often. But when any question comes up which you feel you really understand, and on which you have something really to say, step out into the debate and join in it, and then by the time I come back from India I’ll find you high enough.’

and kinsman, on the occasion which we are met to celebrate to-night. To be deemed capable of the government of British India by a man’s own political party is an honour and a distinction of no mean kind. But to be judged, not by his own party, but by all parties, by the universal acclamations of all his countrymen—this is the honour enjoyed by my noble friend to-night. Nor would I omit to congratulate my noble friend on the nature of that appointment in itself. Of all the offices connected with the government of this great Empire and of its vast dependencies, there is none, in my opinion, to be compared with this. My noble friend does not go out, as another eminent Scotsman has lately done (Lord Elgin as Governor-General of Canada), to preside over a people instinct with the energies of the Saxon race, whose progress nothing can impede and no individual exertions can well accelerate. He does not go out to the task—more difficult, as it seems to me, than pleasing—of endeavouring to reconcile the forms and principles of monarchical government with the democratic tendencies of a great rising colony. In India we rule over a people inferior to ourselves, indeed, in knowledge, civilization and religion, but equal to ourselves, I do believe, in all the capabilities of human improvement—moral, political, social, and religious—a people full of the splendid germs of Eastern genius and intellect. It is with them that the influence of the great and good among us may bear glorious fruit. My noble friend leaves his own country with the blessings and the prayers of all who know him. We trust he will return to it again with the blessings and the prayers of those millions over whom he is now called to rule.]

After the banquet I returned to Rosneath, where I spent the rest of the autumn and all the winter at our happy and beautiful home. This seems the fitting place to mention a subject to which I need not recur. I succeeded to the estates under conditions of considerable difficulty. My uncle had left a large debt, which my father had not been able to diminish. Under these circumstances, I had to live at a very moderate rate of expenditure, especially as I determined to carry on all improvements out of revenue, and not out of loans chargeable on the estate. In this rather difficult struggle I was heartily seconded by my wife, to whom in this matter I owe a tribute of gratitude.

At the opening of the session of 1848 we went up to town, and I took my seat in the House of Lords as Baron Sundridge, an English barony which had been conferred on my grandfather, the name being that of a village in Kent near a place—Coombe Bank—which had belonged to his brother, Lord Frederick Campbell. This was my formal title in the House of Lords, and under this name, during thirty years, I was always called to speak by the Clerk at the Table.

On taking my seat, I was somewhat puzzled where to sit. Parties are less rigidly separated in the Lords than in the Commons ; but, still, I did not wish to sit on the Whig side of the House. Although a Peelite, I had a great respect and admiration for Lord Derby, and, rather for the sake of being sufficiently near to hear him well, I took my first seat immediately behind him. The cordiality of his reception when he saw me convinced me that he put an interpretation upon my doing this which I by no means intended. Thereafter I drew off, and tried the cross-benches. But I felt at once that it would be impossible to speak with any comfort from that position, which is the worst in the House. I therefore settled on what is called the 'Duke's bench,' next the Woolsack, on the left of the Throne. That is the bench on which I have sat all my life, except, of course, when in office. There I

found, an invariable occupant of it, the Earl of Aberdeen, and thus, from sitting constantly beside him, I formed an intimate friendship, which till his death was one of the happinesses of my life. There was no man in the House against whom I had originally a greater prejudice. I had attributed to him more than to any other the catastrophe of the disruption of the Church of Scotland. I had a general notion that he was what the Scots call a 'dour' man—obstinate and narrow-minded. This impression melted away like snow in a thaw when I came to know him personally. He was, indeed, silent and reserved, but his voice, when he did speak, was unmistakably the voice of sincerity and truth. With an immense knowledge of men and of affairs, he possessed penetrating observation, with the calmest and most measured judgment. There was an indefinable charm in him which stole upon me, gradually at first, but which took entire possession of me at last. Absolute sincerity and truthfulness of character was the fundamental note in a perfect harmony. I became strongly attached to him, and I was gratified to find that he liked me.

Mindful of Dalhousie's advice, I did not speak at all for several months. My first speech was on the Bill for the admission of Jews to Parliament, by exempting them from that part of the Parliamentary oath which invoked 'the true faith of a Christian.' This Bill had been repeatedly passed by the Commons, and always thrown out by the Lords. It was a very unfavourable opportunity for me, because I could not be enthusiastic either way. I had some difficulty in making up my mind how to vote. There were several arguments on both sides which I rejected altogether. Arnold's opinions had not been without influence upon me. Although a Liberal—almost a Radical—on most questions, he had been an eager opponent of this concession. I had never, indeed, accepted Arnold's doctrine of the identity of Church and State. But, on the other hand, I had not submitted to the

axiom that, under no circumstances, had the State a right to make religious faith a condition of the highest rights of citizenship. Neither could I admit Macaulay's dictum that Christianity had no more to do with legislation than with 'cobbling.' I felt and saw that our noble system of laws was founded on the teachings of Christianity. So far, therefore, I was in favour of Arnold's pleas for exclusion. On the other hand, I felt that, practically, theological arguments had become alien to the work of legislation, and that the banishment of these from debates was due mainly to the divisions of Christians between themselves, so that a small element of Jewish members would practically make no difference in the matter. I was therefore in favour of leaving constituencies free to exercise their own judgment as to the religion of their members. It is needless to say that this was a position unfavourable to effective speaking, because unfavourable to the energy of strong convictions. My speech was therefore short, but it was real as far as it went; it was fairly well delivered, and it made, on the whole, a favourable impression on the House.

The year 1848 was the year of the fall of the French monarchy and of an epidemic of revolutionary violence over almost the whole of Europe. Every throne was shaken except our own and those of Russia and Belgium. The Chartists thought they could imitate the Continental mobs, and had the folly to announce a mass meeting on Kennington Common for the 10th of April. The Duke of Wellington knew how to take advantage of the tactical mistake which placed the Thames and its bridges between the mob and their objective, the Houses of Parliament and offices of Government. He had troops concealed everywhere where they could possibly be required; but the vapouring fool who led the mob—Fergus O'Connor—flinched from any contest. The whole thing turned out a ridiculous fiasco. The alarm had been so great that an immense number of the well-to-do classes had offered their

services to the Government as special constables, and were drilled in squads in various convenient places. One incident occurred which was very comical to me. My old travelling friend, the doctor, was in London, and was one of those who volunteered. He was tall and thin, with weak legs, which could hardly have stood in a scrimmage with the mob. On the drill-ground he found himself alongside of a very short man with an immense nose, and small, cunning-looking eyes. On inquiry, he found to his surprise that this ugly little man was Prince Louis Napoleon, at that time only known by his grotesque invasion of France with a captive eagle, but who was destined, before the year was ended, to be the elected President of the new French Republic, with his foot evidently planted on the steps of an imperial throne.

We did not leave our quiet home at Rosneath during the earlier months of the year, and it was difficult in the peacefulness of its woods and waters, and in sight of the calm outlines of its 'everlasting hills,' to realize the noise of the voices outside and the tumults of the people. But when we went to town there were two figures which, owing to the Revolutions, passed across my stage of vision, and which remain impressed upon my memory. One was the old exiled King, Louis Philippe; the other was the young Prince Frederick, eldest son of the Crown Prince of Prussia. The first of these I saw when we went with the Duchess of Sutherland to pay our respects to him at Claremont. It is curious what an atmosphere of sorrow envelops certain places which have been the scene of some peculiarly mournful death. The Princess Charlotte had died at Claremont in 1817—six years before I was born, and ten years before I could well have really understood the universal mourning which that tragic death had caused. And yet it is a fact that I did remember the bated breath with which, in my childhood, I had heard my father and other relatives speak of that cruel blow to a nation's love and to a

nation's hopes. A splendid and most pathetic sermon of Dr. Chalmers—read in somewhat later years—had no doubt left its effect upon me. And so it was that, when I went to Claremont, I was a great deal more curious to see the house and place than to see the old exile to whom the still living husband of the Princess Charlotte, King Leopold, had assigned it as a refuge. The ex-King received us very courteously. But he was a most unimpressive old man. His personal history had indeed been an honourable one. He had supported himself through many years of poverty and exile, and as King he had at least committed no conspicuous fault. But I confess I could not help looking at him as the son and representative of that *Égalité* of the Revolution who had had the baseness to vote for the death of his cousin, King Louis XVI. I could not wish success to a dynasty with such a terrible blot on its escutcheon. His Queen was as full of dignity and distinction in her manners and in her face as he was deficient in both.

The other figure I have referred to as one which I encountered at this time was of a very different type. Nowhere had lawless mobs been more violent than in Berlin. The reigning King was a well-meaning but a weak and impulsive man, bending before every wind that blew. In moments of revolution, when authority is at an end and anarchy reigns supreme, every constituted Government must depend on its armed force. And the military were marched into Berlin. But just when they were called upon to act, the King gave way, and they were ordered to retire before an armed mob. Of course the whole army felt it bitterly. Young Prince Frederick, the second heir to the throne, full of the spirit of his profession—nowhere more proud and sensitive than in Prussia—was one of the officers who thought themselves exposed to a dishonour. He came to England, and I was presented to him at a large party at Stafford House. He was then a beautiful youth, with a charming countenance and the most

noble aspect. Of course I spoke to him sympathetically, because all the world was wondering at and deploring the weakness of his uncle. I found that the young Prince could hardly speak of it. He told me—and a soldier could say no more—that he felt inclined to break his sword. This is the last symbol of a military humiliation.

Among our first guests after we established ourselves at Inveraray were the Earl of Ellesmere, with his wife and daughters. His society was one of my greatest pleasures, partly from the strong affection between him and my wife, but not less on account of my own appreciation of his many charming qualities. Full of poetry and of art, with an intense love of Nature and of the natural sciences, he had that pleasant element of wonder which, if it sometimes tends a little to credulity, is not only natural, but legitimate in creatures such as we are, 'moving about in worlds not realized'—creatures that must be perpetually stupid if they do not habitually wonder. At that time he was much excited about the unabated chaos of the Continental Revolutions. The enlightened course he took in supporting Sir Robert Peel, when so many deserted him, showed that he was no old-fashioned Tory. But he hated mob rule, as every man ought to hate it, and I well recollect his first observation to me after entering our door: 'It seems to me that the devil has got a lease of the world.'

However, we soon escaped from the odious spectacle then presented by politics on the Continent. It happened to be a glorious autumn in the Highlands. Ellesmere was enchanted by our woods and waters. By a happy circumstance, too, the upper reaches of Loch Fyne were then, as often in those days, visited by an immense shoal of herring, which brought a large fleet—almost 100 boats—to catch them. The sails of this large fleet, as they unmoored from the creeks and stole out to set their nets in the sunset lights, were really a vision of glory, and it was a great pleasure to me to see the

intense enjoyment of it in the large, dark, contemplative eyes of 'Uncle Francis.' I could not help observing in him one curious example of the power of association. The scenery of Argyllshire is widely different from that of the northern counties. It is much greener, more wooded, less predominantly heathery or rocky. Ellesmere had an eye too highly cultivated not to appreciate the more fertile but less familiar aspect of our south-western coasts. But there was one drive near Inveraray which for several miles was almost destitute of trees, whilst the pastoral surfaces were comparatively poor. He saw at once the greater likeness to his native Sutherland, and one gnarled oak-stem, twisting its crooked way from out of the splintered fragments of a huge rock, seemed to give him more lively pleasure than all the splendid beeches and chestnuts of which we were specially proud.

But the years 1847 and 1848 produced other fruits in my life than those hitherto mentioned. It then became a habit with me, which has never been wholly abandoned, to have some literary work on hand, lying behind, as it were, all other avocations, and occupying very often a large portion of my thoughts, even in the midst of pleasures and amusements. Then, also, I acquired a power and habit of abstraction which enabled me during my whole life to dispense entirely with any separate room for my own study, even when actually writing. I always wrote in the same room in which my wife sat with her children. My work of composition, so far as thinking is concerned, was carried on at all times and all seasons, and the actual writing was accomplished with ease in the quiet evenings which we generally enjoyed in a retired country life. I never could set myself down alone, to work at anything for a definite time. My mind had the habit of being steeped in some one subject of recurring contemplation, and very often while fishing or shooting, or simply enjoying beautiful scenery, I have found myself busy thinking how best to express

some unobserved distinction or to convey some important argument. I was never disturbed by hearing family conversation, but I would have been disturbed, on the contrary, if I had been left alone. I mention this feature in my intellectual and literary work because I rather think it is peculiar. It accounts for my having repeatedly written on subjects which seemed remote from my better-known pursuits. I have no boast to make of it as a method, because it was never deliberately adopted as such. On the contrary, I have often wondered at and envied the power possessed by many men of sitting down at a given hour and spending a given time upon some definite literary work, and then dismissing it from their minds till the hour returns. But I see that my own looser habit had at least some great advantages. I was never under any temptation to write for writing's sake—to fill up a given time and a given number of pages—which is known as 'padding.' I am not conscious of having written a single line merely to fill up space, or to serve any other purpose than the expression of some definite idea, contributing to the understanding of the subject in hand. This is an invaluable result, especially in all writings of a controversial kind, because it tends to keep up the impression of truthfulness and sincerity, upon which all persuasiveness absolutely depends.

I have introduced this subject here, not only because of its importance as a biographical detail, but because I have now to explain my first appearance as an author in any form more serious than a pamphlet. Ever since my reading and reflections on the questions raised by the Reformation in Scotland—that is, for more than seven years—I had realized that those questions were far wider than the mere local controversy in which I had felt called upon to engage. Those questions cut deep into the largest of all subjects—namely, the nature and constitution of the Church of Christ. The air of those years was full of movement,

and even of excitement, upon questions which all ultimately turned on that fundamental problem. I have already mentioned the interest I felt in the peculiar views of Arnold. When Gladstone published his book on Church and State, I began reading it with eagerness, and then dropped it with something very like disgust. Its narrow Anglicanism was what struck me most. High-sounding general principles tied down to purely provincial applications; those principles pleaded just in so far as they might cover the particular Church to which the writer belonged, and then abandoned when they would cover the case of any community other than his own—this was all I saw in that celebrated book. In 1845 I had seen the author of it resigning his seat in Peel's Government because he could not by his vote support his own principles. Then I had watched from the beginning the progress of the Oxford Movement, noting especially that its central idea was a theory on the nature and authority of the Church which differed from that of Rome in nothing except in the absence of a central authority or head. I had watched the secessions to Rome which carried off so many leaders of the Movement, and I had wondered why this was wondered at. It was a book by a certain Bishop Sage, written in this sense, which fired the train that had long been laid in my mind, ready to catch when some spark should fall upon it. I had an inborn tendency to write, and throughout life I have found it to be a most powerful instrument of self-education. We cannot explain our ideas to other men without a strong and continuous effort to make them clear and definite to ourselves. I felt much dissatisfaction with many current impressions of the doctrines and the nature of the Christian Church which were really fundamental in the results of the Scottish Reformation. The views I took of them did not coincide with those of any party, and yet I saw that they were securely founded on the unquestionable facts of history, whilst they threw an important light

on the difficulties of our own time. Therefore, seizing on an appropriate title—‘Presbytery Examined’—which was supplied to me by the controversial essay of Bishop Sage, I began in 1847 to embody my thoughts in an article, intended for the *Edinburgh Review*. After my usual manner of working, it occupied all the moments of my time not otherwise engaged during 1847 and part of 1848. On sending it to the then editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Mr. Macvey Napier, I received a very kind reply, expressing the greatest interest in my paper, and paying high compliments to its literary merits, but explaining that it was not quite suitable for his *Review*, and strongly advising me not to cut it down, but to expand it and publish it in a separate form. This advice entirely harmonized with my own views, and I accordingly set to work to complete the essay and to widen its scope. It was published in 1848, under the title ‘Presbytery Examined: An Essay, Critical and Historical, on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Reformation.’

The main propositions which I think I established in this essay were these: that partly out of the historical circumstances under which the Reformation took place in Scotland, and partly out of a careful and deliberate interpretation of the New Testament narratives and teaching, the Scottish Reformers evolved and established a system which is unique in Europe.

It was the publication of this book in 1848 that first brought me into personal relations with Gladstone. As his book on a kindred theme had been reviewed by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review*, so Gladstone determined to review my very different opinions in the *Quarterly*. This he did in an anonymous article, which, however, was known to be by him. Of course such a review in that great organ of literary opinion, and by such a distinguished writer, was in itself a tribute to the book having at least some relative importance; but Gladstone’s paper went beyond this.

It was not only most courteous to me personally, but it was highly complimentary to the literary merits of my essay. It was not wonderful that on some points he misunderstood my position. I therefore ventured to address him by letter, with some explanations. To this letter I received a most characteristic reply—not fully admitting, yet not denying, the authorship, and asserting the right of anonymous authorship to defend its own incognito. It was probable, he said, that neither a full admission nor a complete denial might represent the truth. I understood this mysterious language to refer to cases in which the editor of a review cuts out, or even inserts, passages in a way to alter the character of a paper. But I knew that no such tricks could possibly be played by the editor of the *Quarterly* in dealing with the writings of a man like Gladstone. The article was obviously and notoriously his, and the rest of his reply practically owned it. I have no recollection now of the points in question between us, but the rather gratuitous introduction of such an ambiguous suggestion has remained vividly impressed upon my memory.

On my return to London in the spring of 1849, I called upon Gladstone for the first time. He was most kind and courteous, and I liked him personally from that moment. But I may as well explain here at once that on Church questions I never felt it worth while to talk with him. That was the one subject on which I always realized that there was a fundamental indelibility in his opinions, and an equally fundamental indelibility in mine. He instinctively disliked the Church of Scotland far more keenly than he disliked the Presbyterian system when not recognised by the State. On the other hand, although I never was a Presbyterian in the same sense in which he was an Episcopalian—that is to say, although I never could regard our local ecclesiastical system as one of Divine and universal obligation—I revolted against the Anglican pretensions which made a corresponding claim in their own favour,

and which even made the whole system of the Christian Church dependent on one method of appointing one rank or order in its ministry.

It was said of me by a critic in later years that I was 'a born controversialist,' and it is true that I have been engaged in many controversies during my life; but I never was a controversialist in personal discussion. On the contrary, I habitually avoided it, and during the many years in which I was on the most intimate footing with Gladstone I never felt the least temptation to enter with him on 'Church Principles.' When I published my book in 1848, I felt that on this subject I had had my say. From that date I turned my literary attention to other subjects—to the advance of the physical sciences, and to the bearing of the new philosophy, to which they were giving birth, upon the older problems of the world and upon the fundamental principles of Christian belief. I left the field of mere ecclesiastical controversy with delight. I felt how unreasoning and unreasonable the disputants generally were—how dominated by personal associations, by clap-trap words and phrases, and by party antagonisms. I have lived to see a good many of the opinions expressed in my essay of 1848 receive the sanction of events and of high authority. In Scotland I have seen the Established Church attain a great revival, because it has been found to have retained all the freedom needed in the independent exercise of its spiritual discipline and jurisdiction. I have seen a marked disposition to enter upon those temperate reforms of its worship which I then ventured to recommend. I have seen probably the most learned man who has worn a mitre in the Church of England since the Reformation publish a paper on the nature of the Christian ministry which corresponds closely with the view to which I had been then led, and which emphatically denies to the Christian Church the possession of any sacrificing priesthood. I have also lived to see a recrudescence

of the Romanizing tendency which followed the Oxford Movement. I resume, therefore, with satisfaction, the narrative of my life, at a time when it took a somewhat new direction, and when I left behind me a class of controversy which is only too apt to narrow the mind and to end in no valuable result.

CHAPTER XV

1849-51

THE RYLAND CASE—EXHIBITION OF 1851—VISIT TO THE HEBRIDES—WINTER IN EDINBURGH

A GOOD deal of my spare time during the two following years—1849 and 1850—was much and most disagreeably taken up with a case of personal grievance which fell into my hands by accident. It is so entirely unconnected with any general question of future interest that I should be disposed to pass it over altogether, were it not for circumstances which cast a curious light on the peculiar characteristics of several distinguished men. A gentleman of the name of Ryland had been appointed by the Crown to a lucrative office in Canada before the union of the Provinces, and before the concession of self-government to the colony. Colonial Governments never have the same feelings of consideration for private rights which prevail at home ; and the new Government in Canada proceeded to deal with Mr. Ryland's office in a manner which was almost ruinous to him. After vain appeals to their justice and consideration, he came to England, urging that his office had been held under the Imperial Crown, and that the honour of that Crown was involved in due compensation being paid to him, if political necessities had rendered inevitable the changes from which he suffered. On coming to London, he placed his case in the hands of Lord Lyndhurst, whose American origin, added to his great reputation as a

speaker, made him naturally occur to all who came from the other side of the Atlantic. Lyndhurst was now getting to be a very old man, and he was naturally indisposed to take new work in hand. But he read Ryland's papers, expressed a favourable opinion of the justice of his claim, and recommended him to come to me. Having a great respect and admiration for Lord Lyndhurst, I read the papers, and, although disliking extremely the nature of the work, I felt so strongly the gross injustice with which Mr. Ryland had been treated that I told him I would do whatever I could on his behalf. After prolonged communications with the Colonial Office, I found that Lord Grey, long better known as Lord Howick, who was then Colonial Minister, was intractably obstinate and unreasonable. There was nothing to be done with him. My only recourse, then, was to bring the case before the House of Lords and move a Resolution or an Address to the Crown, recommending a favourable consideration of Mr. Ryland's case. Of course I had no chance of succeeding in this without the help of some political leader in the House. I applied to Lord Derby, laying the case before him. At that time the political future was very uncertain, and the leaders of both parties were not indisposed to conciliate or secure independent members such as I then was. Lord Derby finally promised to support me ; but there was one man whose support or approbation would have been worth that of all others put together, and that man was the Duke of Wellington. He was nearly all-powerful in the House of Lords, and every motion having his vote would have carried a weight which no mere majority could give. I therefore determined to ask for an interview, and try what I could do with him. Just as I was full of this intention, I happened to meet him at an evening party in the house of my old friends, Lord and Lady Wemyss. On my approaching, I confess with some fear and trembling, the old Duke saw that I wished to speak

to him, and at once put his hand on my shoulder as a kindly invitation to do so. 'Duke,' I said, 'I am very anxious to have a few minutes' conversation with you on a public matter, and if you would be so kind as to name any hour that is most convenient, I should make a point of attending at Apsley House.' His reply was prompt. 'I'll call on you to-morrow at twelve o'clock at Stafford House.' Of course I replied as promptly: 'Oh no, Duke, I can't allow that. I must go to you, and not you to me. I'll call at Apsley House at whatever hour you name.' 'Very well,' he answered; 'then, come to me to-morrow at eleven o'clock.' I need not say I was absolutely punctual. I was shown into a large room on the ground-floor, to the eastern side of the Piccadilly front. It was full of articles in much confusion—of writing-tables with Blue-books, of articles of clothing hung on screens, and of furniture with no definite arrangement. The Duke presently entered by a side-door, and, after shaking hands, he set me down on a comfortable arm-chair whilst he himself drew up in front of me and close to me, and sat down upon a small cane-bottomed chair as comfortless as possible. When we were both seated, he folded his arms across his chest, inclined himself forward towards me, dropped his chin upon his chest, and sat motionless in the attitude of attentive listening. It was a formidable ordeal for me. I felt I had before me the greatest man in Europe, and I had to speak to him without the guidance of one single leading question from him or observation of any sort or kind. There was but one encouragement, the great one, however, of close and absolute attention on the Duke's part. His eyes were not wandering, for they were fixed upon the ground. It seemed as if he felt it a duty to listen, and to listen carefully. This, no doubt, was encouraging. But, on the other hand, it was very formidable. I could not look upon that 'good grey head that all men knew,' inclined before me, with its massive forehead and brain—on the

working of which the fate of Europe had so often hung—without need of all the pluck I could command in telling him my story. However, I did it as clearly and shortly as I could. When I had finished, the old Duke raised his eyes from the floor, and, looking straight at me, said: 'It's a very hard case—a very hard case indeed. But now let me ask you a question. You are going to make a motion in the House of Lords in favour of this gentleman's claims. Now, suppose you carry your motion, I want to know what will you do then? Because,' added the Duke after a moment's pause—'because through my whole life I have always asked myself, "What's the next step?"' My reply was: 'Oh, Duke, I think that if such a motion is carried in the Lords—and especially if it is carried with your approval—the Government will feel compelled to do something for this poor man.' 'I'm not so sure of that,' said the Duke; 'and, besides, I have to consider my position in relation to the Queen's Government. I shall probably not be able to vote at all, but I'll go down to the House and hear you.' I had nothing to do but to thank him for his kindness and to retire. I did so feeling that any trouble I had had in this case was well rewarded by hearing from the Duke of Wellington's own lips that terse description of those habits of forethought and careful calculation which no doubt were among the great secrets of his glorious career.

Before I pass from this interview with the Duke, I must say a few words of personal description in respect to some features of his person which I have never seen portrayed. His figure was even then perfectly erect and soldier-like, but his head drooped a little on his chest. What struck one most in his appearance was, not his high aquiline nose, which is so prominent in all the pictures, but his splendid eyes. They were blue in colour, and very round and very large. Of course, all eyeballs are equally round, but they are cut across in varying degrees by the eyelids covering

a larger or a smaller part of them. When the eyelids hardly touch the top of the eyeballs at all, or are even lifted clear above them, a staring effect is given, as in owls. This form of eye is essentially expressionless. On the other hand, in some persons, the open part of the eye is a mere slit, and this is almost equally hostile to expressiveness. The Duke's eyes were very large, the eyelids cutting across them very high up, but not leaving them uncovered. They arrested all one's attention in a moment. One thought no more of the beaky nose or of the small and firm mouth. I do not think that the softer emotions of humanity were prominent. Self-possession, calmness, circumspection, firmness, truthfulness, and wisdom—these were the speaking characteristics, blended in one calm and impressive whole. His head was not a high one—I mean that it was not a domed head. It was only moderately high, but very broad and massive. It was, as it were, a battlemented forehead, 'foursquare to all the winds that blew.' His voice was powerful, deep-toned, and with a military imperativeness of enunciation. I need not say, after my one experience of his personal conversation, how I felt the truth of Tennyson's later couplet :

'His language rife
With rugged maxims hewed from life.'

Of his gentleness and courtesy and kindness of manner in private life I need give no other illustration than his treatment of me in 1850. I was then only twenty-seven years old, and in no political position. Yet if I had been one of his own contemporaries, or high in office, he could not have paid me more attention and respect.

I brought on my motion in Ryland's case in the Lords, and by the help of Lord Derby I carried it against the Government by a majority of three. The Duke of Wellington did not vote, and the Government did nothing. But I bided my time, and some years

later, when I was a colleague of Lord John Russell and when he was Colonial Secretary, I brought the case before him. We were then intimate friends, and he was kind enough to place considerable reliance on my opinion. So he said to me one day, after I had again told him how strongly I felt the injustice of the case: 'Well, do you write the despatch to the Colonial Government, and I'll sign it.' What a different spirit, I thought, from Lord Grey's! So this was done, and at last my efforts were crowned with at least a small measure of success. It got for Ryland the very inadequate sum of £5,000 as compensation for his losses.

In following, however, this little episode to its close, I am anticipating the order of time, and must return for a little on my steps. In 1850 London was full of talk about the great Industrial Exhibition which Prince Albert had designed for the following year, and for the preparation of which he had associated together many of the most distinguished men in politics, in science, and in arts. It was then an entirely new idea, and it amuses me now to recollect the absurd fears and the not less absurd hopes which were conjured up by opposing parties in society.

This would appear to be the proper place to introduce what I then knew of that remarkable young German Prince who had become the husband of our young Queen. His Royal Highness had been kind enough at one time to arrange that an intimation should be made to me that he would be pleased if I were to accept an official place in his Court. But this would have been so entirely out of my natural line of life and of occupation that I could not possibly accept the position, although I regarded the proposal as a great personal compliment, on which I set a high value. I knew a great deal more about the Prince than was known to the public, and, indeed, to any but a very few persons who enjoyed a real intimacy with

the Queen. One of those was my mother-in-law, the Duchess of Sutherland, who had been in the Queen's service as Mistress of the Robes ever since Her Majesty's accession to the throne. The Duchess was a woman who had as quick an eye for every form of human excellence as for every kind of beauty in Nature or in Art. Everything that was pure and noble secured her immediate recognition, by whatever drapery it might be covered. She had met Prince Albert at Rome, and had been then struck by the beauty of his countenance. When he married the Queen, the Duchess had abundant opportunities of observing his pure and conscientious life, and the unselfish devotion with which he laboured systematically in the service of the monarchy and of its people. The insular dislike of all foreigners, which is almost a feature in the English character, told against any general popularity. The classes most interested in science and in art were all impressed by his knowledge and ability when they came into contact with him ; and the long and intricate preparations which were necessary to bring to a successful issue his great scheme of an International Exhibition were the first transactions which spread widely among the middle classes some knowledge of this very remarkable man. The Prince had a countenance modelled on the type of beauty conceived by the great masters as representing souls that have reached the spiritual world. There was great sweetness and great gentleness in his face, but he had a powerful forehead, and a calm, penetrating eye, where moments of reflection were interchanged with glances which bespoke the frequent suggestions of humour and amusement.

As there was nothing to interest me much in the session of 1850, my wife and I determined to spend some of the midsummer weeks in visiting my island estates in the Hebrides, and particularly Tiree, which had been the source of so much anxiety ever since 1846, and where the work of reform was still going on

to such an extent that the whole rental of the estate was absorbed. Accordingly, we hired a steamer and made our way to that lovely island. The only house we could inhabit was one used by the local factor. It was in the singular position of being built on a promontory projecting into a small and sheltered lake, at some distance from the sea. I do not doubt that this was a traditional site where a crannog or lake-dwelling had once existed, and that its connection with the shores of the lake had been effected by subsequent filling in of the isolating channel.

It is very difficult to make others understand the immense enjoyment I have always had in the scenery of the Hebrides. In the last century this scenery was unappreciated by Samuel Johnson, and more recently we have seen, in his 'Monks of the West,' how insensible to its beauties was even the refined and poetic temperament of Montalembert. I suppose that in this case, as in many others, Walter Scott has been the great revealer. And yet much of the Hebridean scenery has every element of lofty grandeur and of beauty. Its precipices are magnificent, its mountains lofty, rugged, and highly suggestive of the most tremendous forces which have made our world. Its sunsets are unequalled in any part of the world, because the rainy climate secures an extraordinary richness and variety in the clouds. A large part of the island of Tiree is not raised 50 feet above the waves. But all the more completely are we delivered over to the two great dominions of the ocean and of the sky, with just enough of earth to indicate the relation of both to its abundance of life and joy. The sea comes in on every variety of beach, but chiefly on great curved bays of pure white sand, sometimes in the gentlest ripples, sometimes in rollers which are magnificent. The grass pastures are rich in clovers and full of larks. The skies in the evening are often gorgeous beyond description, the clouds

imitating sometimes towers and battlements, and even mountain ranges, so solid, apparently, that I have seen strangers convinced of their substantiality. Much of the glory of the sky and of the long after-glow which succeeds the sunset, and in that latitude 'lies in heaven half the night,' was reflected in the little lake underneath our windows ; whilst terns and plovers of various species came to roost on the boulder-stones which were above the water. Coots and water-hens floated among the reeds, busy with their peaceful quest of water-weeds.

My enjoyment in this peculiar scenery was greatly enhanced by seeing the happy effects upon the people of the policy which I had entered upon four years ago. The emigration of several hundreds of half-starving tenants, and the annexation of their wretched little possessions to those held by their most capable neighbours, together with systematic draining of large areas of land, were measures which were already bearing most satisfactory fruit. The interest chargeable on capital laid out on these improvements seemed to be met with ease out of increased produce, and other tenants were eager to have their land drained on the same terms. The people throughout the island were most cordial in the reception they gave us, for as yet the 'Epoch of the Fools' was far away, when they were to be taught that every power which had been exercised by me and my ancestors for their benefit was a power which we never ought to have possessed.

On our return to Inveraray, we were shocked and grieved by the news of the death of Sir Robert Peel, from a riding accident on Constitution Hill. Even those who had never belonged to his party now felt that a great pillar of the State had fallen, and that the country had suffered an irreparable loss. It was quite possible that Peel might never again have been at the head of a Government, but the weight attached to his opinion by all his contemporaries was not less,

but greater, than it had ever been before. He enjoyed the favour of his Sovereign, and he had seen and appreciated the wisdom of the Prince Consort, who in his turn had not less thoroughly trusted in the honesty and sagacity of Peel.

I had long given up my old habit of going to hear debates in the House of Commons, so that even if I had been in London I might probably have missed hearing one of the most remarkable speeches ever delivered in that House. That was the speech delivered by Lord Palmerston, in defence of his conduct towards the Greek Government in the affair of Don Pacifico. In itself it was an affair of the smallest possible importance, but it brought to a head the long-prevailing impression that Lord Palmerston's mode of conducting the foreign policy of the country was overbearing and bullying, and offensive to other nations. It was not pleasant to see the overwhelming power of England brought to bear with violence on the microscopic little kingdom of Greece, in order to extract extravagant compensation for a Gibraltar Jew. I shared the unfavourable impression of Palmerston's conduct which was universal with the Peelites and widespread even in his own party ; but it was admitted that the speech in which he made his defence in June, 1850, placed him at one bound among the greatest speakers of his time. It lasted for four and a half hours. It was delivered without the aid of a single note. It was wonderful for clearness, for connected narrative, for fiery appeals to sentiment, and for cogent reasoning on the principles he assumed. 'We are all proud of him,' was the tribute of Sir Robert Peel in the last speech he ever delivered in the House of Commons, not many hours before that fatal accident which caused his death.

Between two and three months of this winter, 1850-51, we spent in Edinburgh. I had taken there the charming old residence of Bruntsfield House, for the purpose of putting my wife during her confinement

under the charge of Dr. (afterwards Sir James) Simpson. I can hardly, without seeming to exaggerate, convey to others the pleasure which we both had in our personal intercourse with that distinguished man. His name will ever be inseparably connected with one of the most blessed discoveries of our age—that of anæsthetics. He was then in the full flush of his first great joy over the relief to human suffering which it had been given to him to introduce to the knowledge and practice of his great profession. For a long time he had had floating before his mind's eye the possibility of some agent which would produce a temporary and harmless insensibility to pain. Chloroform was not, as such discoveries generally are, the result of a happy accident turned to good account. The possibility of such a substance existing was deliberately conceived by Simpson, and tested by experiments systematically pursued among the volatile ethers, till one was found both safe and effective. Incredible as it may seem now, this most blessed discovery was met at first by an ebullition of every conceivable folly that could be suggested by personal envy, by professional and provincial jealousy, and even by religious superstition. The London School of Medicine was jealous of the Edinburgh School, whilst, locally, the pre-eminence of Simpson did not recommend the splendour of this individual achievement to all his contemporaries. There was a war of pamphlets and of scientific papers, in which Simpson took his part with a powerful and slashing pen. That great army of suffering mortality which was yearly passing under the surgeon's knife was continually present before him—silent for the most part, since few of them were writers or speakers, but eloquent none the less to those who in the course of their professional education had seen the agonies of the operating-table.

There was, however, one of these sufferers then in Edinburgh who held a high place in physiological science, and who wielded a pen of extraordinary power

and pathos. This was Professor George Wilson, author of biographies of Cavendish and of Dr. John Reid, and other charming books. He had been born a delicate child, with a constitution full of the seeds of hereditary disease, but also, as not unfrequently happens, with a mind rich in the highest qualities of intellect and heart. Deadly mischief at last settled in the bones and joints of one leg, and he was told by the surgeons that amputation was the only hope of life. He was therefore now able to tell the world what an anæsthetic would have done for him, not merely in saving him from the agonies of the operation, but in saving him from the more terrible and prolonged agonies of the anticipation. Being an eminent physiologist, he knew only too well the delicacy of his own organism, its extreme sensitiveness to even ordinary pain. He knew all the great nerves and great vessels that would have to be rudely cut, and the bones that would have to be sawn asunder—rendered more than usually sensitive by the inflammation and degeneration of disease. All this was before his mind by night and by day. Black whirlwinds of horror used to come over him at times, during which death would have been a mercy. It is the high, but also at evil times the sad, prerogative of man to live mainly in the future. Anticipation is the atmosphere he breathes. He has a power and a habit of anticipation which removes the physical sufferings of the lower animals into an altogether different category from his. George Wilson could not but feel intensely what it would have been to him if someone, during those days of habitual agony, had suddenly told him that an ether had been discovered which, when inhaled for a few seconds, would render the body as insensible to pain as if it were inorganic—that the knife, and the saw, and the pincers, and the forceps might all do their dreadful work among the tenderest tissues of his poor quivering body, yet without causing the smallest suffering,

and that consciousness would return without a trace in it of the dreadful ordeal. Wilson's paper on this subject was written with such power and pathos that the impression it made upon me remains as vivid as it was forty-eight years ago. We found the author as charming as his pen, and we knew better than ever how to cherish our intercourse with Simpson as one of the very greatest among the benefactors of mankind.

Simpson's own enthusiasm was delightful. I do not know that I have ever met any man in whom genius was written more visibly in face and voice and manner. His spirit seemed to be always quivering in the presence of Nature, as if conscious of her immense suggestiveness, and trembling lest he should miss even the slightest of her hints. It was most interesting to watch the movements of his expression when he or anyone else mentioned in conversation any curious or singular fact—anything unusual or apparently anomalous, however trivial. His spirit seemed always to withdraw into its own recesses and to be following the trail of some footprint too faint for others to observe, and too slight even for himself to follow to any conclusion. Then it would return from its excursion, breaking into smiles, radiant with the hope that an explanation would come at last. It was not only in physiology that his conversation was so delightful. Immense as that subject is, and having branches which lead into the empyrean, it was not large enough to engross that eager nature. On many other sciences he was deeply read, and watchful of every new step, whether of discovery or in speculation. In archæology he was an expert, and waged war with the Astronomer Royal on a strange theory about the original purpose of the Pyramids of Gizeh. In appearance Simpson had great peculiarities, not altogether favourable to a first impression. He was very short in stature, very fat and round, with small legs, which moved in a short and rapid shuffle, so that he seemed to roll into

a room like a black rabbit. His head was enormous—like the classical busts of Jupiter. It was covered with a shock of long and thick hair, which fell over his forehead so as often to obscure his eyes. His features, underneath a brow of immense breadth, were small and refined—a finely-curved nose, sagacious eyes, with a smile of great kindness and benevolence, and most movable and expressive lips. When one had got to know it, and to see its working in thought and in expression, it was a most noble and spiritual countenance.

Our intercourse with Simpson was not my only resource at that time in Edinburgh. Finding myself so near the University, I used to walk across Bruntsfield Links every morning after breakfast to attend the class of chemistry. That Chair was then held by Professor James Gregory, the last representative of a very distinguished family, whose members had made for themselves a name in more than one branch of science. One of them was the inventor of the 'Gregorian telescope,' a discovery without which astronomy would not now be what it has become. Another member was for a long time the leading doctor in Edinburgh, and his familiar name was 'the beloved physician.' His famous 'mixture' was the terror of my childhood, not yet erased from the horrors of the *Pharmacopœia*.

Professor James Gregory in 1850 was an elderly man, in very bad health; but he had much charm as a lecturer, and my daily attendance soon established a warm friendship between us. He was afflicted with elephantiasis in the legs, and could not without great difficulty rise from his chair. Chained thus to a sedentary life, he took to microscopy, as an occupation which he could pursue under such conditions. He was at that time devoted to the forms and structure of the *Diatomaceæ*. I had never before seen them. The beauty and the definiteness of their ornamentation delighted me, and the position they hold as organisms

belonging to the vegetable kingdom, whilst they are certainly endowed with the power of voluntary motion, excited all my curiosity. It became one of my favourite amusements to gather them, and I was able to supply my friend with some new and curious specimens from a lake deposit at Inveraray, which was rich in both marine and fresh-water species.

✓ The most interesting incident in my intercourse with Professor Gregory arose out of another of his pursuits, for which he was much laughed at in Edinburgh at that time—namely, mesmerism, or animal magnetism. I soon found out that, whether Gregory was right or wrong in some of his reasonings and conclusions, he was not a man to be laughed at, but simply one of those who felt as a living truth that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. Although London society had been full for some years of the talk about mesmerism, I had never given myself any occupation concerning it. I had a profound distrust of all the public exhibitions and exhibitors, whilst the complete lawlessness and senselessness of the alleged results were no inducements to serious inquiry. On the other hand, I had never made up my mind that it was all nonsense or all imposture. The physical effects of the mesmeric sleep were indubitable, and we heard from India that those effects were perfect anæsthesia under the most severe surgical operations. I was therefore always willing to see what could be seen, under conditions of real security against imposture or deceit of any kind. Such conditions were afforded by Professor Gregory. He was a scientific man, devoted to strictly scientific methods, and an expert in one science, which was at once most rigid in its laws and most mysterious in its effects. When he invited me to his house to see certain experiments on servants and friends of his own, I gladly accepted. They were experiments in two only out of the many classes

of phenomena attributed to mesmerism. One was what was then called the phenomena of suggestion. The other was the phenomena of thought-reading. In the first of these the mesmerized person (being thrown into that state by passes of the mesmerizer's hands) was in such a condition of absolute passivity that he received any impression suggested to him by speech, and acted on that impression in the appropriate manner. The scene suggested became to him the scene in which he lived, however different from his actual surroundings. I saw this effect produced and exhibited in perfection in the case of a fine handsome young officer of a regiment then stationed in the Castle of Edinburgh. He was made to believe that he was at a horse-market, and had to choose a horse. He took the pinto for the horse, and felt down one leg to the castor, as men feel down the leg of a horse to the fetlock. He was then made to believe he was on a grouse moor, shooting grouse over dogs. His handling of an imaginary gun was most curious, and if he had not been stopped by those near him, he would have walked out of the window to pick up the fallen birds.

Beyond the certainty I felt that such an effect could not be produced by a purely imaginary agency, I saw no light in this exhibition. But what followed was a phenomenon of a very different character, and it has remained vividly impressed on my memory as the strangest and most mysterious I have encountered in life. One of the women servants in Gregory's house was very sensitive to mesmeric influence, and when under it she was said to see, and to be able to describe, any scene which was vividly depicted in the memory of the person who was trying the experiment, and who was placed in close proximity to her. Gregory invited me to try the experiment, and in assenting, I determined to imagine myself in a very peculiar room at Trentham with which I was familiar, and all the details of which I could recall with the vividness

and reality of life. It was a room so peculiar in its decorations that no one who had not seen it could possibly imagine it. The walls were panelled with fine large pictures of Venice by Stanfield, the great marine painter of the day, and the wall spaces between the panels were covered with a rich red velvet, over which was cast an open trellis-work of a gold moulding. The woman at once began by identifying what she saw in my vision as a room. She then proceeded, as if she saw dimly through obscurities or obstacles, but still continued with firm steps, so far as each of them carried her. The next step was that in the room she saw 'pictures,' then 'large pictures.' At this point she paused, as if puzzled, and said: 'What is it that I see between the pictures?' Then she went on slowly: 'Oh, it's velvet, with a net of goldwork over it.' She proceeded with other details in the same way, including a description of an old gentleman walking in the garden outside the window, which corresponded well with the personal appearance of my father-in-law, the Duke of Sutherland. But what she had already said was enough for me. I could not then doubt, nor have I doubted ever since, that she had seen and read the vision which I had recalled, and by recalling had printed afresh on my mental, if not also on my physical, retina. This is an idea which was not my own, for it had been suggested to me by my friend Sir David Brewster—a man of great eminence in those days, especially in the optical sciences. He always maintained that when we recall with the eye of memory any familiar object whatever—whether a face, or a house, or a tree—and when we dwell on it steadily with our mental vision, as we may easily do, so that every characteristic line and colour and expression is reproduced in our imagination, the result is produced by an actual reprinting on our bodily retina of the picture originally impressed on that same retina by the rays of light. I often asked him whether he could give me any proof of this as a fact. But I never could get

from him more than strong reassertions that it must be so ; that the vivid reproduction of remembered scenes could only be effected by the same machinery as that by which perception had been originally produced. But this idea of necessity depends on the assumption that purely mental images are impossible, and that organic machinery of some kind is an invariable and necessary part of all perception, whether at first or second hand. It may be so ; but it obviously is not a doctrine applicable to remembered thoughts and reasonings, but only to remembered scenes. And this would seem to supply a law, at least of limitation, to the phenomena of mesmeric clairvoyance. Not thought-reading, but only picture-seeing, would be the boundary of its powers. And undoubtedly such an idea was welcome to my mind in thinking on the mysterious facts which had come before me. That the woman did see the scene I had vividly and consciously reproduced on what we call the tablets of memory seemed to me certain ; that she could have anticipated the selection I was to make of all the scenes I could have recalled with equal ease was, I felt, an absolute impossibility. That she could have described characteristic details which are absolutely unique was equally impossible, without some actual seeing of them on her own part. The total impression left on me was that human beings in certain states of mental sensitiveness may and do sometimes see what other human beings are vividly redepicting on the retina of their eyes.

As soon as my wife's convalescence enabled us to leave Edinburgh, we returned to Rosneath, where we stayed during the early spring of 1851. And this suggests to me the opportunity of picking up a few scattered strands of life which I should not like to leave altogether aside, since they entered not immaterially into the tissue which it is the business of a biographer to weave. Among the very few

foreigners in London with whom I had any acquaintance, there was one with whom my wife and myself had now made an intimate friendship. We both had the same introduction—namely, the ‘Life and Letters of Dr. Arnold,’ by Arthur Stanley. All who have read that delightful and instructive book must remember the terms of enthusiastic admiration in which Arnold always spoke of Chevalier Bunsen, who had been the successor of the great Niebuhr as Prussian Minister at Rome, and was now in the same capacity in London. Full of learning and knowledge, especially on all historical subjects, whether in secular or religious history, he was not less remarkable for an eager and enthusiastic temperament, a most genial manner, and, in conversation, an acute sense of fun. Like all Germans, especially at that time, he had an intense love of the Fatherland, and was one of those who most eagerly believed that the unsettlement of all its thrones and peoples, consequent on the still unexhausted heavings of the Revolutions of 1848, would somehow end in a consolidated German Empire and a politically united people. Of course, as a good Prussian subject, and as representative of Prussia, he desired above all things that this union should be effected under the leadership of the Prussian monarchy. At one moment it seemed about to be accomplished, for the Imperial Crown was offered to the King of Prussia. Bunsen was in the highest state of excitement. He mounted the German tricolour upon the Embassy; he decorated his carriage with its rosettes, and even mounted one on his own breast. Of course, he was made the laughing-stock of political society in London, which, for the most part, is incapable of understanding such faith in a future which still seemed so distant and improbable. To all sceptics Bunsen used to open his fine large speculative eyes, and, looking as at a vision, he would say, ‘It comes—you will see—it is coming.’

Palmerston, who was our Foreign Minister, was the

very incarnation of ridiculing disbelief. But more than this : he hated Prussia, and had the worst opinion of the motives of Prussian statesmen. They were playing a game for the hegemony of Germany, and not at all for the establishment of constitutional liberty amongst the German people. At that moment, and since his triumph in the House of Commons on the Greek claims, Palmerston seemed the most powerful member of the Cabinet. Distrusted by many of his own party, he was detested by every foreign Government, and especially by the German Unionists. I well recollect standing with Bunsen outside his Embassy at Carlton Terrace when a procession was passing by along the Mall below us. When Palmerston passed there was some cheering of the spectators ranged on each side. Bunsen turned his eyes away slowly, saying, half to himself, half to me : ' He has no principle, and he has no heart.' In the sense in which these words were spoken, they were founded on truth ; but they were wrong in the sense they conveyed in our language. Palmerston was not, in the ordinary meaning of the word, an unprincipled politician. He was honest in his purposes, and truthful in his prosecution of them. That ' honesty is the best policy ' was his favourite adage in diplomacy ; but what Bunsen meant was true—he had no high ideals for the future of the world, and had a profound distrust of those who professed to be guided by such ideals. To them he seemed to be, and he really was, heartless and unsympathetic. Palmerston's nature and Bunsen's were pretty nearly at the poles of human character.

Bunsen had much to endure at that time in English society. He and I were both members of a club which met once a week to dine at the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street. It was a very miscellaneous society, presided over by old Sir Robert Inglis, the old-fashioned Tory High Churchman, who so long represented the University of Oxford in the

House of Commons. On one evening I recollect only too well one of our number was a certain Dr. Croll, who had been a notorious and very violent political writer. He was a coarse man, but clever and forcible in his talk. As bad luck would have it, the conversation turned, as it often did at that time, on the state of affairs in Germany, and Dr. Croll most improperly said something very contemptuous of the policy of the then King of Prussia. Considering that the Ambassador of that Sovereign was sitting opposite, this was certainly a gross breach of the courtesies of a literary society, at which men of all parties were understood to meet on friendly terms. Bunsen flew into a violent passion—one so violent as almost to choke his utterance. Poor Sir Robert Inglis, the most gentle and courteous of men, was greatly distressed and shocked—as, indeed, we all were—for the scene was discreditable to English manners. I mention it as an illustration of the state of feeling at the time, and of the total want of sympathy with the aspirations of the German people which was certainly conspicuous in this country. When that movement for unity collapsed, because the King of Prussia could not accept an offer which came from only a portion of the German people, and was supported by none of the Princes, Bunsen felt bitterly the apparent vanishing of his hopes and of his dreams. He shut himself up in his Embassy with his books, and went as little as possible into a society so little in harmony with his feelings.

And yet, when I look back upon that time now, I cannot but feel that Bunsen was far nearer to the truth than those who ridiculed him. The unity of Germany was not a dream, neither was the leadership of Prussia. Her aspirations were as legitimate as those of any other people in seeking for empire. She had, indeed, been slow and laggard when Pitt had tried to rally Europe in its own self-defence. But she had now passed through the fire of a terrible retribution, and the dis-

astrous days which followed Jena had taught her at last the duty of the greatest German kingdom towards the rest of Europe. It was scarcely either rational or grateful in the British public to forget so soon the timely advance of Blücher on our left at Waterloo. Neither Bunsen nor Palmerston could then see the steps of consequence which were already preparing the way for a Prussian-German Empire. Bunsen was right: 'it was coming'; only Prussia had to prove herself the leader in another and a terrible baptism of fire and blood. No new page had been turned over in the history of political causes by the Revolution of 1848. Plebiscites and votes by acclamation in Parliaments of doubtful authority were of as little avail as ever in making nations. The gallant Crown Prince of Prussia, brother of the King, who arrived one day in Bunsen's house in Carlton Terrace alone, in plain clothes, and a refugee from revolutionary violence in Berlin—this, if Bunsen could have foreseen the future, was the herald of all his hopes. Well do I remember seeing and admiring the fine military bearing of that Prince at a ball in Buckingham Palace. Only by the restoration of legitimate authority, and by the restoration of the army to its self-respect, did that Prince, when he became King, succeed in again building up a Prussia capable of fulfilling Bunsen's hopes and more than verifying his dreams.

My wife and I cultivated our friendship with Bunsen to the last hour of his residence in England. The Sutherlands had him as a guest at Trentham, and we had a happy visit from him at Inveraray. He was indeed a delightful companion—the most genial and warm-hearted of men, bubbling over with humour, and full at the same time of an absorbing interest in all the greatest questions of intellectual speculation. Often have I wished that he had lived to see the day when the Imperial Crown of Germany was offered with universal acclaim to the refugee Prince to whom he gave shelter in Carlton Terrace, and when that Prince,

as King of Prussia, was in the Palace of Versailles, at the head of the triumphant armies of Germany. Not seldom in this world are we tempted to entertain such wishes, when prophetic men die apparently before their time, and when the visions that excited nothing but ridicule in their contemporaries are realized at last in the sight of all the world.

CHAPTER XVI

1851-52

OPENING OF GLASGOW ATHENÆUM—EXHIBITION OF 1851
— FIRST OFFER OF GOVERNMENT OFFICE — THE
COUP D'ÉTAT—DISCOVERY OF ARDTUN LEAF-BED—
ELECTED CHANCELLOR OF ST. ANDREW'S UNIVER-
SITY

AFTER our return to Rosneath, in January, 1851, I was called to Glasgow to fulfil an engagement to open in that city a new Athenæum for public reading and study. The largest hall in Glasgow was full to overflowing, and I had an enthusiastic audience. As this was the first of many occasions on which, during forty years, I have been called on to address great meetings in Glasgow on all subjects—social, religious, and political—I wish here to bear my testimony to the great superiority of the people of Glasgow over all others whom I have ever addressed, in respect to that liveliness, quickness, and high intelligence on which every speaker must depend for all the pleasure and all the satisfaction he can possibly derive from his exertions. Next to them, and very near them, I should place the people of Paisley.

When we returned to London in the early spring of 1851, we found the whole world talking and thinking of little else than the approaching Great Exhibition. The present generation can hardly realize what it was. We are now familiar, even to weariness, with repetitions and imitations of that idea. But in 1851 it was an absolute novelty, and both friends and

enemies talked the wildest nonsense about it. Its enthusiastic supporters seemed to think that it would inaugurate in the world an age of universal peace. Swords were to be beaten into plough-shares and spears into pruning-hooks all the world over. Its enemies conjured up every sort of danger, from crowds of foreign refugees and a tumultuous concourse of uncontrollable mobs. As a fact, the Exhibition was a splendid success, seen by hundreds of thousands clad in universal smiles. As a fact also, alas ! some of the most bloody wars in history have been waged since its opening, and now it would almost seem as if wars to secure commercial markets are to be as fierce as wars used to be for actual territory. The opening of that Exhibition was a sight never to be forgotten. It was by far the most beautiful spectacle I have ever seen—using the word beautiful in the strictest sense. There was nothing of the majesty, solemnity, and infinite pathos of the magnificent procession that escorted the Queen on her Jubilee in 1887 from Buckingham Palace to Westminster, and of the scene in the Abbey, when her people and the Princes of Europe did honour to a simple character and to an illustrious reign. But, merely as a spectacle of joy and of supreme beauty, the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851 stands in my memory as a thing unapproachable and alone. This supreme beauty was mainly in the building, not in its contents, nor even in the brilliant and happy throng that filled it. The sight of it was a new sensation, as if Fancy had been suddenly unveiled. Nothing like it had ever been seen before—its lightsomeness, its loftiness, its interminable vistas, its aisles and domes of shining and brilliant colouring. Yet few knew that this setting for the great pageant, which lent it all its wonderful charm, was the product of a man of genius, who was discovered and brought forward by the Duke of Devonshire.

The Duke was very fond of horticulture, to which

he gave much time, and to which he devoted much of his ample fortune. It was he who introduced the cultivation of orchids, since so immensely popular, and I recollect once hearing a celebrated collector mourning over the Duke's death, as there was no one to take his place as a munificent patron of horticulture. There was a story current in his family that he was so engrossed by the discovery of a new species of orchid, called 'Dendrobium,' that, in absence of mind, he signed a letter 'Yours truly, Dendrobium,' instead of 'Devonshire.' One of the Duke's special gifts was well known to be an extraordinary sagacity in the perception of character, and in one case at least it bore good fruit. Walking one day in his gardens at Chiswick, he happened to notice the pruning of a plant on a wall, which was being done by a journeyman gardener mounted on a ladder. The Duke stopped to ask some question of the man, who gave an unusually intelligent reply, and showed a countenance which at once struck the Duke's penetrating eye as in the highest degree remarkable. He asked his name. It was Joseph Paxton, and from that moment the Duke took the man in hand. In no long time Paxton became head of the Chiswick gardens, and from Chiswick he was further promoted to be head gardener at Chatsworth. Under Paxton's inspiration, the Duke erected at that place an immense conservatory, on a scale greatly beyond anything then existing. It was a long, straight house, so lofty as to hold well-grown palms and other tropical vegetation. The erection was entirely of glass and wood, with a 'ridge-and-furrow' roof, the idea of which Paxton took from the structure of some leaf. Paxton was the life and soul of all the Duke's magnificent works at Chatsworth, especially of those undertaken in honour of an approaching visit from the Emperor Nicholas of Russia.

Paxton's name became celebrated all over the kingdom, and he was one of the prominent men whom

Prince Albert placed on the Royal Commission for the Great Exhibition of 1851. The site fixed for the purpose was on the fine level stretch of ground in Hyde Park, between Rotten Row and the drive to Kensington, but on the choice of this position there was an outbreak of furious opposition, and not unnaturally. The opposite householders would have been greatly damaged, and if the building was to be of brick or stone, it would have ruined one of the finest open spaces of the Park. Lord Campbell, Chief Justice of England, was one of the threatened householders. He was furious. Lord Brougham took part with his judicial brother, all the more eagerly that he had early associations adverse to the Court. A party was stirred up in the House of Commons, and it needed all the exertions of the leaders of both political parties to repulse the attack. But all this difficulty was solved by Joseph Paxton. He conceived the idea of a building neither of stone nor of brick, but of iron and glass alone. He suggested a gigantic conservatory. It was to be the Chatsworth conservatory glorified. It would be built with less labour, and was more sure to be removed than a more substantial building. But one objection to the site remained. It so happened that two of the finest old elm-trees in Hyde Park grew exactly in the centre of the proposed site—one close to the northern edge of it in Rotten Row, the other close to the southern edge of it in the Kensington Drive. The sacrifice of those trees was angrily deplored. But the genius of Paxton came to the front again. Why should those two fine trees be cut down? Why not enclose them in the building? Why should not the great central vaulted roof be thrown right over the top of those great trees, so that not a branch, or twig, or leaf of them should be touched? Nobody but Paxton would ever have thought of such a daring proposal. But when made, and when the contractors declared that they could execute this great design, it was joyfully accepted.

And thus arose one of the most curious and striking beauties of that wonderful building. It was cruciform—a long nave with a magnificent transept, and at the end of each arm of this transept was a great forest tree, in full foliage, with the glittering dome of glass arching high over its stately head. The procession at the opening was beautiful, but it was nothing to this magnificent and fairy-like building through which it filed. It was indeed a splendid triumph of the human imagination, and of the industrial resources of modern constructive skill. Other incidents threw in their contributions to the charm of the scene. The radiant happiness of the Queen in seeing the success of her husband's great idea was one of these. The universal and affectionate homage paid to the old Duke of Wellington as he passed was another. In seeing all other famous things, even the greatest—such as St. Peter's at Rome, or the Coliseum—I have always felt that I could conceive, and had conceived, them greater. But this building far transcended all expectation, an effect no doubt of its absolute novelty, as well as of its splendour in transparency and light.

During 1851 the Government of Lord John Russell was evidently tottering to its fall. The Peelites did all they could to support it, for the sake of keeping Lord Stanley out; but it was difficult. Parties were demoralized, and adverse divisions on particular questions placed the Government in occasional minorities. Lord John actually resigned, but no Government could be formed, and he came back with his whole crew. It was about this time that the first proposal of office was made to me. Lord John Russell made it through his colleague, Lord Carlisle, my wife's uncle. It was made in a very kind and complimentary letter, explaining that though the office he wished to place at my disposal was not a Cabinet one, yet in my case it would be practically at the 'door of the Cabinet.' Personally I felt as if this was almost a ridiculous

proposal, being very like an invitation to join his crew from the captain of a sinking ship; but, of course, I treated it seriously. I replied at once, in a very diplomatic letter, that I felt grateful for Lord John's kind appreciation, but pointed out that parties were then in a state of transition, and, as it was impossible at that moment to foresee how the future divisions or combinations might arise, I did not feel able to act alone in anticipating results under such very peculiar conditions. I mention the terms of this letter particularly, because they were in themselves a refutation of the clap-trap phrase 'Coalition' afterwards applied by Disraeli to his opponents when they did unite. There was no other possibility of a strong Government. The old Whigs alone had fallen into decrepitude, and were especially helpless in finance. The Peelites were equally incapable of standing alone. The Protectionists were very much in the same position, and were losing ground rapidly as a party with any hope of restoring a discredited fiscal system.

There is all the difference in the world between an unprincipled coalition of personal politicians long opposed and a union of parties between whom the divisions had disappeared, by the settlement of old questions and the rise of new questions on which they were not divided, but, on the contrary, were united. My letter to Lord John Russell was one indication out of a thousand others that a complete reconstruction of parties was then anticipated as a necessity, and that every man was expected to do his duty in promoting it. During the rest of 1851 attempts were continually being made by John Russell to lengthen his cords and to strengthen his stakes. Soundings were taken in all waters, and I doubt whether there was a single member of the Peelite group who did not receive, directly or indirectly, proposals, or at least inquiries, as to joining the Government. They were all founded on the assumption that Lord John must be the Prime

Minister, whereas there was among us all a growing feeling that his part had been nearly played out, and that some new head was wanted to give a fresh start to any effective combination of broken and disintegrated parties. None of us could then foresee the strange events which were so soon to precipitate a crisis and to make this alternative compulsory.

When the beautiful building of the Crystal Palace had ceased to engross conversation, we found ourselves all talking of two things—first, the tottering condition of our own Cabinet, and, secondly, the apparently inevitable approach of some new revolutionary change in France. Nobody believed for a moment in the stability of the Assemblies which assumed the rule of France when the Orleans dynasty had fled. The name of a republic was a mere temporary cover, under which internecine factions could hatch their conspiracies and bide their time. Legitimists, and Orleanists, and Bonapartists, and Socialists, and Red Republicans, were all plotting and intriguing; but when the French people, by an immense majority under universal suffrage, elected Louis Napoleon to be President, it was clear what this could only mean. He had no known abilities. He was a dreamer and a born conspirator. His election now by such a rush of voters could only mean a terror of revolution and a clutching at any name which could restore authority and found a lasting Government. The existing law might, and did, bind the President to the absurd constitution under which he was elected. But none of the contending factions ever dreamed of being bound by it themselves. They would, and they did, plot as they pleased. But he was to sit still with his hands folded, and to do nothing. Under these conditions, France was driving straight upon the rocks of anarchy. The British press almost universally recognised this to be the position of affairs, when suddenly the President, plotting against the plotters, and having both money and the masses behind him, struck his

decisive blow in the famous *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851.

The reactions of French politics upon the politics of England, although far less strong and direct than on the politics of the Continental nations, have nevertheless been well marked. The waves of the great French Revolution did indeed break in vain on our shores, thanks to the magnificent attitude of Pitt and to the loyalty of the people whose spirit he embodied. But they caused the Irish rebellion of 1798. The later French Revolution, which overthrew the dynasty of the elder Bourbons, had an undoubted effect in stimulating the Reform Movement in England which triumphed in 1832. The still later Revolution of 1848 had as yet done nothing to disturb us here. But now, suddenly, the man who had served as one of our special constables in London in that year was elected to the supreme Government of France, by a demonstration of popular favour which was indeed mysterious in its import, but was at least generally regarded in France as a vote against the anarchy of rival factions, every one of them revolutionary.

When the news of the Prince-President's *coup d'état* reached London, it had a curious effect on English society. We are so accustomed to a steady reign of order and of law that such unprincipled acts of violence shock us and disgust us. There was much in this particular example to accentuate such impressions. That one man, without the shadow of a legal right, should arrest in their beds some dozens of the most distinguished citizens of France, and should march them off to prison under the guard of a file of soldiers, seemed simply an act of coarse and brutal violence. The British press took this view at once, and the *Times* attacked the President daily in articles of great power and of still greater virulence. On the other hand, there were many—of whom I was one—who could not forget that such an idea as the duty of faithful allegiance to any form of Government had been long

destroyed in France by her repeated Revolutions, and had ceased to exist as an acknowledged moral obligation. They remembered, too, that the Prince-President was simply an arch-plotter amongst other plotters, and that the plebiscite in his favour gave him a plausible, and perhaps even a real, claim to regard his own authority as the one to which a great majority of the French people looked for deliverance.

I had soon a curious illustration of the wide contrast between the political and the journalistic mind in this storm of opinion. My wife and I had settled to join a large family party in spending the month of December, 1851, at Castle Howard, the beautiful place of Lord Carlisle, not far from York. The news of the *coup d'état* reached us on our journey, which we broke at York, in order to call on Canon William Harcourt, one of the most agreeable and distinguished among the many younger sons of the old Archbishop Harcourt. With Murchison, Sedgwick, De la Beche, and a few others, he was one of the original founders of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The whole multitudinous offspring of Archbishop Harcourt were cousins of my wife. Cousinships are less considered in England than in Scotland; but even in England a congenial friend is somewhat more valued when he is a cousin, whilst less congenial cousins can be ignored. There was not very much communication between the Gowers and the Harcourts in my time, except with Canon William, to whom I took a great liking from the first moment I saw him. He seemed good, dignified, and wise, whilst his love of science and of literature gave interest to his conversation. At a date some years later than that I am now speaking of, when, by the death of his eldest brother George, William Harcourt had succeeded to the family estates, we visited him at the fine house, with the stately groves which look down at Nuneham over rich meadows upon shining reaches of the Thames close to Oxford. On this occasion, in the end of 1851, we found him in

the house attached to his canonry under the shadow of York Minster. There he introduced to us a new cousin, his son, also William, who had just come from London—now the far-famed and redoubtable party leader, Sir William Harcourt.* A tall, handsome youth, full of fire and fury on the subject of the *coup d'état*, against which he was reputed to be one of the fulminators in the press, he was then very much what he has continued to be—able, voluble, unrestrained, and vehement. Of course we talked of what everybody else was talking of at the moment. It was at once apparent that the venerable Canon did not at all sympathize with the violent interpretation of his son, and the contrast was instructive between the unmeasured and undisciplined views of the young journalist and the calmer judgment of the old philosopher.

From York we proceeded to Castle Howard, and it was in the midst of our quiet enjoyment of that fine place, of that still finer house, and, best of all, of the charming society it contained, that we found ourselves confronted again in a new form with that sharp antagonism of opinion on French politics which we had seen so acute between Canon William Harcourt and his son. Our host, Lord Carlisle, was suddenly summoned to a Cabinet in London, and soon after we heard that Lord John Russell had summarily dismissed Lord Palmerston from the Foreign Office. The cause assigned was that Palmerston, in conversation with the French Ambassador, Walewski, had expressed a decided sympathy with the Prince-President, if not actual approval of his action. This was undoubtedly an unguarded thing to do. It committed the British Government and the Crown to an opinion which had never received any sanction from the Cabinet. Palmerston, when called upon for an explanation, could give none that was satisfactory, and

* Died October 1, 1904.

Lord John at once called upon him to resign the seals of the Foreign Office. There was one circumstance about this crisis in domestic politics which excited special interest at Castle Howard: it was the choice made by Lord John Russell of a successor to Palmerston. That choice fell upon Lord Granville, who was the nephew of old Lady Carlisle. It was not without some amusement that I saw myself, so far as both relationship and friendship was concerned, becoming more and more intimately associated with the Whig Ministry. The appointment was not without some alloy to the family at Castle Howard. It placed Granville at a bound in an office high in importance above any which his cousin, Lord Carlisle, had ever held, whilst Lord Carlisle had long held a much more prominent place in general consideration. In speaking, Lord Carlisle was a considerable orator, whilst his long tenure of the seat for the West Riding of Yorkshire had marked him as one of the most prominent members of the House of Commons. He had been for some years in the Cabinet. It was therefore not an altogether agreeable surprise to see himself passed over as regarded the most important office in the Cabinet short of that of Prime Minister. But there were reasons—sound, yet rather indefinable—which accounted for and entirely justified Lord John Russell's decision in favour of Granville. He was popular in society, not merely on account of his very agreeable powers of conversation, but for his great good-temper, tact, and sagacity of character, and for other qualities, in short, which it was more easy to feel than to describe. The general impression of ability he produced among all who knew him had begun to spread among his opponents in politics, as well as among his friends. I very well recollect that, some years before this date, Granville had to answer some question in the Lords on behalf of the Government. This he did with a discretion and in a manner which attracted the long-experienced eye

of Lord Aberdeen, who turned to me when Granville sat down, and said: 'I think this is the best man they've got.' At this time I wrote a letter to Lord Aberdeen, a portion of which I insert here:

'As to Palmerston, I have heard since I wrote to you the version which I must presume to be his, from the source from which it came to me; and if it be quite correct, it does seem that he has been rather sharply treated by his colleagues.

'When the French Minister called on 2nd December—before any of the shooting affairs or the other more violent acts were known—he explained the position of the President of France in such a way that Lord Palmerston was induced to say (in a private and unofficial interview) "that the condition and danger of the President being such as described, it seemed to him that he was justified, on the principle of self-defence." I am authentically informed that this was the utmost extent of the words used—words only, and that nothing more passed. If this be so, it seems clear that no sufficient ground was given, by this alone, for such an abrupt dismissal by his colleagues, and we can only suppose that, as you say, it was but "the drop which made the cup overflow." Still, as they have hitherto upheld him in more dangerous pranks, explanation under these circumstances will not be easy.

'Granville was clearly the best man.

'I see that the Palmerston party—including some very good Conservatives—are furious about the Foreign Office affair, from a suspicion of undue influence in a quarter represented by the Court. But this seems to me great nonsense. There, as elsewhere, I doubt not, great dissatisfaction was felt at Lord Palmerston's conduct, and satisfaction at his dismissal.'

I here allude to the first indication of unjustifiable feeling against the Prince Consort which soon rose to a storm. The Queen has since sanctioned the publication of documents which fully confirm the conjectures expressed in the above letter—that Palmerston's course of conduct for a long time towards his Sovereign and his own colleagues had become intolerable—and we now know that the Queen had long been of opinion

that it ought not to be submitted to. The explanations given in Parliament by Lord John Russell on this subject threw a new light on the constitutional rights of the Crown. One of these was, to be kept in full and timely knowledge of every important step to be taken by the Ministers, so that the personal mind of the Sovereign might be expressed and duly weighed by the Cabinet.

It was in May, 1852, that I first appeared as an author on a scientific subject, in a paper communicated to the Geological Society of London on certain new fossil leaves I had found in the Isle of Mull. It is not often that a beginner in any science makes in it a discovery of considerable importance. Yet such was my good fortune in the present case, and the circumstances are curious. My special tastes and reading had always been directed to the biological branches of natural science, and especially to ornithology. During my boyhood geology was only being gradually built up in England by Lyell, Murchison, and Sedgwick. I well recollect hearing an old friend of my father—a certain George Peter Irvine—telling him at Ardencale that he had a friend in the army who used to be an excellent fellow and a most agreeable comrade, but who now thought and spoke only of something that he called ‘the Silurian System.’ The tone of scorn and ridicule with which this new and apparently pompous title was pronounced remains to this day engraven on my memory. Otherwise, however, I heard nothing of geology in those early years, except in connection with a favourite pursuit of my father’s intimate friend Smith of Jordanhill. That pursuit was conchology, the collecting of marine shells, both living and dead—the living shells by dredging in his yacht, the dead by collecting all he could get from the beds of clay to be found along the shores, and often considerably above the existing shores, within the limits of the ‘old coast-line,’ which is a conspicuous feature in the estuary of the Clyde.

To this pursuit he was introduced accidentally by my father, then Lord John Campbell. He was erecting a saw-mill in 1835, and was digging the foundation at the bottom of the steep bank which marks the old coast-line. The excavation uncovered a mass of stiff blue clay, in which a good many sea-shells were found. My father noticed the fact as interesting, and directed to it the attention of his friend Jordanhill. He took it up at once, and pursued the investigations systematically. Smith soon began to observe that, among the shells found in the lower beds of clay which had been left upon an older sea-line, there were many different from any now to be found in the adjacent waters; and, further, he observed that several of these older shells were of a species now living in the Arctic regions. Once set upon this scent, he pursued it to its only legitimate and necessary conclusion—that the sea which washed the shores of the West of Scotland in the ages when it stood from 50 to 60 feet lower than it does now must have been a sea existing under conditions of Arctic cold. This result he communicated to the scientific societies so early as 1839, fortified by a long and conclusive series of observations and of specimens. Smith of Jordanhill was therefore the real founder of the Glacial Theory, which has played so great a part in recent geology. It is commonly assigned to Agassiz, but he did not visit this country till 1840, and his arguments were open to dispute. Smith had prepared the way for whatever success Agassiz had in pointing to the agency of ice as that which would alone account for certain markings and mechanical effects visible on our rock surfaces.

Of course, Agassiz's reasoning on the cause of these mechanical effects was in a moment rendered easy of acceptance when it fitted in so completely with the zoological fact, otherwise and previously ascertained, that a glacial molluscan fauna had lived and flourished in our seas at a time so comparatively recent. The claim of Smith of Jordanhill to priority in this dis-

covery is admitted by all authorities on the history of geological knowledge. Much, indeed, has been discovered, and much more has been imagined, since his time in respect to the Glacial Age. No part, however, of the science has been more cumbered with fads and faddists, and I question whether any one fact has been as yet so clearly proved as that which he established—namely, the occurrence in very recent geological times of a cold and glacial, but a quiet and tranquil, sea, which endured so long on our coasts that it had time to cut out a broad and well-marked terrace on which a peculiar assemblage of shell-fish, now common in Iceland, lived and died on deposits of mud and clay, which are now often many feet above the highest tide, but have never been broken or disturbed.

Although as a lad I had often heard Smith talking on the subject, and had seen his enthusiastic search for new shells, I had never myself taken further notice of geology, nor had I picked up its bearings on natural problems of the greatest curiosity and interest. All that I had heard lay in my mind embedded and covered up by other material, like seeds in the ground which are dormant, but ready to germinate when favourable conditions come. I had always eyes wide, but ignorantly, open to the observation of everything in external nature, and I always had a vague sense of the innumerable problems which they suggest, but about 1851 I had taken to reading about geology more or less. In that year my wife and I made one of our usual visits to the estates in Mull, and lived some little time at the village of Bunessan. Though not in itself a beautiful spot, its surroundings are both beautiful and magnificent, particularly the great headland of Bourg, 1,600 feet high, in which the volcanic ranges of Ben More terminate precipitously in the sea. One day the leading shopkeeper in the village, an intelligent man of the name of McDiarmid, told me that in climbing down a ravine in the rocks near the mouth of Loch Laigh, at the head of which Bunessan is

situated, he had taken hold of a projecting ledge of stone, which had broken off with his weight, and on the slice of it which remained in his hand he was surprised to see what seemed to be the impression of a leaf of a tree. At my request he brought it to me, and I was greatly surprised to see the most beautifully-preserved impression of a very large forest leaf, apparently that of a sycamore or of a platanus. The venation was all preserved, and I could detect even some remains of the substance of the leaf in a delicate pellicle of vegetable matter. I at once asked McDiarmid to go to the place and bring me some larger specimens. This was now done, and my surprise was much increased to find that large blocks of stone were almost entirely composed of a mass of vegetable leaves of all sorts and kinds. The platanus was most conspicuous; but there were quantities of equisetum, or 'mare's tails,' of yew, of leaves like that of the alder, of the rose, and of many others. In short, it gave me the idea of a hardened mud crammed full of a forest vegetation which had fallen year after year into some still pool or backwater, and which had thus become matted with the rotten foliage. Associated with the bed of leaves there were two other beds, well marked and distinct, one below and the other above the leaf-bed, consisting in the upper one of a pudding-stone of chalk flints, which had the aspect of having been burnt, and in the lower one of what looked like the ashes of a volcano, mixed with fragments of indurated chalk. The whole series was capped on the surface by a thick bed of basaltic rock, while the beds themselves rested on the top of a high precipice of columnar basalt, with pillars as regular and perfect as those of Staffa, which was only six miles away.

I did not then know, nor, indeed, do I now know, all the inferences to be drawn from those embedded leaves, because they suggest many questions which I have never yet seen solved; but I saw enough to



BOURG HEADLAND, MULL : ARDTUN HEAD LEAF-BEDS.

From a picture by the Duke of Argyll.

[To face p. 352, vol. i.

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rouse my curiosity thoroughly. I sent off specimens to Sir Henry de la Beche, whom I had known when he was founding the Museum of Practical Geology in Craig's Court, which afterwards attained such a splendid development in the institution in Jermyn Street. On going to London in the spring of 1852, I saw him, and after questioning me whether the leaves were certainly underneath the basalt, and my telling him I was quite sure of that, he at once told me I had 'made a very pretty point,' and advised me to make it the subject of a public paper. My dear old friend Smith of Jordanhill, whose early affection for my father and mother overflowed upon me as long as he lived, was highly delighted by my discovery. He went off to Mull as soon as he could in his yacht, and with the apparatus of ropes and fathom-lines available from her, he made a careful measurement of the whole precipice and of each and all of the beds. These data he supplied to me, and my paper was published in the *Journal of the Geological Society of London* for May, 1852. This is not the place to enter on any details as to the significance in science of the discovery of the Ardtun leaf-beds. Suffice it to say that for the first time it indicated the geological age of the enormous prolonged volcanic outbursts which have covered with lava a vast area of country, extending from Antrim in Ireland to the Faroe Islands in the North Sea. It proved those outbursts to have been not submarine, but subaerial—that is to say, they were outbursts through and upon old surfaces of land, where a splendid vegetation had had quiet intervals of time to begin to flourish and to accumulate, until they were again overwhelmed by fresh outbursts of volcanic violence. No other spot in the whole of that great area of broken fragments of an ancient land had furnished anything like the evidence to this effect which is so beautifully preserved at Ardtun. I must confess, too, that at the time and ever since I have been filled with the most profound scepticism regarding the extreme

doctrine of uniformity in the agencies of change, which became popular, if not established, under the old teaching of Hutton, and was systematized and argued with great ability by my friend Sir Charles Lyell.

Whilst the physical sciences in one of their branches were thus exercising their old attraction over me, I was, during those years, reading a good deal and thinking a good deal more on questions of philosophy. In particular I read Bishop Butler with care, having only slightly looked into him before. Dry and difficult as I thought his style, I found it gained upon me, chiefly from one feature—namely, its conspicuous and careful self-restraint—so that in questions above all others the most difficult, one never had the fear of being entrapped into unsound conclusions by the undue influence of enthusiasm or of fancy. But, beyond this unspeakable merit in a philosophical writer, I drank in as a cardinal truth the one great idea—that if a Divine Being is the Author both of Nature and of every higher revelation of Himself, it is sure to happen that the same difficulties which arise in the one sphere will more or less be felt, at least by analogy, in the other. This lies at the root of all Butler's teaching. It was cognate with much that had been impressed upon my own mind as a boy in the study of animal mechanics, in which, as it seemed to me, the proofs of a living and understanding author were direct and immediate, yet so easily ignored and even so angrily denied. The more I thought of it, the sounder did Butler's fundamental conception of an analogy appear to me to be. I knew, indeed, that the particular objections against religion which he dealt with in his time were not the same as those most common at a later date, but I knew also that the more modern views of the same tendency were connected with the interpretations and suggestions which arose out of the progress of the physical sciences since Butler's time, and I could not doubt that if this fundamental principle was as

sound as it seemed to me to be, it would be found as applicable to all that we can know of Nature now as to all that was known of Nature then. I know, indeed, that a new school has arisen which affects to treat Butler with contempt, but I observe that it is a school which is blind to the power of analogy in all the operations of the mind, to the place it takes and the part it plays in everything that we can understand, as an explanation of anything in the world.

It was at a time when my mind had come to be a good deal occupied with these subjects that the University of St. Andrews, the most ancient in Scotland, did me the honour of electing me as its Chancellor—an honour all the greater as I had no local connection with the East of Scotland. I found it was expected that I should deliver an address to the students at the ceremony of my installation. This I accordingly did on March 25, 1852. It was entirely successful, so far as regarded the close attention of the audience, which included all the professors of the University and a number of old 'Alumni.' The criticism passed upon it at the time by some was that it was too theological. It would have been great affectation in me if I had made it classical; and, as the tendency of the Scottish mind is much more philosophical than classical, I thought it best to speak on that subject on which I had thought the most, and on which my address was most likely to be of use. It was in this address that I foreshadowed much of my own future intellectual work in one sentence, when I said that an endeavour to bring the great argument of Butler abreast of the science of the present time ought to be the labour of our day.

In the autumn of this year, 1852, my wife and I spent some time in one of our frequent visits to the Sutherlands at Dunrobin. Besides fishing and some shooting, I passed one most interesting day in geologizing on the seashore at Helmsdale. To my surprise, I found the shore covered with fossilized wood and

with shales, in one of which I detected the tail of a fossil fish, apparently of what is called the homocercal type. The lumps of fossil wood were so abundant that I could have easily filled a cart, and it was to me curious to observe that the aspect of wood and fibre was so entirely unchanged by conversion into the mineral substance of a silicious limestone that the most inexperienced eye could not fail to detect it at once. One specimen I found which interested me greatly, from the measure it presented of the epochs of geological time. It was the root of one of the trees whose branches afforded the quantities of fossil wood all around. This root had been growing on the shales which were the subsoil of those old forests, and it had grasped with so firm a hold some layers of stone that when the tree was uprooted by winds or floods, its roots had carried away portions of the rock with it. I picked out one of these bits of sandy shale, and on handling it, I observed that it contained in it one scale of a ganoid fish, like those belonging to the old red fishes so common in the flagstones of Caithness. That scale told a tale indeed. It had belonged to a fish that swam in the old red seas or lakes. The mud of that sea had been converted into stone. It had been then elevated into dry land. It had next supported a fine forest of Araucarian pines. These, again, had been destroyed and submerged and fossilized. But the root had never let go its grip upon the rock on which it had stood, which told of a much older world, as compared with which the now long-vanished Araucarians were young indeed.

Before leaving the North of Scotland I paid a visit to the little town of Cromarty, the residence at that time of the celebrated Hugh Miller, whose geological and literary works had so lately astonished and charmed the world. He received me very kindly, showed me over his collection of fossils, and presented me with a fine specimen of one of those

'ichthyolite' nodules which he had so vividly described in his admirable book on 'The Old Red Sandstone.' This specimen I still carefully preserve and highly value, as one of classic interest in the history of science. It was a great delight and interest to me to see and have some conversation with this remarkable man. I had been much fascinated by his work on 'The Old Red Sandstone'—the first book I ever read which cast the light and the charm of poetry on the dry paths of science. I had heard the most learned writers—men who were students and professors in the universities—declare that they would give their ears to be able to write as this new author wrote on the lessons of geology. And yet he was reported to be an ordinary working-man—an operative mason, whose youth had been spent in building walls and laying mortar, and in cutting stones with chisel and mallet in his hands. I was immensely curious to see him, and my curiosity was well repaid.

Hugh Miller continued to be in outward aspect exactly what he had always been—a working-man—without a trace of social culture in his manners or appearance. He had, indeed, a low and gentle voice, which sounded shy, but his accent was unlike that of an educated man. His expression was more than thoughtful—it was very grave, meditative, and abstracted; but I saw in a moment the secret of his being. He had an enormous head, made still larger in appearance by a huge shock of unkempt hair, which hung over his brows and eyes. There have been only four men whom I have come across in life who have had the enormous brain-case which was conspicuous in Hugh Miller. One was Dr. Thomas Chalmers; another was Sir James Simpson; the third was Hugh Miller; and the fourth was Professor Whewell, Master of Trinity, and author of the 'History of the Inductive Sciences.' These were all men of more than what we call ability—they were all men of genius. With such a brain nothing is impossible, provided only it be fur-

nished with a very few simple tools. We are too apt to forget how admirably such tools have been fashioned and put into the hands of the humblest classes in Scotland in her parochial schools. If a scholar from one of these schools was guided by his own inborn tastes and instincts to spend his spare time in solid and substantial reading, instead of devouring trash, it is easy to understand how quickly he might climb the ladder. Hugh Miller was one of those who was thus led to feed upon a few good books, such as were common in his youth. This it is which explains the fact that when Robert Burns, the ploughman poet, began to correspond, his earliest letters were those of an educated gentleman. So when Hugh Miller took a walking tour through England, he produced another charming book, which shows that he had been long familiar with not a few of the classic authors of English literature. He made pilgrimages to the homes of great authors, and trod on the walks of Hume, on the paths of Olney and the Leasowes.* As to style, Hugh Miller's writings are a signal proof how little may be due to any example, still less to any imitation.

Dr. Johnson has said that whoever would desire to have a polished English style 'must give his days and his nights to the pages of Addison.' I venture to think that this is nonsense. Hugh Miller's English is quite as good as Addison's, and far more full of thought and of charm. It is the brain that makes style in writing, just as it is the brain that makes the harmonies of line and colour in painting, and of sound and sense in poetry. In speaking to Hugh Miller, I felt that I was speaking to a born genius, and the roughness of the setting seemed to me only to set off more distinctly the native brilliance of the gem. It was a sad misfortune for Hugh Miller, for science, and for Scotland, when the managers of the Free Church chained him to the galley-oar by appointing

* The home of Shenstone.

him editor of a mere party newspaper. This was not work for him. He felt the strain, and spoke of the constant work of cutting shavings off his brain as a burden and a waste. It helped to break him down, until one of the finest minds which Scotland has produced in my time fell into the shadows of mental distress and into the catastrophe of self-destruction.

CHAPTER XVII

1852

FALL OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S GOVERNMENT—LORD DERBY'S AND LORD ABERDEEN'S ADMINISTRATIONS

I MUST now, with regret, return to politics. The year 1852 was a highly critical one among Parliamentary parties, and yet a year singularly destitute of the nobler interests which ought to belong to them. Whether Lord John Russell had been wise or not in his choice of a subject on which to quarrel with Palmerston, he undoubtedly acted with dignity and courage in dismissing a Minister so powerful, when he knew that his own position was so weak. Palmerston lost no time in wreaking his vengeance. On a question about the militia he moved a vote adverse to the proposition of the Government, and as the Tories were now eager to come into office, they supported Palmerston, and at last the Whig Government fell, never to rise again. 'I have had my tit for tat with John Russell,' was Palmerston's own description of his conduct, in writing to his brother at Naples.

When the Queen sent for Lord Derby, as the leader of the largest of the parties that composed the majority, he had no choice but to accept the duty. But as no union had as yet been effected with any other section in the House, he had to make a Cabinet of raw recruits, of men hardly any one of whom had been in high office before, and who now found themselves suddenly made Privy Councillors, and put in charge of the highest offices of State. I remember seeing Sir J. Graham

give his grave head a portentous shake when he spoke of the novel precedent of a whole cargo of the rank and file being carried down to Windsor to be made members of the Privy Council, before they could receive the seals of office. It was a signal proof of the explanation I have given of Disraeli's rise. So far as the Conservative party was concerned, all the old and experienced counsellors of the State were off the Board at which he was to sit supreme. There was literally not a creature to control him, except Lord Derby himself; and a Prime Minister in the Lords cannot control a cunning and audacious leader in the House of Commons. Besides which, Lord Derby, though a splendid speaker, was not very well fitted to enforce the authority of his opinions on others, or to keep his Cabinet in subordination. He was too rollicking, too apt to treat everything as a joke; the result was a Government obviously provisional. It commanded no sure majority in the House, and until it was seen what a Protectionist Government was going to do about Protection, nobody of the Free Trade sections of the House would support them, or do anything but watch and wait. For myself, I never had the smallest doubt that Protection would be thrown overboard by the astute practitioner, who, it was quite evident, had used it only for his own purposes and to keep his party in hand. Accordingly, Disraeli, in language of extraordinary effrontery, soon made this apparent, and the poor dupes whom he had so long rallied under pompous and ambiguous phrases were left discomfited and crestfallen.

The moment it became certain that all danger of a return to Protection was a thing of the past, there remained nothing but personal feelings and the associations of long antagonism to prevent all the Free Trade sections from uniting to form a new and a strong Government. The whole year was spent in attempts, by endless interviews and correspondence, to realize this aspiration, which, indeed, was the strong

and just desire of the people. But personal and party feelings, intensified by hereditary traditions, ran so high that, till the close of the year, little or no progress was made. There were two or three dominant facts in the situation. The first was that the leadership of Lord John Russell had become invincibly distasteful to everybody except a small personal and family clique. The second was that Lord John Russell could not be got to see this, and was naturally unwilling to withdraw his claim to a place to which he thought himself entitled by great, and, indeed, immortal, services to the Liberal party. But Catholic Emancipation and the Abolition of Sacramental Tests, and the Reform of Parliament, too, had all lost their flavour to the public, and nothing was remembered but the long and inefficient Whig Governments of Lord Melbourne and of Lord John himself. All men were impatient at the very idea of a renewal of that sort of thing. On the other hand, the Peelite party was full of brilliant individual ability, and their services to fiscal reform during their short tenure of office had made a deep impression on the public mind. Yet there was no one of them entitled as a matter of course to step into the shoes of their great leader. Palmerston was out of the question : he had just made himself too offensive to more sections than one.

It was in these circumstances that men began to cast about for one of the resources of our constitution which has been often tried. There are at least three kinds of Prime Minister in our country. First, there are a few men of such commanding genius that the first place comes to them as by right of birth. Of this class the younger Pitt is an illustrious example. Next there are men who have begun at the bottom of the official tree, have climbed up all its branches, have served in a great variety of offices, and distinguished themselves in all. These are the 'all-round men,' who naturally and inevitably reach the top. Of these Peel was an excellent example. But

there is another class of Prime Minister, consisting of men who have lived a long life just outside the headiest currents of political contention, but with a native strength and probity of character which has received universal recognition, and has secured universal respect and honour. These are the men round whom rival politicians will sometimes cluster when they will refuse to serve under each other. During the course of 1852 there were two men of this class, towards whom many eyes were directed with a wandering hope. One was Henry Petty, Marquis of Lansdowne, who had once been Chancellor of the Exchequer in far-off days, who had always been connected with the Whig party, but for many years had taken no very active part in political contention, and under whom, with his dignified position and character, any man might serve with confidence and honour. Even Lord John Russell, it was supposed, might well consent to do so. The other of the two men who occupied a somewhat similar position was the Earl of Aberdeen; his name, however, was not much brought forward until, at the very close of the year, it was found to be the only one possible round which the jarring elements could be made to crystallize.

In the autumn of 1852 everything was still in a condition of complete uncertainty, and consultations were continual through various 'go-betweens.' A leading one of these was Lord John Russell's elder brother, Francis, Duke of Bedford, through whom intimations could be safely made that might have been otherwise resented. Among the Peelites there were some vague symptoms of possible change. Gladstone was supposed to gravitate towards Lord Derby; Sir James Graham towards Lord John, who was known to be inventing a trump-card by which to captivate the constituencies and regain his power. This was a new Reform Bill, for the Whig mind was then destitute of any fresh idea, and tinkering the machinery of Parliament was the only shot in their

locker. Nobody, so far as I could find out, was then in favour of this plan of campaign against Lord Derby. But some were less disinclined than others, and there was a general impression that, if launched by a man in Lord John's position, it might be difficult to resist it.

It was in the midst of these doubts and difficulties that Lord Aberdeen became more and more a centre of correspondence and consultation, because all sections confided in his incorruptible integrity and simplicity of character, in the moderation of his opinions, and in the complete absence in him of any personal ambition. He, on the other hand, was anxious to help by finding out from all his friends what was the tendency of their views. Among others he invited me to visit him in his country place, Haddo in Aberdeenshire, and as I was naturally desirous to know his views, my wife and I gladly accepted his invitation, taking Haddo on our way south from Dunrobin in October, 1852. There is no way so good of getting to know a man intimately as to be with him in his own house. The home of Lord Aberdeen seemed the home also of all the domestic virtues, and of an intense earnestness and simplicity of character which was specially his own. One thing rather surprised me: in speaking of Lord John's disposition to start another reform movement, I found that Lord Aberdeen, although well known as a Tory in foreign politics, was so 'Liberal' as to be almost a Radical in home politics—that is to say, he had seen so much blood and treasure poured out to reach the Continental Settlement of 1815 that he dreaded any departure from it; but as regarded home politics, he was ready to entertain very large proposals of departure from the settlement of 1832. This was the only subject on which I could not quite agree with him. I thought that the £10 franchise had worked and was working well, taking in, as it did, all the middle and the lower middle classes, together with such members of

the wage-earning classes as had raised themselves a little by industry and thrift. But I told Lord Aberdeen that a redistribution of seats was a branch of reform in which a good deal might be done with distinct advantage, since the Reform Bill of 1832 had left far too many boroughs with two seats, and the seats gained by a new schedule of disfranchisement might be advantageously disposed of among larger constituencies. I found that Lord Aberdeen had no prepossession on the matter, partly from the habit of official men not to look at any subject closely till the time for action upon it is within sight, and partly from a curious confidence in the fundamental loyalty of the British people to the constitutional system under which they live. I therefore saw that, so far as Lord Aberdeen was himself concerned, there was no obstacle to his acting with Lord John Russell in any combination. But more than this was clear—namely, that, so far as concerned any political question at that time even in sight, there was nothing to prevent a combination between the Peelites as a group and the old Whigs, except the discredit into which the Whigs had fallen, and, of course, the remains of an old and long antagonism. So completely did the Peelite position correspond to that of the old Whig party, that it was recognised by Lord John Russell himself, in a saying ascribed to him at the time, when someone had suggested that the word Whig should be given up as nothing but an impediment in the way of union. Lord John's reply was both humorous and true. He said that he could not do it, even if he would; and the necessity was not apparent, seeing that Whig was a word which expressed in one syllable all that seven syllables were needed to express, in the Peelite title of 'Liberal Conservatives.'

Disraeli, of course, at that time had obvious inducements to prevent any union of parties if he could. A union between the Peelites and the Whigs would have constituted a powerful opposition. On the

other hand, a union between any of the Peelites and Lord Derby would have destroyed his own solitary reign in a Cabinet of mediocrities. It was, therefore, perfectly understood that he did not favour either of the alternatives, and that he did his best to render both impossible. By keeping up the farce of Protectionist language till the last possible moment, he effectually barred out all the Peelites from any combination with Lord Derby, and when the Cabinet of novices was once formed, it was too late to make any attempt in that direction.

I left Haddo with a confirmed and enhanced estimate of the high qualities of Lord Aberdeen's character and mind, of the sagacity and moderation of his opinions, of his just and tolerant views of other men, of his singular simplicity, sincerity, and absolute truthfulness. On the one subject on which he and I had held such different opinions, Church politics, we never touched, and we had no need to do so, since there was then no Church question in agitation. We both, though from different points of view, supported the Established Church, and it gave me pleasure to see that he went to the parish church on Sunday, unlike too many of the land-owners in Scotland, who stood systematically aloof from the Church of the people.

The new Cabinet of Lord Derby had for the first time to confront the new Parliament early in November, 1852, and on the 18th of that month the funeral of the Duke of Wellington took place. That great man had died in the middle of September, but his body had been kept above ground until Parliament should decide how he was to be buried. Tennyson's immortal ode has embalmed for ever in superb poetry the mingled feelings of sorrow and of gratitude, the universal feelings of the people.

There is nothing so pathetic as the ordinary funeral of a soldier—the riderless horse, the simple gun-carriage, the coffin with the old accoutrements, the idle sword, the mournful music, and the measured

step of former comrades, constitute the most touching of human obsequies. But all this was well-nigh lost in the great procession for the Duke of Wellington. The coffin was concealed in a hideous funeral-car, conceived in the worst possible taste—enormous in bulk without being imposing. When we had seen it pass, from the garden of Stafford House, we went by an arranged route to reach St. Paul's in time to join the peers and peeresses, to whom places had been assigned. Mourning does not lend itself to pageant, and an enormous crowd of people dressed in black, ranged in tiers of seats, supported by scaffolding, did not add to the solemnity of Wren's magnificent interior. But there was one part of the ceremony which redeemed all others, and that was when the coffin, placed on trestles in the middle of the pavement, and surrounded by the Duke's old companions-in-arms, was seen to be very slowly sinking, moved by some unseen mechanism, through an aperture in the floor into the crypt beneath. The sinking was so slow, so noiseless, that it only gradually became perceptible. The circle of fine old veterans who surrounded it, all in full uniform, kept their hands steadily on the coffin as it descended. Conspicuous among them were Lord Hardinge, Lord Londonderry, and Lord Anglesey. Slowly the coffin sank, so low that they all had to stoop to keep in touch with it. But this they did with an affectionate devotion which it was most moving to see. Very few seemed to be stiff with age, but one of them, Lord Londonderry, was so evidently lame that I could not help fearing he might fall down upon the coffin as he strained his arms downwards to follow his beloved commander. I recollect nothing more, but that scene is indelibly impressed upon my memory as one never to be forgotten. Thirty-seven years had then passed since Wellington had closed his glorious campaigns on the field of Waterloo, and it did seem wonderful to see there so many of those who fought under him then,

and, in earlier days, in the Peninsula, still living, and standing, as upright as ever, round that bier. Lord Anglesey, in particular, a tall and very handsome man, looked magnificent, and all were visibly bearing themselves under strong and suppressed emotion.

We did not remain in London long after the Duke's funeral. The great battle which was to decide the fate of the Derby Cabinet had to be fought in the House of Commons, where it was of course foreseen that Disraeli's first Budget would reveal his policy, and would inevitably afford opportunities of decisive opposition. I took no part in the preliminary skirmishes in the Lords about the precise terms in which Protection was to be given up. I wished to retain my own attitude of reserve in the political rearrangements which it was quite obvious must very soon ensue, and on the only occasion on which I opened my mouth at all in the Lords, on the 30th November, I asked Lord Derby to undertake some measure dealing with the then delicate subject of religious tests in the Universities of Scotland. This Lord Derby, in a very courteous reply, declined to pledge himself to do, but expressed opinions which in my rejoinder I said were likely to do good in Scotland. So far the footing on which I placed myself was consistent with the attitude of neutrality and suspense which was natural to the circumstances of the moment. It was not less consistent with that attitude that, on leaving London in the first days of December, 1852, I left my proxy in the hands of Lord Aberdeen.

We then returned to Rosneath, paying two family visits on our way—one to Trentham, and one to my sister-in-law, Lady Blantyre, at Erskine on the Clyde. Disraeli's financial statement was made on December 3rd. It was audacious and aggressive in the highest degree, and included some changes, especially one on the incidence of the income-tax and of the house-duty, which involved the greatest questions it was possible to raise. I at once wrote to Lord Aber-

deen expressing the strongest objections to parts of the scheme, but also expressing a hope that some other parts of it—as, for example, the extended area of direct taxation—would receive careful consideration at a time when indirect taxation was being so greatly reduced. Gladstone's reply to Disraeli's speech and statement at the end of the debate was one of the most powerful ever delivered in Parliament in my time. It was usual in such cases to allow a Minister to have the last word, and to close the debate. But when on the fourth night of the debate (December 16th, 1852) Disraeli ended with the celebrated passage, 'Yes, I know what I have to face: I have to face a coalition,' etc., Gladstone started to his feet, and, facing the howls and shouts of another coalition, which tried to drown his voice, delivered a passionate rebuke for the licence of Disraeli's attack, and then proceeded to an admirable analysis of the whole scheme, an analysis which left it shattered on the ground. The division condemned the Government by a majority of nineteen, and next day Lord Derby resigned.

Thereupon the Queen showed her sense of the necessity of a reorganization of parties by sending, not for some one man, but for two men—for Lord Lansdowne as representing the Whigs, and for Lord Aberdeen as representing the Liberal Conservatives. Lord Lansdowne was unwell, and the Queen then sent for Lord Aberdeen alone, into whose hands she committed the task of forming a united Government of such materials as he could command.

It was a great satisfaction to me at that time, as it has been ever since, to remember that, from my departure from Haddo late in October to the time at which we are now arrived, I had no connection with or knowledge of the personal correspondence which was carried on, by the leading members of both parties, with Lord Aberdeen, on their respective relations to each other, and on the bases on which they might probably consent to act together. None of them

corresponded with me. My position was peculiar. Although Peelite in general sympathies, I was too young to be actually one of the Peelite group. That group consisted of men all of whom had been colleagues under Sir Robert Peel, and the leading members of the party had all been members of his Cabinet. I had never been in office at all, and none of these men were less than half a generation older than myself. With the Whigs, on the other hand, although some of their leaders were my intimate friends and connections, I could hardly correspond at this time, because they knew that I had already been approached by Lord John Russell, and had refused to join him on the express ground that I saw a reconstruction of parties to be inevitable, and that I did not wish to anticipate the combinations which might arise.

My position, therefore, was one of complete detachment and independence, except that on all questions then likely to emerge I had come to place almost entire confidence in the wisdom, moderation, and sagacity of Lord Aberdeen. When I saw the announcement that he had been sent for by the Queen, and had accepted the task of forming an Administration, I thought it possible, perhaps probable, that he would make to me some such offer as Lord John Russell had previously made, but although I had not then any adequate conception of the immense difficulties he had to encounter, I knew that a whole crowd of men from both sections would consider themselves aggrieved if they were not included, whilst the inclusion of them all was a physical impossibility. I had never intimated to Lord Aberdeen the smallest desire for office, nor had I ever fully realized the probability that he could be the head of a new united Government. Then there were many subordinate offices fitted for my age which I felt I could not accept. From some I was excluded by being a peer, from others by my health, which was never very strong. A few only, therefore, remained which were suitable to my circumstances, and I felt

that for these there would be older candidates with more pressing claims. When, therefore, a week had passed since Lord Aberdeen had begun his work, and no communication had come from him, I thought it not improbable that he had found it impossible to include me. It was, consequently, an agreeable surprise when, on the morning of the 25th December, 1852, I received at Rosneath the following letter :

‘ MY DEAR DUKE,

‘ You will have been informed of the occupation in which I have been for some days, and still am, engaged.

‘ In composing the new Administration, I am very desirous of having your assistance, and I trust that you may not be unwilling to join us.

‘ As it is now probable that my present work will be brought to a successful termination, I would propose to you to take the office of Lord Privy Seal, with a seat in the Cabinet. This would not impose any serious amount of official labour upon you, and would leave you free for the exercise of your ability in the House of Lords, of which we shall stand much in need.

‘ The House will be adjourned to-day to Monday next, when I trust my list will be complete, and my explanatory statement will be made.

‘ Believe me, my dear Duke,

‘ Ever truly yours,

‘ ABERDEEN.’

To this letter I sent the following immediate reply :

‘ ROSNEATH,

‘ December 25th, 1852.

‘ MY DEAR LORD ABERDEEN,

‘ Any help I can possibly afford you in the important work you have undertaken is most heartily at your disposal, and would have been so, whether attached to you by office or not. But I hope I need hardly assure you that I feel sincerely gratified by the estimate you have been kind enough to express of the value you put upon my services. It will be a great pleasure to me to serve under a Minister whom I have always looked up to as a public

man, and whom I have, more lately, had the happiness of regarding as a private friend.

‘I think the composition of your Administration affords every hope of realizing that which is the ideal of all good government—the uniting of steady progress and a liberal policy with a firm and jealous attachment to all the old institutions and the traditionary principles of the English people.’

The particular office chosen by Lord Aberdeen for my acceptance was at first rather a surprise to me. I had been accustomed to consider it as an office usually held by elderly men whose active life was nearly over, or by men of great political influence, whose names alone were an appreciable strength to any Government. It had absolutely no administrative duties. It could afford, therefore, no administrative experience. On the other hand, it had great traditions. It had been held by Chatham, and by others of less, but still of great, distinction. It carried a seat in the Cabinet—that is to say, it carried a voice in all the deliberations and decisions of the Government on whatever questions came before it, whether legislative or executive. This was enough for me. In such an office a man may be idle if he is disposed to be so, but he may also be intensely occupied. Lord Aberdeen’s letter indicated that he expected me to help him in debate, and to do this with any usefulness or credit would demand close attention to every subject on which we might be attacked by the most formidable speaker in Parliament—Lord Derby. I saw that such an office, among such men, and at such a peculiar conjunction of public affairs, would afford me ample exercise for such faculties as I possessed. It suited, too, my taste for miscellaneous work, whilst it left me the whole Parliamentary recess for a country life, and its quiet opportunities for scientific and literary pursuits. I had, therefore, every reason to be more than satisfied, since at the comparatively early age of little more than twenty-nine and a half years I had attained an

equal place with much older men in the Councils of the State.

On my arrival in London, I found that I had conceived a very imperfect idea of the difficulties which Lord Aberdeen had met and overcome. Whether it was the sedative atmosphere of the quiet hills and waters of the Clyde; whether it was the twenty days I had spent there away from any private information of what was going on; or whether it was from my own very strong opinion that a new combination was a positive duty between two groups of men who had been long united on the one great question of the time—the defence of free trade in corn—and were not yet consciously divided on any other, certain it is that I was under the impression that Lord Aberdeen had accomplished the formation of his Cabinet with tolerable ease. But in saying something to this effect to him, I found myself encountered by an exclamation of astonishment and protest. He did not explain, and I did not ask for details. But by the kindness of my friend, now Lord Stanmore, then Arthur Gordon, Lord Aberdeen's youngest son, I have since seen the private correspondence, and I quite agree with what Gladstone said at the time, that probably no other man could have led the negotiations to a successful issue. Not only his own perfect candour towards all the sections, but his power of recommending some portion at least of that candour to others, the gentle rebukes he gave to harsh and unjust judgments, the way he frowned on excessive partisanship, his imperturbable spirit of equity and moderation, and the perfect personal confidence he inspired—all these indicated a man who lived in an atmosphere above them all. The great obstruction was undoubtedly Lord John Russell. One day he was magnanimous and helpful, the next day he was jealous and jibbing badly. Instigated and influenced by a clique of personal and domestic Whigs, he was sore and sensitive to a degree about the proportion of offices

assigned to his own old party, and was perpetually changing his mind as to what he could and could not honourably agree to, the result being that, almost up to the last moment before a public announcement was due in the House of Commons, it was uncertain whether the whole arrangement would not have to be abandoned.

When I found that the men of his own following whom Lord Aberdeen was compelled to leave out of his Administration included Lord Canning, whilst I, who was a much more recent friend, had a high place assigned to me, I was so annoyed that I at once wrote to Lord Aberdeen to tell him that if he liked to give my office to Canning I should willingly replace it in his hands. Lord Aberdeen replied at once, thanking me for my offer, but saying that he could on no account accept it, adding that the place to be assigned to me had been settled from the first, and giving me to understand that this had been agreed to by both parties.

The Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen as finally settled consisted of thirteen members. Of these, six were Peelites, and seven were Whigs or Radicals. As regards mere numbers, this was not an unfair division; but as regards the proportion borne to Parliamentary parties, there was much to excuse the Whigs in the discontent they felt and did not conceal. They pointed out that the Whigs and Radicals represented 270 members of the House of Commons, whilst the Peelite party did not number above 30—not more than the Irish Brigade. But this way of counting overlooked all those peculiarities of the situation which made the Peelites the most representative men of the most enlightened school of Conservatism, and the only men of great political experience in a new condition of political affairs.

On the 29th December, 1852, Lord Aberdeen first called together his new colleagues at a Cabinet dinner in his own house. It was with immense pleasure and curiosity that I looked forward to this meeting. The

place, the occasion, and the men were all of the highest interest to me. The place was the house which had been the habitation of my family in London for several generations. My uncle had sold it to Lord Aberdeen early in the century, but Lord Aberdeen had never changed its name, and it was known as Argyll House till his death. It was the house from which my brave and beautiful grandmother had defied the savage mobs whose cry was 'Wilkes and liberty!' It was the house from which my own father recollected seeing the flare and hearing the shouts of Lord George Gordon's riots, and the frightened cry of the servants, 'What shall we do with the child?' This, indeed, was an interest comparatively small and in a sense purely personal, but it was a part, however slight, of a whole set of circumstances which brought home to me the striking continuities of our political history. The identities of mere site and of continuing walls may often be, and are sometimes, universally recognised as being strong links with former generations. But they can never be so strong as living men, whose years date back to the time of famous contests and events which, from the greatness of subsequent changes, had always seemed to us to belong alone to history and to a distant past.

The first meeting of the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen fulfilled all these conditions in an extraordinary degree. The oldest member of it was Lord Lansdowne. His own lifetime, begun in 1781, embraced the whole of the memorable Ministries of Mr. Pitt, from 1783 to his death in 1806. Lord Lansdowne's father was that Earl of Shelburne who was Prime Minister in 1782, who had placed young William Pitt in high office as his Chancellor of the Exchequer, and whose Ministry had been brought to an end by the notorious and discreditable coalition of Fox and North in 1782. Lord Lansdowne, then Lord Henry Petty, had at an early age begun a political career which was so full of promise that in 1806, in Lord Granville's Administra-

tion of 'All the Talents,' he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. In that Cabinet he sat as a colleague of Charles James Fox. If I had been told when, as a boy, I was devouring the speeches of Mr. Pitt that I should sit in a Cabinet with a colleague of Mr. Fox, I should have been indeed astonished. Yet from this came these hereditary claims on confidence which made Lord Lansdowne one of the indispensable elements in the union of parties in 1852. He represented the purest traditions of the Whig party, and though not now strong in health, he still spoke well and earnestly when he spoke at all. It was the natural consequence of a long life, spent under such conditions of great change, that he was as temperate and philosophical in his opinions as he was weighty and grave in the expression of them. It was a curious thing to see that fine old man, who had begun his official life in one coalition Government, now ending it in another, after the long interval of fifty-six years.

Lord Aberdeen himself was hardly less a striking symbol of times long gone by. His lifetime, too, had embraced the whole Ministries of Mr. Pitt, having begun in 1784—with this additional circumstance of great interest, that Mr. Pitt had been his guardian, and had so treated him as a son that he had been for years a regular member of Mr. Pitt's private household. Within seven years of Pitt's death he had been sent by Lord Castlereagh to the headquarters of the allied armies, as the confidential agent of the British Government, to encourage that active co-operation among the other Powers of Europe against the French usurper which it had been the life-struggle of the great Minister to promote.

It was no new thing with Lord Aberdeen to deal with coalitions. On a wider field, and with vaster interests at stake than any which depended on the strange guests he assembled round his table in 1852, he had, no less than forty-nine years before, been the heart and soul of that coalition among the Great Powers

of Europe upon which the fate of Europe hung. He had found infirmity of purpose, jealousies between Governments, and antagonisms between Ministers. More than any other single man, except the Duke of Wellington, he had prevailed against them by the sheer force of his character and the wisdom of his counsels. He had become the intimate and trusted friend of the Emperor Francis of Austria, and was hardly less considered by the Emperor Alexander of Russia and by the King of Prussia. He had accompanied the united armies in the advance. He had seen the carnage of Leipsic, and was with the allies at the occupation of Paris. He had been one of the Plenipotentiaries who drew up the treaties of 1814. In later years he had held the Foreign Office under Wellington in 1828-29. He had held it again under Peel in 1841-1846. It was impossible that the life of any other man could take us back more continuously to a past so completely different from the present in all the conditions of political affairs, whether at home or abroad.

Then, if there was a gap in this continuity as regarded the years subsequent to the termination of the Revolutionary War—when the nation had ceased at last to be engrossed in foreign affairs, and had begun to think seriously of needed reforms at home—this gap was entirely filled up by another of the guests at Lord Aberdeen's dinner. This was Lord John Russell. He was eleven years younger than Lord Lansdowne, and eight years younger than Lord Aberdeen. He brought one into no living touch with Pitt and Fox. He was only a little more than of age at the Peace of 1815. On the other hand, he was identified with all the domestic changes and reforms which had altered the whole condition of Parliament and the people—with Roman Catholic Emancipation, with the Abolition of the Sacramental Test in municipal and other offices, with a full and adequate representative system in the House of Commons. To me it

was a curious thing to think that, when my new colleague began life, not only had cities like Manchester and Birmingham no representatives in Parliament, but men otherwise able and sagacious were strongly opposed to the bestowal on them even of seats gained by the disfranchisement of boroughs convicted of corruption. The world in which we were to meet at Lord Aberdeen's table was a changed world indeed.

Besides Lord Lansdowne, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord John Russell, I knew I was to meet a fourth new colleague, who was as old as Lord Aberdeen, but who in recent years had become, if not more famous, at least more notorious. This was Palmerston, whose 'tit for tat with John Russell' had brought about the political crisis which had ended in our new attempt at a fusion and reconstruction. I was curious to see him in those new relations to his old friends and adversaries, in which he consented to forego his almost prescriptive claim to the Foreign Office, and to condescend to home affairs instead. His relations with the far past were less distinguished than those of his colleagues, although he was of the same age as Lord Aberdeen, and had been in official life at an earlier date. I thought then, and I think now, that the man who made the largest sacrifice of personal feeling to public duty in joining us in 1852 was Lord Palmerston. He had been almost continually in high office since 1809, under every variety of leadership, and it is a curious fact that he had been actually offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in 1807, in succession to Lord Lansdowne, by Mr. Perceval. He had been Secretary for War during the whole of Lord Liverpool's Government—that is to say, for seventeen years. It was no small distinction in the life of any man to have had a leading office in the administration of the British Army during those glorious years following 1809, when Arthur Wellesley in the Peninsula was teaching Europe that Napoleon's Generals were not invincible, and when he was carrying our arms in

triumphant and immortal campaigns from the Tagus to Toulouse. Palmerston had been Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, and Lord John Russell. It must have cost him a good deal to see that great office deliberately withheld from him, and given, at least for a time, to the Minister who had summarily dismissed him from it. I was curious to see his bearing under circumstances of union, and under the leadership of a statesman whose arguments against his own policy he had described in the House of Commons as 'antiquated imbecility.'

The personal histories of those four distinguished men—Lord Aberdeen, Lord Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston—did not exhaust the sources of interest with which I looked forward to our first collective meeting. There was another member of the new Cabinet in whom I felt considerable curiosity. He stood nearer to my own time, and I had myself seen him and heard him in a very different position. This was Sir James Graham, a large landed proprietor on the borders, a tall, handsome man, a little bald, but looking otherwise hardly past the prime of life. He was a coalition in himself. He had been a keen Whig and a prominent member of Earl Grey's Reform Cabinet. But he had seceded with Lord Stanley on the question of appropriating part of the revenues of suppressed Irish bishoprics to secular purposes. He had then, also with Lord Stanley, joined the Opposition, led by Sir Robert Peel, and I had seen him speaking in the House of Commons as Home Secretary in the Peel Cabinet of 1841. He was, indeed, one of the pillars of that Government. Although a man of large and powerful frame, he had rather a weak voice. He had no animation in his delivery, no action with his arms. He stood like a column, generally resting his weight on one leg, with the other foot against the table. But he spoke with a weight and gravity which made his speaking highly effective. I have heard Lord

Aberdeen refer to it as 'Graham's sledge-hammer.' Since the fall of Peel's Government, he had belonged to that wing of the Peelite party which looked rather towards a reunion with his old friends the Whigs than to any other basis of reconstruction. But he had absolute personal confidence in Lord Aberdeen, and had agreed to take the Admiralty in our new alliance.

None of the other members of the Cabinet, although all of them men of ability, and some on the way to greater eminence, rose above the second rank in political importance, as matters then stood. Our Lord Chancellor was Lord Cranworth, a most amiable man, well known as Baron Rolfe, and more fitted to shine on the Bench than in the Council-chamber. Lord Granville, of whom I have already spoken, was President of the Council. Both of these men, from temperament and intellectual character, were quite sure to be conciliatory elements in our combination. The Duke of Newcastle was a strong Peelite, and disliked the Whigs, but he was prudent and very reserved. He took the Colonial Office, which, unfortunately, was combined with the Ministry of War—too much for anyone to manage if a great war should arise. Newcastle was an industrious and conscientious worker, but he had no brilliancy and little initiative. The Secretaryship of War, a completely separate office, long held by Lord Palmerston, was given to Sidney Herbert, another distinguished member of the Peelite group, of whom I must say a few words, chiefly because of the great expectations which were cherished by some as to the future that might probably await him. He was handsome, refined, and graceful, all in a high degree; he had a winning smile, a most courteous manner, and great quickness of intellect and perception. He was a good speaker, and possibly his early death may have cut off from play much higher qualities; but my own conviction is that he never would have been a leader of men. The attitude of the statue in which he is commemorated at the front

of the War Office in Pall Mall expresses all I mean. It is an attitude that wants power and strength. But he, too, was sure to be a conciliatory element.

Sir Charles Wood had the Board of Control, a post for which he was admirably fitted, as he was a man of much quickness and ability, although as Chancellor of the Exchequer his finance had been one of the very weakest elements in the declining reputation of the Whigs.

A man wholly new to office—Sir William Molesworth—got the appointment of Works, with a seat in the Cabinet. This appointment was a sop to the Radicals. I am not sure, however, that it had much effect in this direction. Molesworth was a large landed proprietor, with a fine place in Cornwall. He was in favour of the ballot. But he belonged to the school of Philosophical or Benthamite Radicals. His chief distinction in Parliament was his advocacy of colonial self-government. He had delivered elaborate speeches in the House of Commons on this subject. It was not one, however, with which the Radical party took any great concern, and Molesworth was rather an individual than a typical politician of any kind. I must confess that he was the only ingredient in the new Cabinet which was in anticipation disagreeable to me. It was not his colonial policy that I cared about, nor even his advocacy of the ballot. But I disliked the Benthamite school altogether, and Molesworth was understood to be without any religious belief whatever. I ought to add that, on personal acquaintance, I was more reconciled than I had at all expected to be. Molesworth I found to be socially a rather dull, but an honest and straightforward man, with nothing aggressive or offensive in his expressed opinions—very much of what is called a good fellow in his way.

Last but not least in this enumeration of the sources of interest which made me look forward so much to the first meeting of the Aberdeen Cabinet came Gladstone, of whom in the future I shall have so much to

say that it is needless to say more here than that, as to him, the confident expectations of a distinguished future were well-nigh universal.

Gladstone's leanings during the Derby Ministry were just opposite to those of Graham. He looked rather to a reorganization of the Conservatives under Derby than to any union with the Whigs, and in his speech on Disraeli's Budget there was a passage towards the close which expressed this lingering hope so clearly that it gave considerable offence to the Whigs. But he could not refuse to join the combination formed under his old friend and chief, Lord Aberdeen, and we certainly could not well have got on without him. The historic past was well represented in the Cabinet. The present and the future would have been wanting without Gladstone.

Such being the personal composition of the new Cabinet, it remains to say a few words on the disposal of its greater offices among the formerly opposing parties. As a necessity arising out of the curious situation which had arisen, the Prime Minister was a Peelite; so was the Colonial Minister and the Secretary for War; so was the Chancellor of the Exchequer; so was the First Lord of the Admiralty—five offices of the first rank in every Government. On the other hand, the Foreign Office went to the Whigs; so did the Woolsack; so did the Home Office; so did the Board of Control; so did the Presidency of the Council—five other offices of high rank and importance—whilst Lord Lansdowne, another typical Whig, was in the Cabinet without any office at all. Molesworth, of course, was at least affiliated to the Whigs, whilst I was similarly related to the Peelites. Taken together, it was a body of men who, in personal experience, spanned the whole political history of the country, from the days of Pitt and Fox up to that date. Within the limits of our own constitutional contests, it embraced every school of politics which had been of any distinction for more than half a century. Yet

the most curious thing was that, apart from indefinite tendencies of thought and feeling, there remained absolutely nothing to divide these men, so far as any living political questions were concerned. The battle for a more adequate representation of the people—resisted for fifty years by the House of Commons, and only for one year by the House of Lords—had been fought and won. So had the battle for religious liberty as it affected Dissenters and Roman Catholics; so had the battle for free trade in corn. On this, the last and latest subject of contention, we were all agreed. No fresh one had as yet arisen, and we found ourselves together, not so much as the result of any deliberate policy, as because there was no longer any justification for our remaining separate. It was like the sudden bend taken by a great river at some point where many affluents have met, and where the waters gather and rest awhile before they take a new direction and run through a new country.

The interest of our meeting at Lord Aberdeen's house was equal to my expectation. All of us had been at least personally acquainted with each other, and many of us were friends of long standing. Any exhibition of old jealousies or antagonisms was out of the question, whilst the resources out of which good conversation comes were present in abundance.

We had a most lively and agreeable party. But what interested me most was to observe and feel the sense of comradeship which was manifestly present in at least its incipient stage. In every Cabinet the leading spirits do a good deal by private and personal understandings, and in the present case these were numerous and important. One of these, absolutely necessary at the time, was that Lord John Russell was not to embarrass us in our first session by starting the question of further changes in the constitution of the House of Commons. There was no call for it in the country. It was looked upon with dislike by almost all of us, as a personal measure of Lord John,

and none of us—not even Lord John himself—had any definite plan upon the subject. Besides which, fiscal and financial reforms stood before it, and some of them were critical and difficult, requiring immediate attention. One of these, on which many others depended, was the condition of the income-tax, which Sir Robert Peel had revived as a great instrument of finance in reforming the tariff, but which, unless renewed, was to expire at the end of the next financial year.

In every Government resting on a popular basis, new questions are liable to arise suddenly, and to be fanned into a flame if they are taken up by the press. An agitation had been rising for some time in favour of what was called at the time a ‘differentiation of the income-tax,’ which meant that a lower rate of tax should be levied on all incomes which were called ‘precarious,’ and a higher rate on all incomes which were called ‘permanent.’ All professional and all commercial incomes were to be favoured. All incomes from funded or landed property were to pay the highest rate. No notice was taken of amount. The hinge turned entirely on source. Thus widows and orphans and small annuitants of all kinds, whose incomes came from the public funds or from mortgages, were to pay the high rate of tax, while millionaire brewers, manufacturers, and merchants were to be favoured at their expense. The inequalities and injustices this system would inflict seemed to many far greater than any that could be charged against the equal rate on all incomes. But the agitation had been active. It had been inflamed by the patronage of the *Times*, and whilst its plausibility at first sight was apparent, the objections could only be appreciated by those who paid close attention to the facts, and could reason on the principles involved. Disraeli was in the position of a man who had to cover his retreat from all his Protectionist doctrines by appealing to every cry that could possibly be popular. He had, therefore,

announced in his Budget his adhesion to the principle of differentiating incomes according to their source. But Gladstone had pounced upon the fact that Disraeli, in his speech, had shown that he had not even seen the gross anomalies and injustices which must be involved unless they could be overcome, and that he had no conception of any plan for the accomplishment of this result. Nevertheless, Disraeli's unprincipled conduct on this subject obviously increased immensely the difficulties of his successor.

Before our dinner came to an end, therefore, Gladstone called the attention of his new colleagues to the great importance and the great difficulty of the problem to be solved, and expressed his wish that he might secure the help of a committee of the Cabinet, as it was one so bristling with details that the Cabinet as a whole would find it difficult to deal with unless well thrashed out beforehand. Of course, his desire was at once assented to.

It so happened that I had attended to this question a good deal, and had come to a very adverse conclusion against the agitation. Sitting, as I did at the dinner, between Lord Aberdeen and Gladstone, I had expressed my opinion to them. Gladstone was somewhat surprised that I had considered it at all. Lord Aberdeen did not profess to have gone into it carefully, but he told me his general impression that, unless we could make some concession on this subject, 'we might as well pack up our portmanteaux at once.' Such was his opinion of the hold which the idea had obtained over the public mind. Gladstone was left to suggest his own Committee, and he named Graham, Wood, Lansdowne, and myself. I was thus unexpectedly set to one of the most important bits of work which had to be done at the very outset of our course.

I do not remember that the Committee ever met collectively, but each of us was to give in to Gladstone some minute on paper, stating our conclusions and

the reasons for them. I set to work at once, that very evening beginning my paper, when I returned to Stafford House; and it was now that I first felt in all its fulness the immense advantage of early habits of composition, and of marshalling the facts and arguments applicable to a complicated and difficult case. Within about three or four days I had sent in to Gladstone my paper, stating strongly the objections I felt to the proposal of charging different rates of tax on incomes differing only in what was called the source. Gladstone sent me a pleasant acknowledgment of the value of my paper and of surprise at my promptitude in preparing it. I am not vain enough to suppose that my paper had any effect on Gladstone's decision. It would have been difficult indeed to add even one grain to the mountain of objections which that acute and eager mind could always conjure up against a course which it strongly disliked and disapproved. But it may have helped to strengthen his resolve to take some course by which to avoid and evade the difficulty, for it is a signal illustration of the reserve and skill of his political tactics that, in his great speech on Disraeli's Budget, he had carefully guarded against any declaration on the abstract principle of differentiation, and had limited himself to indicating the new and unjust anomalies which Disraeli had not even attempted to prevent. What was the opinion of my colleagues on the Committee I don't think I ever heard, but none of them were men who were likely to meet with a stiff back any very strong popular delusion which it had become dangerous to defy.

The curious Cabinet which Lord Aberdeen had succeeded in getting round him was not yet complete. The Foreign Office had been accepted by Lord John Russell only on the condition that he should be allowed to resign it at or before the meeting of Parliament, as he could not endure its labour along with the leadership of the House. It was agreed, further, that Lord Clarendon was to be his successor. This arrange-

ment was accordingly carried into effect. A new ingredient was thus imported into our wonderful amalgam, not, however, incongruous with any other. Clarendon was an immense accession to the Cabinet. He was a man of great ability, of long experience in diplomacy, and, above all, of entire freedom from any party jealousies. He had conducted the government of Ireland in a difficult time with distinguished success. As Foreign Minister, he was a far safer man than the one he succeeded. Lord John Russell's impulsive temperament was apt to find vent in an impulsive pen. He was fond of sharp sayings and incisive sentences—excellent things in debate, but not without danger in dealing with haughty and powerful Sovereigns, or with peoples sensitive and excited. Clarendon's manners were as genial and tactful to his colleagues as his despatches were admirably expressed to convey the matured opinions and inclinations of the Cabinet as a whole. With great charm of manner he had also great penetration in understanding the feelings of other men, whilst his unfailing liveliness and humour made even the most tedious business comparatively pleasant. Personally, I never became nearly so intimate with him as with Lord John Russell, but I had a great regard for him. We corresponded occasionally, and I think we were always well agreed.

With this excellent addition, the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen was finally completed. Writing, as I do now, in 1898, when I am the sole survivor of all my colleagues of forty-six years ago, I have a real pleasure in recording as a fact that the great effort Lord Aberdeen made, and which no other man could have attempted, to reconcile Whig and Conservative in the Administration was a complete and absolute success. They worked together in perfect harmony, and, so far as I know, with perfect loyalty, with the one exception to which I shall in its proper place refer. There were occasionally differences of opinion on matters of detail. There were absolutely none on matters of general

principle or of Imperial policy. Above all, it was to be noted, as the final test of a genuine amalgamation, that, when differences of opinion or even of inclination did arise, they never showed the smallest tendency to run along the old lines of party division: they always cut across these lines at all angles with complete indifference. I have been a member of every Liberal Cabinet that succeeded it for twenty-nine years, and I never saw any of them which worked more smoothly or with less individual friction. This, moreover, is to be said, which is strangely forgotten: that the amalgamation was permanent and has been lasting. The Whig party was permanently leavened, renewed, and strengthened by the Liberal Conservatives. All the Cabinets which have succeeded have been built on the foundations laid by the tact, truthfulness, and dignity of Lord Aberdeen in December, 1852.

There are some events in politics, as there are occasionally in private life, which are so big in themselves and in their consequences that, in the rolls of memory, they seem to obliterate what went before, and to distort what followed after. The Aberdeen Cabinet is popularly associated with the great war with Russia, and almost with nothing else. It is forgotten that we were a year in office before that storm burst upon us, and that we started with brilliant success upon a programme of purely domestic policy. The coming termination of the income-tax necessitated a systematic review of our financial and fiscal system, and it was one declared object of the Government to consolidate and extend the principles of those reforms in that system which had been established by Sir Robert Peel. There was law reform which claimed attention; there was the difficult subject of national education; whilst the approaching termination of what was called the Charter of the East India Company, which had been periodically renewed only from time to time, was another subject which, though not much talked of, was nevertheless one of grave importance.

And not only was this programme for our present session—hardly optional—one essentially which assumed conditions of internal peace, but for the next session, too, we contemplated some measure of Parliamentary reform—one which, more perhaps than any other, was conditional on the vessel of the State not encountering the storms of war. The only member of the Government who was considered a dangerous man, and who in very recent years had gone near to embroiling us with France, was safely tethered within the peaceful pastures of the Home Office.

It interests me now to remember how implicitly we, who were soon to engage in one of the most serious wars of the century, all then believed that ours was to be a Ministry of peace. British Governments never do entertain projects involving war.

At the opening of our first session there was no Queen's Speech, because Parliament had not been prorogued, but only adjourned, but Lord Aberdeen made a short and manly speech in explanation of the policy of his administration. As to foreign affairs, he said that, if we were called upon in any way to interfere in the affairs of other nations, he trusted it would only be in the blessed part of peacemakers—endeavouring to prevent wars, and not to cause them. As to domestic affairs, he declared the special aim of his Government to be 'the maintenance and the prudent extension of Free Trade, and of the commercial and financial system established by the late Sir Robert Peel.' In this speech, too, he placed the defence of the composition of his Cabinet on the true grounds. Lord Derby's sharp and not very scrupulous tongue had implied a charge of conspiracy against the combination which had overthrown his own party. Tired of, and probably somewhat disgusted with, the personal and party feelings which with so much difficulty he had just succeeded in overcoming, Lord Aberdeen had no patience with such accusations from the late Protectionist leader. He told Lord Derby that the

old names of Liberal and Conservative had ceased to have any definite meaning, and could no longer be allowed to impede the union of men between whom there were no substantial differences, and who could, when united, render important public services.

When I look back to the memory of that time, and when I read again contemporary documents, it seems as if there had been visible then only one cause of possible danger to the peace of Europe—other than that rottenness of the Turkish Empire in Europe which had been familiar to many generations, as charged at all times with dangerous contingencies—and that was the natural and inevitable mistrust and suspicion with which every Cabinet regarded the second empire just established in France. No human being could feel in Louis Napoleon any personal confidence, nor could anyone have reliance on his freedom from old Napoleonic aspirations, or from the lawless habits of regarding foreign relations which had revolutionized the world. Palmerston felt this distrust as strongly as any of us, and he immediately began at the Home Office to set on foot measures for national defence. Thus began that continuous movement, which has since assumed such large proportions, for more adequate defensive armaments. Men began to talk about the possibility of invasion, and to conjure up visions of the time when the great Napoleon was in his camp at Boulogne, and was raging against Villeneuve for not bringing up his fleet to embark his armament. Meantime there was nothing to be done but to keep a good look-out and to think of precautions.

CHAPTER XVIII

1844-52

ARGYLL LODGE—LONDON SOCIETY AND FRIENDS

BEFORE I proceed, however, to give an account of the memorable political events which followed, I must retrace my steps for a little to recall some of those aspects and incidents of private and social life on which, after all, the interest of an autobiography must largely depend.

My first entrance on official life involved a very considerable modification of my previous habits. Ever since my marriage, from 1844 to 1852, we had never stayed long enough in London to make it worth our while to take a house. The Sutherlands had a very large one, always half empty, and they were delighted to have us as long as we cared to stay. When, however, I took an office of high rank in the Government, I was obliged to live in London during the whole session, and in order to exercise some hospitality, it became necessary to have a house of our own. This we provided for, during a few years, by taking a house for the season only. The inconveniences, however, of these constant changes of abode, and the increasing number of our family, determined us to look out for a permanent residence.

Just at that time we heard that a villa at Campden Hill, which had long been well known in London as the residence of the Dowager-Duchess of Bedford, was for sale. It had four acres of land about it. It was beautifully planted, and had two very old oaks in the grounds which would have done no discredit to any

ancient chase in England. It was next to Holland Park, and absolutely removed from all noise of traffic. We went to see it, and the first thing I saw out of the late Duke of Bedford's room was a fine lawn covered with starlings, hunting for grubs and insects in their very peculiar fashion; moreover, there were other birds in abundance. To my amazement, I saw nut-hatches moving over the trees as if they were in some deep English woodland. Fly-catchers and warblers were also visible to my accustomed eye. There were objections: distance was to be considered. But the birds settled everything. All doubts and difficulties vanished before the rummaging of the starlings, the darting of the fly-catchers, and the agile climbing of the nut-hatches. Under such stimulus from birds it seemed quite a subordinate consideration that the lawn would be perfect for the children, and perfect, too, for breakfast-parties, as in the Duchess of Bedford's time. I returned to town, and instructed my agent at once to purchase Bedford Lodge. It has been my London House ever since, up to the present day. Some birds, alas! have ceased to tolerate our somewhat more smoky atmosphere. The reed-wren no longer hangs its beautiful pensile nest amongst our lilac-bushes. The black-cap and the willow-wren and the nut-hatches have all deserted us. But the starlings are as lively and busy as ever, and the cushat has become so tame and so familiar that its delicious voice is soothing at almost all hours to those who wish to escape from the 'fimum strepitumque Romæ.'

Casting the eyes of memory back to some of the recollections of my earlier years in London, before this quiet home had been acquired, and a somewhat new course of life had been begun, there are some persons and some incidents which I cannot omit to recall in this narrative with something of the vividness which belongs to them in my impressions of the past.

I have spoken of some of my new political colleagues in 1851 as links of great interest with statesmen long

passed away. There were at least two more such links with vanished generations which had no concern with politics. One of these was the poet Samuel Rogers. I do not recollect when or where I first made acquaintance with him, but this is not surprising. He had been a man of society in London for more than half a century. He went to every conceivable party, besides giving agreeable dinners and breakfasts at his own house. He was a lion wherever he went. His poems had at one time a great reputation. He had preceded Wordsworth, and had long preceded Byron, but that savage critic had belauded him when he was abusing others. His first poem had been published in 1786, and his latest in 1834. One edition of his collected works had been splendidly illustrated by the incomparable pencil of Turner. I confess I never cared for the poetry of Rogers, though seeing and feeling its immense polish and refinement. A single solitary line of all I had read, and this alone, ever remained in my memory, because of its graphic touch on one of the wonders of Nature, the economy of ants :

‘ And watched the emmet to her grainy nest.’

But I was always interested in meeting him. I cannot say I liked him, even as much as I could like his smooth and mellifluous lines. He was hideous to behold. When I first knew him in 1841 he was seventy-eight years of age, and he continued leading the same ubiquitous social life for ten years longer, till he was in his eighty-eighth year, but he had none of the venerable aspect of age in his appearance. He was a small man with a bald head, a very flat face, and a complexion perfectly cadaverous. His eyes were sharp and observant, but amiability was not conspicuous in the expression. His speech was slow, and always apparently premeditated. He was famous for his sharp sayings, not infrequently bitter. His temper was jealous and irritable. Yet with all this he was liked by those who knew him well, and he was said to

be generous to his poorer brethren of the pen. He had a charming house, looking on the Green Park, St. James's, where I had the honour of being a guest at one of his famous breakfasts. I remember nothing except the fine pictures, marbles, and furniture of the room, all showing very clearly the classic taste of the old poet.

There was another human link with the past connected with this period—another very old man, who was older than Rogers, and conspicuous for all the charms of age which were deficient in the poet. This was the Right Honourable Thomas Grenville. He was the second son of that George Grenville who was Prime Minister in 1735, and to whom the evil memory attaches of having passed the American Stamp Act, and of having so been the first cause of the loss of our American colonies. And yet there was in my mind no breath of disparagement attaching to the inheritance of this paternal name. In my early political education there was nothing that surprised me more than the discovery, in reading the debates and writings of the time, that the denial of any right in the Imperial Parliament to tax the colonies was founded on no law and on no authority previously acknowledged. That right had been long assumed and practised in a variety of forms. George Grenville acted on an impression of right so universal in his day that his Bill for raising a revenue on stamps to be expended on colonial defence passed through both Houses of Parliament with hardly any opposition. The claim, which to us now seems so monstrous, is a right, like many others, which was first created and established by successful fighting. George Grenville was personally one of the best men among his contemporaries. He had been intimately acquainted with, and a colleague of, Chatham, and to the last he was a friend of Burke. When he died this great man pronounced on him in the House of Commons one of those splendid eulogiums which we read and read again because of the

beauty of the diction, and because of that glow of tender and appreciative feeling which suffuses all his records of the illustrious dead.

George Grenville's second son, Thomas, of whom I have now to speak, was born in 1756, and when I first knew him had attained the great age of eighty-eight. This was in 1844. He had been at one time high in political office, having been First Lord of the Admiralty in the Administration of 1807. The Duke of Wellington told Lord Ellesmere he had never heard a clearer speaker. But his soul was in literature, and, retiring from public life, he had collected one of the finest libraries ever formed by a private person. Physically, he was a splendid old man, with a countenance of extraordinary dignity, benignity, and repose. On one occasion I dined at his house, where I met Rogers the poet; Sydney Smith the celebrated wit, Canon of St. Paul's; and Sir David Dundas, a Scottish lawyer, a good conversationalist, and, like Mr. Grenville, a great lover of books. This was the only time I ever met or even saw Sydney Smith. He was a bulky man with a large and powerful head, a curved nose, and a tremendous chin. He was evidently unwell, and as regards any expected contribution to the conversation from him, the dinner was a complete failure. He hardly spoke, and seemed dull and oppressed. Otherwise our party was agreeable enough, and would have been much more so but for an outbreak of Rogers' characteristic temper. Dundas told us some story—very well—as he always did. But Rogers never could bear to see those around him listening to anyone but himself. He therefore slowly lifted his cadaverous face, and, with a most vicious expression, said: 'I have been waiting a long time till Dundas had ended. May I be allowed now to get in one word edgeways?' Dundas could not reply, of course, to such an antiquity as Rogers, and could only look, as he did, very much annoyed. I am not sure that Mr. Grenville heard what Rogers said. Whether he did or not, he took not

the slightest notice of it, and his cheery and genial manner to all his guests soon restored our disturbed conversation to its former flow. Mr. Grenville lived about two years longer, dying in the end of 1846 at the age of ninety-one. He left to the nation his splendid collection of books, and at the British Museum his name is unmatched as the donor of 'the Grenville Library.'

Turning the eyes of memory to remarkable men of a much later generation with whom I made a friendship in those years, I find them first arrested by the great name of Wilberforce, son of that illustrious father who was one of the most intimate friends of Mr. Pitt, and the earliest champion in Parliament of negro emancipation. Samuel Wilberforce was appointed to the deanery of Westminster in 1845, and my wife and I then made a friendship with him which lasted till his death. We used to go almost every Sunday afternoon to hear his sermons in the Abbey. It was impossible at that time not to be struck with the great charm of his countenance, the earnestness of his eloquence, and the singular beauty of his voice. These were much more remarkable then than at later periods of his life, so much so that I often thought that, great as the attractions of his conversation always continued to be, those who saw him only in his later years could hardly understand the fascination he exerted over others at that earlier time. He looked younger than he really was. He was then forty years of age, and had been for some years Archdeacon of Surrey, and Vicar of one of the most populous parishes in Sussex. He was already a widower, and the marks of sorrow were conspicuous among the multitudinous expressions of his face. He was one of the Queen's chaplains, and enjoyed great favour at Court. He was the most many-sided character I have ever known, not even excepting the character of Gladstone. I believe him to have been from first to last a thoroughly good man, anxious to use his great gifts for the best in his Master's service. But his love of approbation and of admira-

tion was intense, and so also was his ambition. Too literally and too much he was 'all things to all men,' and the life in London did not improve him, or, at least, did not exhibit him at his best. He seemed to like shining in society as a man of the world, almost as much as he liked shining in the pulpit as a great preacher, or in the House of Lords as a great orator and debater.

Wilberforce became very soon a power in the Church, and imparted quite a new tone to the ecclesiastical and social work of the Bishops in their dioceses. He was the leader in the movement which ended in the revival of Convocation. His exact attitude to the great religious movement of his day at Oxford was never very clearly defined, nor, perhaps, quite consistently maintained. Before his elevation to the See of Oxford in 1855 he was believed to be strongly opposed to the Tractarian party, and this belief seems justified now when we read in his Life such passages as this: 'I confess I feel furious at the craving of men for union with idolatrous, material, sensual, domineering Rome, and their squeamish anathematizing hatred of Protestant reformed men.' This sort of language was all very well. I, for one, never could wholly believe in a great Prelate—for this he was before all other things—feeling otherwise than greatly attracted by doctrines which made almost the whole system of Christianity depend on their own particular order in the ministry of the Church. Such a magnification of the office is well-nigh irresistible to an extremely ambitious priest, but he and I never got upon the subject in private life. Once we came into collision in the House of Lords on some question which I now forget, and I was immensely amused by my friend Bishop Samuel turning upon me rather savagely, and saying: 'The noble Duke has the word "Presbyterian" written in large letters all down his back.' But we were the best of friends always. He stayed with us several times at Inveraray, and he

was coming again to visit us in a few weeks when we heard of the deplorable riding accident which, in 1873, deprived the Church of England of one of the ablest and most distinguished of her sons. His love of natural history was a great bond with me. It made him a charming companion out of doors. When he was with us it was delightful to see the quickness and eagerness of eye with which he pounced on every rare fern or moss in the luxuriant greenery of our woods and rocks, all washed by the tepid vapours of the Atlantic.

There was one other clergyman of the Church of England with whom I had some personal relations, in those years between 1845 and 1853, which have left a lasting impression on my memory. He was in everything an absolute contrast to Bishop Wilberforce. Except that he was in Orders, he was as little as possible an ecclesiastic. He had no ambition, no social gifts, no brilliant eloquence. He had no attraction of manner or of conversation. Even his appearance was against him. He was a short man, with broad shoulders and a short neck. He had a pale face, deeply scored with the lines of meditation and thought. His eyes alone were striking, when well looked into. They were large and fine eyes, with a very earnest and a somewhat perplexed expression. They seemed to be always saying, 'Open Thou my eyes, that I may behold the wondrous things contained in Thy law.' Such was Frederick D. Maurice, than whom few writers had a greater influence on the theology of thoughtful Englishmen at that time. He concerned himself little with the sphere of ideas within which the Tractarian party moved, and almost as little with the host of its opponents. His abode was in the higher conceptions of Christian belief, and his delight was to set forth the purest spiritual meaning which they contained. I used to attend his services frequently when he was preacher at Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The audience in that chapel was remarkable. It was a small congregation, but consisting almost entirely of highly-educated and intellectual men, connected with the Inns of Court. Maurice's sermons were always interesting, and some of them most impressive. I always listened to them with great attention, although on coming away I was generally conscious of a certain feeling of incompleteness, as of a want unsatisfied. He was the first English clergyman who directed Christian thought to the social problems of political economy, in this line of action being associated with Charles Kingsley. Maurice founded a working men's college in London, and in connection with it he used to hold meetings with the Artisan College, in which free discussion was encouraged. At his invitation I attended one, where an incident occurred which arrested all my attention at the time, and was of use to me in later years. A workman got up in the middle of the meeting and addressed the chairman in some such words as these: 'Mr. Chairman, I wish you could explain to me a question I have never been able to understand. Why should any other man be entitled to make a profit out of my labour? Surely the whole product of that labour ought to be my own, and not a part of it only. Why should another man take a large share of it for himself?' I had not at that time studied political economy as a science. Of course, I knew the commonplaces of the Protectionist and of the Free Trade schools, in so far as they had become stereotyped in political contention, but as a branch of abstract philosophy I had never really grasped its fundamental principles, and I had been repelled rather than attracted by the little reading I had attempted on the subject. I felt at once that the question put by the working man was a question which I could not really answer. Of course, it was easy to see a rejoinder which might silence the man without satisfying him. For example, it would have been easy to tell him that, if no other man could be allowed to make a profit out

of his labour, neither would any other man ever offer to employ him. But I felt how unsatisfactory this rejoinder would have been, both to him and to myself, what a very little way it went towards explaining the reason and philosophy of an assumed law. I forget the answer that was actually given, but that question has come back upon me again and again in after-years as one which goes very deep indeed, and explains much of the inarticulate discontent which lies at the root of what we call our labour troubles.

I often wished to see more of Maurice than I did, but he never entered into what is called society in London, and when he called at my house he was very shy and reserved. On the high themes on which his mind was set it was, indeed, impossible to enter in general conversation. The only place in which one can form an intimate friendship with such a man is a country house, and one such there was in England where he was deeply loved. That was Farringford, the house of Tennyson in the Isle of Wight. The charming lines addressed to him by the Laureate in 1854 are a splendid monument to the fascination of his character, and the virtuous independence of his intellect. Like all men who deal honestly with the stereotyped phrases of technical orthodoxy, Maurice suffered from the accusations of heresy, which are always at the call of ignorance and malice. But among all the theologians of my time, I suspect that no one has had a wider influence than Maurice on the religious thought of England, from the time he began to publish his works in 1840, till his death in 1872, a period of more than thirty years.

In recalling the years between 1844 and my entering upon official life in the end of 1852, there is no circumstance of my life in London which I recall with greater pleasure than the habit which then, and for some years later, prevailed among literary men, of giving each other breakfasts—I mean real breakfasts, the first meal of the day—to which they invited a certain

limited number of their friends, enough to afford some variety, but never so many as to prevent the conversation from being general. The hour was usually 9.30 or 10 a.m., and the gathering generally lasted for an hour and a half or two hours. Of course, there are drawbacks to this custom. It breaks into some of the best hours of the day for the business of life; it is incompatible with late hours in Parliament, and to men not in robust health it is often inconvenient. But under all other conditions, breakfast-parties are charming additions to the opportunities of social life. They had this great advantage: that men who could not afford to give dinners could always give breakfasts. I used to be very fond of them, and had the satisfaction of being often asked by those whose society was most agreeable.

The principal breakfast-givers were Bishop Samuel Wilberforce; Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton; Henry Hallam, the historian, and the father of that Arthur who has been immortalized by Tennyson; Macaulay; Lord Mahon, afterwards Earl Stanhope; Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist; and a few others. Some of them had a certain speciality about their guests. At Monckton Milnes' table one was pretty sure to meet some political refugee from the storms of Continental revolution, amongst whom his selection was not conventional. Milnes was not particular. I doubt if there were many kinds of political crime which would have excluded any refugee from Milnes' hospitality. He received all men with the same jovial and rollicking geniality. Delighting in paradox, he made his parties very lively and entertaining, whilst there was seldom wanting some man of heavier calibre than the rest. It was at his table that I met Herbert Spencer the philosopher. Lord Mahon was pretty sure to have any distinguished foreigner of the higher class that might be caught in London. There I met two illustrious Frenchmen, both literary men of the highest eminence, and both,

in very different spheres, also politicians. One was Guizot, the fallen Minister of a fallen dynasty; the other was Alexis de Tocqueville, author of the celebrated book upon democracy, which had then an immense reputation in the world. I had no opportunity of personal conversation with either of them, but both struck me as quite typical Frenchmen of the highest intellectual class. Guizot was a short man, with a very high, rather pyramidal forehead, scanty grey hair, aquiline nose, and quick, rather haughty eyes. De Tocqueville was a still smaller man, delicate, almost fragile, in general appearance, with a small, pale face, quick eyes, and a general look of great refinement. Breakfast-parties almost always consisted of men only. Those who gave them were generally bachelors. But there were two exceptions—Lord Mahon and Sir Charles Lyell. Both had pretty and charming wives, and they generally invited some ladies to their breakfasts. My wife was on one occasion Lady Mahon's guest, and she was much captivated by De Tocqueville, whose gentleness of manner, great refinement of character, and high intellectual power, all shone through his attenuated face and frame. Soon after his return to France he was attacked by hæmorrhage from the lungs, and a hasty retreat to the delicious Riviera, with its beauty and its sunshine, was too late to save that most distinguished life.

Bishop Wilberforce's breakfasts were always most agreeable. The first I ever attended in London was at his house in 1845, just after his promotion from the Deanery of Westminster to the See of Oxford. There I met for the first and last time in social intercourse Mr. (afterwards the famous Cardinal) Manning, who had been married to a sister of the Bishop's wife. The little rift within the lute, which by-and-by made that music mute, did not seem to have as yet arisen between the two widowers, and both were equally attached, I noted, to their old mother-in-law, Mrs.

Sargent, who was present at the breakfast. I was rather struck with Manning, at that time little known, whose stiff but grave and ascetic face was even then remarkable, and presented a curious contrast to the lively and playful countenance of the Bishop. Soon after I heard him preach in St. Margaret's Church at Westminster, when his sermon struck me as one of decided power and of a peculiar character, unusually simple, serious, and severe.

Sir Charles Lyell's breakfasts were always a great pleasure to me. Of course, they were largely scientific as well as literary in their character, and it was interesting to hear Lyell talk when he was full of some new fact in his special science, which bore on his favourite theory of the uniformity of geological causation from the earliest to the latest time. Of that theory I had always a profound distrust, except under such limitations of meaning as greatly affected the whole conception. But Lyell was always most faithful to facts, and his eagerness in gathering and recording them made his company to me a perpetual delight. Lyell thoroughly deserved the great reputation of his books, and especially of his first, 'The Principles of Geology.' He had a theory without being a mere theorist. That theory never was accepted on the Continent as it was to a great extent in England. But, however great may be the deductions to be made from its truth—and I think they are very large—he never was himself at all a dogmatist. He used his theory as scientific hypotheses ought always to be used — as a string of thought by which the gems of ascertained fact could be connected with each other. It was, moreover, a theory which was invaluable in leading men to watch and see how much is being done or prepared, even now, in the way of geological causation. Lyell was himself always open to the significance of new facts, and no man was ever more eager in searching for them. He had a curious but very agreeable way of speaking in a half-whisper, when he had anything new to tell, as if he

was almost in awe of the immensities of time and of the mysteries of creation with which his science dealt, and on which the new fact might be found to tell. Lady Lyell was a very pretty and clever little woman, his efficient helpmate in all his literary works. She was a sister of Leonard Horner, a man of whom much had been expected by his college friends, from his eminent abilities.

Macaulay threw out a wider net in selecting his guests for breakfast. His political as well as his literary friends figured largely there. But it mattered little who formed the party, so far as conversation was concerned, for nobody listened to anyone except to Macaulay himself. Macaulay was the only great conversationalist I have ever heard. Of course, it was peculiar. There was very little 'give and take.' It was more like soliloquy than conversation. If anyone did interfere, perhaps to ask a question, Macaulay would instantly reply, 'Don't you remember?' and then recommence with endless quotations in illustration of his reply. Some people thought it oppressive, and Sydney Smith's famous joke about Macaulay's brilliant 'flashes of silence' was as true as it was witty. This must have been the feeling of men who, like Sydney Smith, wished themselves to talk. But as I never had the least ambition of this kind, I confess that Macaulay's conversation was as delightful as it was wonderful to me. It was the outpouring of an inexhaustible memory, illuminated by a brilliant intellect. And there was one characteristic especially enjoyable in Macaulay's conversation, and that was its spontaneity. There never was the least possibility of suspecting at his table that any subject was introduced in order that he might hold forth upon it. Anything and everything that turned up on any branch of history or of literature drew forth from him the lively flow of his abundant stores. The criticism might have been made that there was in his conversation the same fault as in his writings—that he drew always

in strong lines and in somewhat violent colours, that the nicer shadows were wanting. But the strength and vigour of his language always carried one away with unceasing surprise and admiration.

It was at one of Macaulay's breakfasts, when he lived in the Albany, that I saw an incident which was a curious physical counterpart of the mental phenomena I had seen in connection with mesmerism in Professor Gregory's house in Edinburgh. The party was unusually large for a breakfast. I think there were a dozen or more guests. The eatables had nearly disappeared, and over coffee and tea we were enjoying a quiet and serious general conversation, when someone introduced the subject of mesmeric table-turning. Macaulay was always perfectly intolerant on the subject. He was vociferous in his expressions of ridicule and contempt. Whereupon one of the guests said: 'Well, now, here we are, more than a dozen people, all knowing each other, and all sitting round one table. Why should we not join hands round it, and make one continuous chain, and then see if anything happens.' 'By all means,' said Macaulay, 'but on one condition only—that we don't cease talking.' Amid much laughter this was universally agreed to, and we all joined hands on the surface of the table, resuming conversation as before. Before we had sat thus more than a very few minutes—less than five certainly—we all felt the table give a sudden jolt or jump in an upward direction. I shall never forget Macaulay's face. I was sitting next him, and my hand of course was touching his. He betrayed in his expression astonishment, bordering on alarm. He let go my hand, jumped up on his feet, pushed back his chair, and, lifting the tablecloth, peered under the table to see if anyone was there who could have caused the motion by lifting it on his shoulders for a moment. There was nothing there. Macaulay then resumed his seat, and proceeded to ask each of the guests: 'Did you give a shove to the table?' All

replied in the negative, till he came to Bishop Wilberforce, who said: 'Well, I am not quite sure that I may not unconsciously have given it a little push.' On this ridiculous reply Macaulay rode off—'Ah, there it is; I thought so'—and he would hear no more upon the subject. This was a curious exhibition of character on the part of Wilberforce. I felt at the time, and I feel equally sure now, that he was tempted to say what he did by his invincible love of saying what would please. He saw that Macaulay was taking the matter rather seriously, and was annoyed as well as much surprised. He knew the explanation current at the time, that table movements were due to the unconscious pressure exerted by a number of hands and arms in some particular direction. So, wishing to let Macaulay 'down easy,' he gave the ambiguous answer which just afforded the requisite loophole of escape. I do not say this because I was then, or am now, either a determined believer or a determined disbeliever in the effects produced by that unknown agency which went by the name of mesmerism: I say it because I was quite certain that the Bishop's half-suggested explanation was absolutely inapplicable to the case. The table at which we sat was not one of those small and light tables at which the experiment was often tried. It was a large and heavy dining-table, resting on several legs, upon a carpet offering much friction to any movement upon its surface. If all the guests at the table had agreed to push or shove in any one direction at one and the same time, they could never have produced the motion we all felt, even if they could have produced any motion at all. The movement was not one of sliding or slipping along the floor: it was a movement of sudden lifting and as sudden dropping—a heaving, and a jolt in falling again. Something had overcome the weight of the table, had lifted it through a small space, and let it fall again with a thump. I have no theory to offer, any more than I had any theory to explain the strange mental phenomena I

have described in connection with the same subject at Edinburgh. I was then, and I still am, content to believe that there are agencies of great and subtle power of which we know nothing, and the instances of which it is immaterial to discuss, because the laws and conditions of their working are as yet unknown.

I only recollect once breakfasting with the venerable Henry Hallam, the eminent historian. I found it somewhat difficult to distinguish between the atmosphere of feeling in which I then regarded him and that in which he came to be surrounded in later years, by an inseparable association with the immortal poem dedicated to his lost elder son. As it so happened, I had derived more knowledge from the works of Hallam—his ‘Constitutional History of England’ and his ‘Literature of Europe’—than from any others I could have named, and I felt anxious to know him better personally. I had been told that in private conversation he was disposed to be antagonistic and contradictory. I found him, on the contrary, everything that was gentle and agreeable. He had then suffered that first great loss which all the world has been led to mourn with him. But his second loss of the same kind, that of his only remaining son, had not yet occurred, and that son was at the table with us. Even then there was an air of melancholy submission about the old man which was touching, and which seemed almost the presage of further sorrows. I recollect being told that he could not bear any talk on the subject of mesmerism, and that on one occasion, when it had been introduced in his presence, he became somewhat agitated, and said abruptly: ‘I’ve heard a voice.’ Of course, the subject was immediately changed. Hallam was a man of middle size, with a square head, a very massive brow, rather small blue eyes, deeply set, with a slightly aquiline nose, and a very strong chin, with a projecting under-jaw and lip. His hair was very grey, but was not white. He was considered pre-eminently

the Whig historian. We had great pleasure at a later date in persuading him to visit us at Inveraray. He had none of Macaulay's extraordinary conversational powers. But before I knew him his sorrows had much weighed him down, and I was told that a few years earlier, when he and Macaulay met, there was often a splendid display of fighting between the two, Hallam's utterance being often too fast for distinct pronounciation of his eager and rapid words.

It is needless here to say much about Gladstone's breakfasts, both because they continued far into later years, and because they formed a very small part of my social intimacy with him. I may say, however, that they were always most agreeable, from his own great charm and wealth of conversation, and from the variety of the sources from which the guests were drawn. They were widely miscellaneous. Art and Theology, as well as mere literature, sent their contingents, whilst of course the ranks of politicians were often represented. It was at one of these parties that I first saw Arthur Balfour, of whom our host spoke to me in highly appreciative terms.

It was during the same early years in London that I made a rather intimate acquaintance with Professor Owen. He was then Curator of the Hunterian Museum in Lincoln's Inn Square, and besides frequent visits there, I occasionally attended his lectures on the growing science of paleontology. In his lecture-room, long before the publication of Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' which did not take place till 1859, I became familiar with the significant but mysterious fact of the gradual appearance in the course of time of our domesticable animals, that they had been late introductions before the advent of man, and that approaches to their peculiar structure could be traced through an advancing series of pre-existing forms, as if these were being gradually prepared. He particularly mentioned a creature which for several ages was making a gradual approach to the special and quite peculiar organiza-

tion of the horse. Owen did not connect this series of forms with any theory as to its physical cause, whether of hereditary descent or otherwise: he was content with indicating the indisputable fact. These facts, however dim and vague in their details, delighted me, as indications of that same element of preparation and design for a future destiny which had been so long familiar to me in the growth of the elements out of which wings are made in existing birds. I thought much on this subject and on the problems which it suggests. These problems are, indeed, innumerable, and although they may be for ever insoluble, yet every thought about them is so full of suggestiveness that reflecting on the subject is an education in itself. I cannot say that I did this in the pursuance of any deliberate plan of study; I did it in pursuance of an instinctive tendency of my own mind, of which I have been conscious from very early years, never to feel contented with the knowledge of mere facts, but always to think and speculate on what follows from them—that is to say, on what they lead up to or involve. By dint of this tendency and constant habit, I found that I was gaining more or less a grasp at least of principles, and a power of referring to its proper place in science any new fact or discovery which was being brought to light.

It was curious to me to note how very few hearers ever attended those lectures, delivered by a man then already of great reputation, nearly connected by discipleship with the illustrious Cuvier, and his only representative and successor in the wide sphere of comparative anatomy. In Scotland such lectures would have been crowded by men of very different classes. But in England the habit of attending scientific lectures has never been formed, and I used to sit with some half-dozen, or at most a score, of listeners when facts and ideas of the highest mystery and interest were being communicated by a very accomplished lecturer. I soon became very fond of

Owen. He was a very singular-looking man—tall, raw-boned, and gaunt, with an immense head. His face was very large, with a prodigious forehead, and very large eyes, which seemed highly speculative and pondering in thought, as well as watchful of all external things. He had very high and broad cheek-bones; the mouth was small; but the most peculiar feature of Owen's frame was his hand. He used to tell us that the 'opposable digit' of the human hand—the thumb—was the great peculiarity of man's structure, being the member which gave to the hand its special powers of various manipulation, a peculiarity in which none of the lower animals, not even the highest apes, have any share. But Owen had fingers and a thumb which seemed to me to be 'opposable' through arcs of movement larger and wider than were attainable by other men. His fingers seemed to lap round the objects he handled, so as completely to invest them with a soft but universal application. It was beautiful to see him holding some delicate articulation of bones, so round and round that the whole of it was embraced, and yet so tenderly that not the most delicate portions could be crushed. Owen was reputed among scientific men to be not without some faults of jealousy, but to outsiders generally, and to me in particular, he was always most charming and instructive. I persuaded him to come to Inveraray, and there I had the happiness of introducing him to a living creature which he had never seen before, and the continued existence of which in our time is connected with one of the great mysteries in the history of organic life. That mystery is the substitution of one kind and pattern of creature for another pattern, which becomes obsolete and extinct. Thus, in the secondary ages, the shell-fish of the ocean were in large proportion of a very peculiar form and structure, called brachiopods. Other shell-fish, widely different both in structure and in form, have now usurped their place. But here and there the old brachiopods

survive, and it happens that one of these places is Loch Fyne. I took Owen out in a boat, and we dredged up at a certain spot some ten or a dozen specimens of living brachiopods, closely resembling the antique and almost vanished forms, with which he was so well acquainted in the museums. He was much interested and delighted. I was a close reader of all Owen's books, and he seldom wrote any important scientific paper without sending me an early copy. His book on the 'Nature of Limbs' was an education in itself to me. I had been accustomed from childhood to look at the wings of a bird as in the nature of an elaborate apparatus for the accomplishment of flight. I saw that this explanation of them was in no way superseded, but that another and larger question was raised by Owen—namely, What were wings in relation to the arms of men and to the legs of dogs, even to the fins of fishes, and to the limbs of all other creatures having a vertebrate skeleton?

When Professor Owen rose above the horizon, I soon made acquaintance with him, and I read with intense interest his celebrated book 'On the Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton.' This dealt with the same question in still larger and more fundamental aspects. By this course of reading, which included, of course, all the relative papers in the scientific journals, I felt myself comparatively well furnished with data, both of facts and of inferences from them, to deal with the memorable book of Darwin when it was published in 1859.

It was in London in the years 1848 and 1849 that my wife and I first made acquaintance with a number of Americans, some of whom became fast friends for life, and all of whom contributed no small share to our social enjoyments. Lord Carlisle had met them when he was in America, and, of course, they were most cordially received at Stafford House, and, indeed, in London society generally. The first who came was Charles Sumner, the leader of the Abolitionist party

in the American Senate. He was a tall, good-looking man, very erect in attitude, with a genial smile and a very intellectual expression. We became very intimate friends, and he visited us repeatedly at Inveraray. I always found his conversation full of charm, not only from his devotion to one great cause, but from his wide and cultivated interest in literature and in art. Prescott, the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, was another of this group of Americans, a man of quite singular charm of countenance, of manners, and of conversation. All but a very few of the Americans I speak of were in favour of the abolition of slavery, and we forget now what that opinion exposed them to at that time. The fierce passions which it aroused, not only in the Southern States, but in the North, permeated all the relations of society and of private life. The result, of course, was that only minds of the highest moral fibre were able to confront the blast. And to this fibre, in greater or less proportion, every human character must owe any charm it can possess. Americans of the highly cultured class appear to have an openness and artlessness of nature which give and invite confidential friendship. There could not be two more different men than Sumner and Prescott—Sumner immersed in politics and engrossed with one great subject of fierce contention; Prescott a typical man of letters, a quiet student, and a calm and reflective writer. Yet they both had in an eminent degree that tenderness and gentleness of manners that surely and speedily turns acquaintance into affection.


Among the Americans who came to London in 1849 was Emerson, the celebrated essayist. In some respects he was the analogue of our own Thomas Carlyle. They both held the same aberrant place in the literature of their time—a place which defied classification—voices like those of prophets crying in the wilderness, and when listened to, dimly understood. And yet nothing could be more absolutely different than those

two men personally. Carlyle was eruptive, loud, and often violent and even coarse in his sentiments and in his language, with an expression sometimes almost diabolical. Emerson was calm, peaceful, reflective, and had always the countenance and expression of a seraph. I went with Lord Carlisle to hear one of Emerson's lectures in London. It was full of a dreamy beauty, delivered slowly, in an equable and pleasant voice, and with perfect calmness of countenance and expression. There was no continuous thread of thought nor central principle of intellectual conception. It was one continuous flow of sentiment, of precept, of imagery, and of exhortation. It was like watching some beautiful butterfly in its flight over a boundless prairie, picking out and lighting upon all the flowers, and then passing on with some little sip of honey. I recollect well one sentence, typical of many others: 'Crowd as many virtues as you can into the soft fresco of the present, for it is hourly hardening into an immortal picture.' This is a fine image, finely expressed, and there were many other passages of a similar kind of beauty. But when this sort of thing went on for an hour, ranging over the whole field of sentiment and benevolence, it did rather begin to cloy. Above all, one felt at the end that it was wanting in bone and gristle. It was like the diffused perfume of Christian ethics, but without its doctrine or its teaching, and therefore without its power. I found that Carlisle entirely agreed with me on its vagueness and want of grip. I met Emerson afterwards at Stafford House, and he gave me personally the same impression. His countenance was beautiful in a way. It was full of a sweet tranquillity, as if we were all living in the best possible of worlds, and had nothing to do but to interpret it aright in order to realise that it was so. He had none of the sadness of the old Stoics, but all that was loftier in him than in them seemed to be simply borrowed from Christianity, only without acknowledgment.

There was one other solitary figure which passes vividly across the stage of memory as I recall those days—the figure of one who left a deep impression on her time and a lasting blessing to the generations following. I refer to Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the great Quakeress philanthropist-reformer. The story of her entering, alone and entirely undefended, into a prison reserved for abandoned and vicious women, of whom even the keepers were so afraid that they never could go except in company, is a story which used to thrill me with admiration and astonishment. It was a great pleasure, therefore, to meet this illustrious woman. She was the only really very great human being I have ever met with whom it was impossible to be disappointed. She was, in the fullest sense of the word, a majestic woman. She was already advanced in years, and had a very tall and stately figure. But it was her countenance that was so striking. Her features were handsome, in the sense of being well-proportioned, but they were not in the usual sense beautiful. Her eyes were not large, or brilliant, or transparent. They were only calm and wise and steady. But over the whole countenance there was an ineffable expression of sweetness, dignity, and power. It was impossible not to feel some awe before her, as before some superior being. I understood in a moment the story of the prison. She needed no defence but that of her own noble and almost divine countenance. A few well-known words came to my mind the moment I saw her: ‘The peace of God that passeth all understanding.’ They summarized the whole expression of her face. It is a rare thing indeed, in this poor world of ours, to see any man or any woman whose personality responds perfectly to the ideal conception formed of an heroic character and an heroic life.

At this time I often met Sir Robert Inglis, the President of the Literary Society I have mentioned, whose dinners were held at the Thatched House Tavern in St. James’s Street, where I spent many

pleasant evenings. This club, although not confined to authors, was composed of men with some flavour of literature about them. There was no great celebrity in it during the few years I continued to be a member, but it was frequented by a number of very clever and agreeable men. Our chairman, Sir Robert Inglis, was the best-known man among us. I had known him well—at least, by sight and by reputation—ever since I had attended the House of Commons debates as a boy. There was no man more familiar or more respected in that Assembly. He was a man rather below the middle height, stout and rotund in figure, with head of the most shining and polished baldness. He had a rubicund face, a profile gently aquiline, rather small eyes, and a most mild and benevolent expression. The perfect blandness and courtesy of his address was in strange contrast with the rigidity of his opinions. As regards these, he was a perfect, and almost the only remaining, specimen of the old High Tory and of the old-fashioned High Churchman. He had never detected the slightest difference between the Articles and certain parts of the devotional forms of the Liturgy. The 'New Oxford Movement,' then called Puseyism or Tractarianism, passed under Sir Robert Inglis's feet without making him budge one inch. The affectation of translating the well-known word 'Roman' into 'Catholic,' and the endeavour to make the Church of England more 'Catholic' than it was, revolted him. He was what would now be called an Ultra-Protestant. He hugged those large and characteristic parts of the English Prayer-Book which repudiated and condemned Romanism in all its leading ideas, and he resisted every movement of Liberalism which weakened, as he thought, the defences of the Protestant Constitution in Church and State. His well-known and uncompromising opinions on all these subjects were vividly brought before me during the performance of a ceremony shortly after the formation of the Aberdeen Government.



Sir Robert Inglis was included in a new batch of Privy Councillors. For the purpose of swearing in new members, meetings of the Privy Council with the Queen were then generally held at Buckingham Palace. The Queen sat at one end of a long green baize table, with the Prince Consort in a chair at her right hand. On Her Majesty's left hand stood the Clerk of the Council with the documents requiring the Queen's signature and the Book of the Oaths, which a new Privy Councillor was required to take whilst kneeling on a cushion beside the Queen's chair, before kissing Her Majesty's hand. The Queen always maintained the utmost dignity and gravity of demeanour, although the terms of the oath then administered somewhat grated on the ear, redolent as it was of old revolutionary times, when Roman doctrines were a real danger, were denounced as 'damnable,' and were solemnly repudiated by the new member of Her Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council. When Sir Robert Inglis's rubicund face and bald head were seen surmounting the table close to the Queen's left hand, and when he came to the most spicy words in the oath, repudiating the old Jacobite heresies, it seemed as if the worthy Baronet repeated them with special unction: 'I renounce and abhor the damnable doctrine.' Whereupon Lord Aberdeen, who was sitting next to me, only some two or three chairs down the right-hand side of the table, leaned over towards me and said emphatically, in rather a loud whisper: 'That he does.' It was very naughty of him, for I was really afraid that the quick eyes and even ears of the Queen might catch the interposition of her Prime Minister.

Before returning now to the main stream of my life as a member of the new Government, I may mention, as a lasting source of regret, that in social intercourse I never met Charles Dickens, although I was a great admirer of his writings, and although some of my own friends were friends of his. I heard him make one speech at the annual dinner of the Royal

Academy, and at a later date I heard him read and act from one of his own tales. As a speaker he was quite peculiar. It was the very perfection of neatness and precision in language—the speaking of a man who knew exactly what he was going to say, and how best to say it. But it was without fire, or tones of enthusiasm, or flights of fancy; there was nothing that makes the orator. On the other hand, in dramatic reading and in acting, he was really wonderful, full of the most various powers in the expression of humour, and of pathos, and of ferocious villainy. Dickens had the faculty, which many great actors have had, of somehow getting rid of their own physical identity, and appearing with a wholly different face and a wholly different voice. I never saw this power so astonishingly exerted as by Charles Dickens.

CHAPTER XIX

1853

GLADSTONE'S BUDGET

To return to the political world, it so happened, by the purest accident, that I had to bring before the Cabinet the determining consideration in an important question. That was whether the subject of the relations of the East India Company to the Crown in the government of India should be immediately dealt with, or postponed to another year. The periodical time for which those relations had been settled came round again in 1854, and they had to be reconsidered. This was a subject on which I was well grounded by a thorough knowledge of the principles involved in the great struggle between Pitt and Fox in 1784. That knowledge had brought home to me, what few people seemed to understand, that under Pitt's ingenious scheme, which Parliament adopted, and which had lasted then for seventy-four years, the government of India, properly so called, was entirely in the hands of the Crown, and that the name and machinery of the Company were kept up for one purpose only—that of keeping out of the hands of Ministers at home the power of jobbing the immense patronage and the lucrative trade which were the incidents of administration. The Court of Directors had been kept up for this and for no other purpose. Nearly all the political orders of that body were absolutely subject to the Ministers of the Crown. The Crown, through the Board of Control, could not only alter and amend any despatch, but could cancel it, and substitute another

in its stead. The only thing they could not do was to use the revenues of India or the patronage of India for the purposes of political corruption.

Knowing all this, I always looked upon the cry that the government of India ought to be transferred from the Company to the Crown as to a large extent nonsense, inasmuch as it asked for that which had been already done. One great political power had been indeed left in the hands of the Court of Directors—that of recalling the Governor-General appointed by the Crown. But this was a power clearly meant to meet extreme cases. It had been very lately exercised, when the directors recalled Lord Ellenborough, the nominee of the strong Government of Sir Robert Peel. But this exercise of a power usually dormant had been very widely approved by the country. On the whole, therefore, I saw no good reason for change, and was disposed to regard any proposed modifications as matters of small importance. There was no public agitation on the subject. No great interest in the country was aggrieved by the Company, since it had been deprived of its old monopolies of trade to China and to India. Still, there always is in the House of Commons some jealousy of outside bodies like the Court of Directors, with large powers over which it has no right of interference. A Committee had been sitting for some time on the subject, but had not yet reported. The members of the new Government had paid little attention to the matter, and had no definite views upon it. Under these circumstances, there was a great temptation to postpone the question to another session, and to pass an interim continuance Act in the meantime. This, I think, would certainly have been the conclusion come to, but for the accidental information which I brought to the Cabinet.

During the early months of 1853 my wife and I were residing with the Sutherlands at the beautiful villa of Cliveden, near Taplow, which the Duke had lately bought. I delighted in it, not only for the loveliness

of the position, but for the wealth of birds in its woods and shrubberies. I used to go into London for Cabinet meetings by rail, returning in the evening to Clieveden. I did so for a Cabinet at which it had been settled that the question about the East India Company should be decided. At Paddington Station an office-messenger brought to me my letters, and the first one I opened was a long one from Dalhousie, the Governor-General of India. I had been in occasional correspondence with him ever since he had left home. He had been pleased by my speech at his farewell banquet in Edinburgh, and I had watched his brilliant career in India with the pleasure of a kinsman and a friend. On reading his letter, I found that, whilst he felt he had no right to volunteer his opinion on any changes which the Cabinet might desire to make on the framework of the government of India, as between the Crown and the organs of the Company, he did feel free to express his anxious hope that there would be no postponement, since such a course might give rise to speculations and agitations not without risk to the authority of the Imperial Government. Of course, I took that letter at once to the Cabinet, and it decided the matter. I recollect Graham solemnly shaking his Olympian head, and saying: 'We can't go against so decided an opinion from the Governor-General.' Strange to say, Dalhousie himself was rather cross with me for reading to my colleagues a letter which was private. But I defended myself vigorously, and told him that I held it to be my absolute duty to inform my colleagues of his opinion, and I heard no more of the matter. Aberdeen and Charles Wood between them cooked up a Bill, resettling the government of India practically on the same basis, and it passed through both Houses with no difficulty.

I now come to one great experience of my official life which gave me a more lively pleasure than any other, and which even now often fills me with astonishment and admiration. We all knew that our fate as a

Government would depend on Gladstone's proposals on finance. This was not a usual condition of affairs. At all times, indeed, the defeat of any Government on its Budget would be serious or fatal. But it is not very often that Governments are compelled to make very highly critical proposals of a purely financial kind. In war, or in times of immediately apprehended war, the advisers of the Crown enjoy an authority derived from their position which discourages any attack on their plans for meeting the necessary cost. But this was not our case, so far as any of us then knew. On the contrary, it was a time of profound peace. And yet a variety of circumstances compelled us to devise some new scheme of public income and expenditure, and the whole attention of the people was set upon our plans—and that, too, in a highly critical spirit. It was upon the Budget that we had defeated the late Government. If any debate ever turns a division, that vote of the House of Commons had been determined by Gladstone's splendid dissection of Disraeli's pretentious Budget. And, besides this necessity arising out of universal public expectation, a still more definite necessity arose out of the fact that the period for which the income-tax had been established was just about to terminate. There was, moreover, a fierce agitation against its renewal, unless it was to be reconstructed on vague principles, which had never yet been tested in the light of any close reasoning, or of any clear exposition of the consequences such a reconstruction must involve. Without the income-tax, we could not get on. The question therefore had to be faced, and it was a question which of necessity involved our whole financial system.

On taking office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Gladstone had set himself to his work with powers of intellect and of will which had never yet been gauged by any of us, still less by the world in general. I have already mentioned that, at his instance, a small Committee of the Cabinet had been appointed, of which I

was a member, to consider the particular question of a reconstructed income-tax, on the principle of what was called 'differentiating' between incomes which were 'precarious' and incomes which were 'permanent.' The Cabinet never dealt with it as an abstract question, and, practically, so much depended on the financial measures accompanying any interference in the income-tax, that it could hardly do so. We therefore all waited till Gladstone had matured his plans. This was not until far on in the month of April. We did not at that time meet in the large and comparatively commodious room in No. 10, Downing Street, in which Cabinets were always held at a somewhat later date, and in which, I believe, the Cabinets of Mr. Pitt had been held. We met in a small and rather shabby room looking into the street. There at last a Cabinet was summoned to hear and consider the critical proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He came into the room with a large, flat, and shallow official box, very old and shabby, covered with drab-coloured leather. He sat on a chair nearly fronting the window, whilst we all sat in a kind of loop around him. Opening the box on his knee so that its lid stood upright and afforded a rest for any paper placed upon its edge, he began a conversational exposition, which endured, without a moment's interruption, for more than three hours. Not a word of it was read, except when he had to refer to exact figures, which were accurately put down on pages of full-sized letter-paper which just fitted the box. The flow of language was uninterrupted, with just enough inflection of voice to mark the passages from mere statements of arithmetical bent to reflections upon them, or to consequent arguments and conclusions. The order was perfect in its lucidity, and the sentences as faultless as they were absolutely unhesitating. Never for a moment did he overrun himself on any point, or require to hark back in order to recover some forgotten or omitted matter. It was like the flow of some crystal stream—passing

sometimes through narrows, and elsewhere spreading itself over broader channels, but everywhere glancing with light, full of lively movement. Not one of us could think for a moment of interrupting him, even to ask a question. It seemed not only to leave nothing obscure or incomplete, but to raise and to settle, as it went along, a thousand questions which had not occurred to any of us before.

I look back upon it as by far the most wonderful intellectual effort that I have ever listened to from the lips of man. Perhaps those who have not had themselves some experience of different kinds of public speaking can hardly appreciate how great the effort was. On a much smaller scale, and on subjects comparatively simple, I have myself tried to state a case conversationally, and yet formally, to a group of colleagues or to a committee. I know that the strain of such an effort is far greater than in making a regular speech to a public assembly, in which case the speaker can, and generally does, seek some relief in digressions and excursions round his subject, which may amuse his audience; or he may indulge in illustrations which may enliven them and recover wandering attention. Nothing of this kind is possible with a dozen colleagues sitting round one and listening with all their ears, in a critical spirit, to proposals in which they must share a full responsibility. There is absolutely no room for oratory, in the sense in which the word is generally used. There is not even room for gesture, which is of itself a great relief in public speaking.

Gladstone had one physical habit when his mind was much engrossed and anxious, which was almost the only movement he made. It was the habit of twisting the feather of a quill pen into a ball, of unrolling it, and then rolling it up again. Beyond this hardly perceptible trick, and an occasional glance with his large dark eyes towards his colleagues as they sat breathless round him, there was perfect stillness and composure in his manner. And yet I never heard

a speech, even of the highest oratory, which so riveted my attention and that of all my colleagues. It is to be remembered, too, that he had some special difficulties to contend with. The financial difficulties of the country were undoubtedly the result of feeble handling by the Whig Government which had succeeded that of Sir Robert Peel. Yet he was addressing a Cabinet in which that old party was powerfully represented, and he had to deal with his retrospects in this connection, and with his proposals for the future, so as not to awaken prejudice or tread on natural and perfectly legitimate susceptibilities. All this very nice steering was done with incomparable skill. He knew also that several members of the Cabinet were more than half disposed to give way to the cry for a reconstructed income-tax. To this subject he bent all the powers of his mind—his analysis, his ingenuity of illustration, and the earnestness which comes from absolute conviction. He proved to demonstration that differentiation in the tax, according to different sources of income, must involve anomalies far worse than any which could be alleged against the existing tax, and must of necessity involve also a breach of faith with the public creditor. Having carried us, I think, all along with him, in so far that none of us could see a flaw in his reasoning, he opened to us the great principle on which his Budget was to rest—namely, not to damage and destroy a great instrument of finance, but to keep it, and even to extend it; and to restore that connection which Peel had established between the income-tax and great reforms in other parts of our financial system, which, without the income-tax, could not be afforded. Pitt had invented it for the purposes of a great war. Peel had recalled it into existence for the purposes of a great tariff reform. In both cases it had been eminently successful, how successful, he spent some time in showing. There was every reason to believe that further reforms in the same direction—reductions in taxes affecting the great

articles of consumption—would be equally successful and remunerative. His advice to the Cabinet was to frame our Budget on this principle. He showed that there were solid grounds for expecting that a policy of this kind might be framed to give what would so reinforce the revenue from other sources, that we might in no long time dispense with the income-tax altogether. He advised that this happy consummation should be distinctly held out, as the end towards which we desired to shape our course. But in the meantime it was absolutely necessary, not only to resist all attempts to break down this powerful instrument of finance, but even in some directions to extend its operation. He would propose to widen somewhat the area from which it was raised in England and Scotland, and he would propose, further, to extend it for the first time to Ireland. He pointed out how little reason or justice there was in the total exemption of that part of the United Kingdom. True, it was a poorer country. But the income-tax was not levied from the poor, but from the well-to-do, and the well-to-do in Ireland were as well off as the same class in Britain. Turning, then, to his proposed remissions of indirect taxation (on tea and soap), he expounded the reasons for his selection with the same marvellous lucidity. The total amount was very large—upwards of five millions of pounds, a sum equal to the whole produce of the income-tax at that time. Soap and tea were the largest sacrifices, but there were a number of other sensible alterations of burdens, all tending to make various classes feel that they were to get something for submitting once more, and for a time only, to the obnoxious income-tax. Finally, he pointed out the data on which he calculated that the elasticity of the revenue, under a new stimulus to trade, would probably enable us to abolish the income-tax in the course of seven years. He recommended that an Income Act should provide for that consummation by steps of reduction in the rate, until in 1860 it should altogether cease.

During the three hours of this wonderful performance we had all sat on our chairs as still as mice, spellbound under the hands of the magician. For a moment we remained so, as if our minds were full of an intense intellectual enjoyment, and our ears were filled by the tones of that persuasive voice. But in another moment we were all on our feet, in a state of suppressed excitement—some of us grouped round Gladstone himself, others round some special friend or old colleague, and talking in half-suppressed voices of admiration, or of astonishment, or doubt. There was no particle of doubt in my mind, and on looking round the Cabinet, I felt pretty confident that the Budget was safe. Lord John Russell looked so deeply impressed that I felt sure he was all right. Graham, who had been an old colleague of Gladstone in the Government of Sir Robert Peel, looked proud and pleased by this fulfilment of a splendid promise. There was no question, of course, of any decision then and there. The scheme was so large, so new, so bold, that some time was needed to understand it in all its bearings. I do not believe that Gladstone had confided in any one of his colleagues, except, perhaps, in Aberdeen. His grave face showed no emotion, except just a little of a satisfied smile. No one had been more impressed than he had with the necessity of meeting the nearly universal cry for a differentiation of the income-tax. Yet it was in the face of this condition of things that Gladstone was now proposing to us, not only that no concession should be made on this subject, but that the income-tax just as it was, with all its sins upon its head, should not only be renewed, but should be extended to lower incomes than now paid it, and for the first time to the whole of Ireland.

The absolute secrecy which is observed, or ought to be observed, in all Cabinets is, of course, specially important in the case of Budgets, because the innumerable commercial interests, always more or less affected, would render any secret knowledge a dan-

gerous source of speculative tricks. But on this occasion, absolute secrecy was doubly important, seeing that success or failure entirely depended, not only on the astounding proposals we contemplated remaining unknown till announced in Parliament, but especially on that announcement being made by Gladstone himself, in the forms of statement and of reasoning of which he was so great a master, and to which alone he was in possession of the clues. As we were deeply impressed with this consideration, the time of our incubation was faithfully used by all of us in the secret councils of our own minds. There were one or two exceptions made by Gladstone himself in the way of confidence, but these were only in favour of colleagues and intimate friends who, though not in the Cabinet, were members of the Administration. One of these was Cardwell, a man of very considerable ability, afterwards in high office. He was simply scared by the audacity of the proposed Budget. He came to me one day with a face quite pale with alarm, and told me that he regarded it as combining so many points of attack from so many quarters, including, of course, the whole strength of the Irish Members, that success seemed to him an absolute impossibility. I told him what I felt from the first—that the only chance of success lay in the magnitude and weight of the scheme as a whole, and that it would be impossible to tear off little portions of it here and there without impairing that magnitude and weight from which its momentum was derived. This was the feeling which prevailed.

Lord Stanmore, in his excellent but too short memoir of his father, has stated that Lord Aberdeen had threats of resignation from some of his colleagues on the question of the Budget, and that the assent of the Cabinet was largely due to his support. I do not recollect having heard of any such threats at the time. But I have since heard of one case, highly honourable to the Minister concerned, in which the

difficulties of assent were great. That was the case of Sir Charles Wood, who had been Lord John's Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had committed himself more or less, in some speech to a deputation, to the effect that he would not propose a renewal of the income-tax without some concession on the principles of differentiation. At first Wood felt that he could not be a party to a new Budget in which this pledge was violated. He did, therefore, for a time feel that he must resign. But, on reconsideration, he saw that, as the new proposal contemplated the abolition of the income-tax at a definite and not distant date, the whole question was thereby put on a new footing, to say nothing of the tariff reforms which were part of the plan. Wood therefore wrote a frank and manly note to Lord Aberdeen, explaining his change of view, and consenting to stand by his colleagues on the proposed Budget. Lord Aberdeen sent him a warm reply of acknowledgment and thanks, which, under the circumstances, he well deserved. The result was inevitable. Neither the individual support of the Prime Minister, nor that of any of us, would have carried the day had it not been for the overpowering general impression made by the strength and boldness of the proposals as a whole. There was no one who was capable, or had the means, of making any amended Budget, or even of suggesting a substitute for any of its parts. Its new taxation was so bound up with, and so balanced by, great remissions, both immediate and prospective, that it was impossible for any of us to pick it to pieces and to attack it in detail. It was clear, too, that what was impossible for us would be still more impossible for the House of Commons.

Gladstone had told us in his gentlest and most modest tones, at the close of his exposition to the Cabinet, that he was fully conscious of the large draft he was making on the confidence and on the convictions of his colleagues, adding that, if they could not

adopt the whole of his plan, he might be able to cut it down in some of its proportions. He intimated at the same time, in tones which changed to great solemnity, that there was one thing he could not do, or be any party to doing, and that was to adopt any plan for differentiating the income-tax according to different sources of income. That he regarded as destroying it as a great instrument of finance for all future times. This resolve on Gladstone's part governed the whole situation. Nothing but some widely-embracing scheme, large in all its proportions, and appealing to special interests and to the public mind in many ways, had the smallest chance of succeeding against the stormy current which had set in in favour of what was called concession upon this subject. To cut down the Budget to smaller proportions would be to lessen its momentum, and destroy its only chances of success. Ultimately, therefore, and very soon, all the members of the Cabinet became willing to take the leap together, although some of them, I know, thought it was a leap into the shambles.

At last, on the 23rd of April, 1853, the day came when the Budget was to be announced and explained in Parliament. The House of Commons was crammed. The whole country was on tiptoe of expectation; and was not disappointed. Gladstone excelled himself. He spoke for more than four hours, whilst through a maze of figures he threaded his way with a pellucid clearness of exposition which not only relieved all strain upon the attention, but even made close listening a positive pleasure to the mind. And yet it was in no sense a speech of rhetoric. It was an even flow of clear explanation and of the closest and most skilful reasoning. The breadth of the proposal as a whole took the House by storm, and when Gladstone sat down, amid a long pent-up tumult of applause, all who were present at that great intellectual exhibition felt sure that the Budget was safe,

and that the new Government was firmly established in power.

It was in this speech that Gladstone made a long and flying leap in his ascent to power. Hitherto he had been only a man of great promise, a brilliant debater, with a halo round his head of a wide and even an unusual expectation. He now at once stood forth as a statesman of magnificent performance, facing the unreasoning clamours of a misguided public opinion as no other man would face them, and with a splendid courage committing his colleagues and himself to a determined resistance. But this was not all—it was, indeed, less than half—of his triumph. A policy of mere resistance would never have succeeded under the conditions then existing. But his masterly analysis of the income-tax, his account of the historical effects it had produced at two great epochs of our history, his high aspirations for a farther experiment in tariff reform, the power he showed in handling various sources of revenue with a view to that reform, all combined to satisfy the reason and to dazzle the imagination of Parliament and of the people. It was said, and I believe with the strictest truth, that no such financial speech had been delivered in the House of Commons since Mr. Pitt's great speech on his first proposal of the income-tax in 1793.

It was one of those rare occasions on which a really fine speech not only decides the fate of a Government, but enlightens the mind of a people, and determines for an indefinite time to come the course of natural legislation. It is true that in all forms of government in which there is a large democratic element, oratory is, and must be, a great power. But, to a very large extent, its effects are as evanescent as its tones. In assemblies of educated men, more or less definitely divided into organized parties, mere speeches, however fine, very seldom turn a single vote. On special subjects, indeed, where no party opinions affect the question, a great speech may carry all before it. A

celebrated speech by Macaulay on the subject of copyright is said to have been a case in point.

Gladstone could not turn to any of those legitimate resources of oratory which lie in appeals to the fancy or to the feelings. Only for one moment could he come near to these, in a few sentences in which he showed how the National Debt was largely held by widows and orphans and others under trust, whose little dividends, however small, were at least as certain in their source as any incomes, and on whom the reformers would place the higher rate of tax, whilst the great brewers and other lords of manufacturing industry would be let off with the lighter rates, because their sources of income were supposed to be precarious. A great master of flexible and subtle intonation like Gladstone did not fail to convey, in his masterly analysis of the sources of income, both the pity and the reproach with which such an unrighteous discrimination could be justly charged. But, beyond this, the whole speech was as grave and serious in its matter as it was clear in its explanations and conclusive in its reasoning. And yet I have little or no doubt that if his proposals had been made known clumsily, or even in any abbreviated form, there would have been a complete failure, instead of a splendid success. There is an enormous difference between minds brought suddenly face to face with startling or unwelcome ideas and the same minds when they are gradually led along the paths of fact and of argument, by which these ideas have been—perhaps laboriously—reached by some great intellectual leader. This is the noblest work of oratory, and perhaps, alas ! sometimes the lowest also, for there is no weapon in the hands of men which offers such temptations to its possessor. And there is none which has been so terribly abused. There is no sight so odious to me as that of a man with a gift of oratory who, instead of using his powers to free the minds of others from errors and prepossessions, spends them on increasing prejudices and inflaming the passions of

the people. No pleasure of a political kind has ever been so great to me as Gladstone's success on this great occasion. During the time of suspense I did all I could in the Cabinet to promote and secure it. The exposure of a fallacy has always been to me the greatest of intellectual delights, and, next to that, seeing such an exposure effected by others. And, besides this, the Budget as a whole appealed to all my earliest sympathies. It was a sort of combination of Pitt and Peel, resting on the one for the income-tax, and on the other for a right understanding of its legitimate use.

During the rest of the session I took my share, in the House of Lords, of speeding the measures of the Government, and especially the Budget and the India Bill. Financial debates in the Lords are always rather half-hearted, because financial measures cannot be altered there. But Lord Derby attacked the Budget bitterly, in a speech to which I made a fairly successful reply. On the India Bill I defended our rejection of delay for another year, and pointed out that the cry against the existing system as a 'dual Government' was in great measure a delusion, inasmuch as under any possible substitute the dual element must remain. Not only must there continue to be a strong Government in India, but even in England nobody proposed that the powers of the Crown should be placed in the hands of a Minister, without the aid and the check of a separate Council.

It would be very difficult to specify the items in Gladstone's great Budget of 1853 which most determined its success, both in Parliament and in the country. That mixture which was conspicuous in it of Pitt and Peel was an element which could not recommend it to the old Whigs. And accordingly—although I did not know this at the time—the two members of the Cabinet who most distinctively represented them, Lansdowne and Palmerston, both intimated to Lord Aberdeen that, although they would

acquiesce in the proposal of the Budget, they would also acquiesce in its defeat, so that they could be no party to a dissolution on it, against the verdict of the House of Commons. On the other hand, the financial policy of Peel had already acquired an established reputation. In my speech in the Lords I was able to remind Lord Derby that no less than £11,000,000 of taxes had been remitted by Peel, of which almost the whole had then been very nearly recovered by increased consumption and the stimulus given to trade. This had been done, and it had been done under cover of the income-tax. The principle, therefore, of connecting the continuance of that tax with a continuance of the same system, was a principle which appealed to the people, as justified by indisputable results. Then there were some highly popular ingredients. The abolition of the soap duty pleased the manufacturers. The very large reduction on the tea duties pleased all who looked to the interests of the poor. Then the extension of Pitt's legacy duties to real property pleased the Radicals. All these things are to be considered in accounting for the success of a scheme which was courageous even to audacity. But I am bound to confess that I thought at the time, and still think, that one main element of success lay in that item of the Budget which was really the weakest—namely, the prospect held out of dispensing with the income-tax altogether. It was not really possible to found safe fiscal legislation on calculations of the future for seven years ahead. Not only the contingencies of foreign politics and the possibilities of war, but even the ordinary changes—often as violent as their causes are obscure—in commercial and manufacturing industry, render such forecasts impossible. But Gladstone treated this point with great dexterity. He indicated his own personal impression that the income-tax was not well fitted to be a permanent part of our financial system, moved to this opinion no doubt by the dangerous agitation which he was then encountering. But he took care

to indicate also that he only wished to place Parliament in a position enabling it to part with the income-tax if it should then be so disposed ; and he gave the figures on which this expectation was founded, on the supposition that all went well in the meantime, and that the existing revenue and his new succession duty were to continue unimpaired. But the great dexterity of his proposal, so far as it affected public feeling, was that he embodied his expectation in external legislation, providing for and specifying the successive steps of diminution by which the income-tax was to expire in 1860. I have little doubt myself that this definite proposal, giving an apparent validity to the promise, was one of the great causes of an overwhelming and immediate success. Lord Derby sneered at it, of course, and so did others. But not one of them saw, or even professed to see, the particular danger which was even at that moment beginning to appear above the Eastern horizon, and which was destined very soon to involve us in expenditure that rendered all such peaceful calculations futile.

CHAPTER XX

1854

OUTBREAK OF THE CRIMEAN WAR

I NOW come to that period of my life in which the heavy and sometimes oppressive responsibilities of Cabinet office came upon me with a rush. It is no light matter to be one—even the youngest, as I then was—of a small group of men, whose decisions deal with the lives of thousands of our own countrymen and the dearest interests of millions of other men. I must not allow this memoir of my own life to lapse into a mere political essay on the origin and the causes of the Crimean War. There are few subjects connected with a comparatively recent past on which more nonsense is now talked, under complete misapprehension both of the policy pursued and of the steps taken to give that policy effect. But I do desire in this record of my own life to recall and describe some of the leading personal agencies which are very often powerful and sometimes determining causes in the great events of history.


Writing as I now do at the opening of the last year of the nineteenth century, I find myself the only survivor of the Cabinet which waged the Crimean War. In recalling, as I can most vividly, all the steps along which we ourselves were led, and all the determining circumstances of some preceding years, I find the light of memory shining with special brilliancy on one fine day of the early summer of 1844. The Emperor Nicholas of Russia had come to visit his sister Sovereign and ally, the Queen of England. In June, 1844, the

Duke of Devonshire gave, in honour of the Emperor, a great garden-party at his lovely villa at Chiswick. The weather was glorious. All the approaches to the beautiful gardens were festooned with lilac and laburnum. The magnificent cedars which overshadow the porch and eastern façade of that Palladian villa spread their delicate tracery overhead against a sky of intense blue, flecked with a few creamy and peaceful clouds. On the other side of the house, the sun was blazing on the younger cedars, whose matted boughs of green needles rested on close-shaven lawns, whilst, in the shadow of a grove of oak and beech, the Emperor and the Duke were pacing slowly together arm in arm. The two men were nearly of the same height, but I could see that the Emperor was much the handsomer in figure. The Emperor held himself and stepped as soldiers always do. But my impression of his person was not complete till I saw him nearer, in the house. Those of us whom the Duke wished to present assembled in the southern drawing-room, and the Emperor came round with his host. Never before and never since have I felt myself in the presence of such a King of men. His whole form and aspect were those of perfect manly beauty. He must have been at least six foot three or six foot four in height, with shoulders well thrown back, and a fine military carriage. And this was crowned by a head of singular beauty, manliness, and power. In features it approached very nearly to the pure Greek ideal, in which the nose and the forehead are in one continuous line. The likeness, however, was not complete—happily, in my opinion, because it is associated, I think, in the sculptures of antiquity, with a disagreeable vacancy of expression. The Emperor Nicholas was not in the least like a Greek god, living in an Olympian serenity, and enjoying ‘a sacred everlasting calm.’ But he was the type of man in a world of action, and his whole expression was that of conscious will, of energy, and of power. His eyes were splendid, vigilant and watchful, without

being at all restless or unsettled. There was, indeed, no expression of sympathy or benevolence in his face.

Nicholas was the very ideal of a great monarch, of an autocrat over millions of the human race, full of a sense of his unique position, and in the habitual exercise of its immense and insuperable authority. If there was nothing in his countenance that was angelic, still less anything that was Divine, there was at least everything in perfection that is merely human. He seemed to me a specimen of the highest possible type of the genus Homo. Lord Aberdeen, in a letter to Madame de Lieven, written at this time, after speaking of the commanding presence of the Emperor, said that there was in the expression of his countenance an ingredient of sadness. I did not see this. The predominant expression, which overlaid all others, was that of a resolute will, which was always fearless, and might be fierce. His voice, so far as I heard it in a few words, gave the same impression. It was the voice and intonation of a man accustomed to command, to see all other wills bend before his own.

I am particular in the description of the Emperor Nicholas, because in his personal character lay the most determining cause of the Crimean War. It was impossible to look at that magnificent man without seeing and feeling that he was Russia. In speaking of other countries at that time, one might feel that one was speaking of well-known Ministers, whose opinions and policy were sure to be followed. Austria was governed by Metternich, France might be governed by Thiers or by Guizot, or by some heterogeneous republican Cabinet. But Russia was the Emperor Nicholas. That Empire is, of course, too vast for any human being to hold all its threads in his single hand. Doubtless, too, there were national and dynastic traditions, which were more or less insuperable even to such a man as Nicholas. But in all the practical decisions of contemporary life, and especially in the relations of Russia with the other Powers of Europe, the personal will of



that Sovereign was to be reckoned with as paramount and supreme. Nobody who was ever in his presence could fail to see that he was a man who might be influenced by argument and persuasion, but who would not only never yield to menace, but would be hardened by it into more defiant determination.

In recalling, as I can most vividly, that beautiful day and the festive scene at Chiswick—now fifty-four years ago—I have often asked myself whether there was an attitude of reserve in the thoughts of any of those present towards the great potentate before us—whether, stealing into our thoughts of honour and of welcome, there was any voice that whispered: ‘Here is a dangerous man—dangerous to the peace of the world and to the independence of Europe; let us do all we can to conciliate him.’ But my answer is emphatically in the negative. Very different associations with the Sovereign of Russia were at that time deeply embedded in the national memory, and in 1844 had not yet had time to be much enfeebled. Not only political society, but the army and the people, were all of a generation who had been accustomed to think of Russia as the stoutest of all our allies in our great contest against the intolerable tyranny of Napoleon. There was probably not a man or a woman present who recollected, or who even knew, the fact that upon one occasion—more than fifty years before—Pitt had lost his head for a moment, and had called on Parliament to arm him for resistance to the Empress Catherine, because she had taken Taganrog from the Turks and meant to keep it. But if anyone had remembered it, they might have remembered, too, that Fox made the remarkable declaration that it was an entire novelty to him to hear of Russia being considered a dread to Europe, and Burke declared that it would be a shameful policy to support the Turks. Parliament had been obsequious, but the country had not responded, and Pitt, recovering from his momentary aberration, had allowed the matter to drop, the whole

incident being now only memorable as giving a date for the first symptom of those changes of national feeling which finally led up to the Crimean War.

Pitt's error was completely obliterated, not only by the passive resistance he met with, but by his own complete change of front under the aggressions of revolutionary France. Seven years later he was moving for the grant of subsidies to Russia to help her armaments, and was impressing on the House of Commons the high character of the uncle of our guest at Chiswick, the Emperor Alexander. And this had continued to be our relation with Russia till the final overthrow of our great enemy in 1815. Alexander was the greatest of the allied Sovereigns of the Continent, whom we had so long helped with money and with counsel and with arms. In 1827 he had co-operated with us in establishing the independence of Greece. In 1844 only seventeen years had elapsed since our common triumph, and during those years all that had happened in Europe had happened without a break in our friendship with Russia. It is true that in 1828-1829 a war broke out between Russia and Turkey, in which Russia showed such irresistible superiority of strength over Turkey that her armies crossed the Danube and the Balkans, and she dictated her own terms of peace under the very walls of Constantinople. This did alarm us. What if Russia should keep what she had got? The Duke of Wellington was on the point of interfering, when Russia made peace on terms which, however dangerous for the future, did not occasion any immediate alarm. So after this we returned to our old relations with Russia. It is not wonderful, therefore, if all of us who met the Emperor at that beautiful fête at Chiswick in 1844, met him heartily, with all honour, not only for his high personal character, but as the embodiment of a Power with which we had long been in close alliance—an alliance fruitful of good to Europe and to the liberties of the world.

And on his side not less was there everything to give him confidence in the sincerity of our reception. He found the Foreign Office in the hands of Lord Aberdeen, the valued friend of his uncle, as well as of the Austrian Emperor, during the advance of the allied Sovereigns upon Paris in 1814. He knew he could place absolute reliance on Lord Aberdeen's spirit of wisdom and justice towards other nations. It is not surprising, therefore, that at a moment when there was a complete lull in any excitement or cause of anxiety in foreign affairs, the Emperor Nicholas should have opened his mind to our Ministers on the prospects of peace, as connected with the odious condition of the East of Europe.

More than eight eventful years had passed since the Chiswick festivities to the Emperor Nicholas when the Aberdeen Government was formed. But those years had brought no change in the spirit of our dream towards that Sovereign. Foreign affairs had been comparatively quiet. At home the Irish famine in 1846-1847, and the great political changes to which it led, had engrossed all our attention. On the Continent the widespread outburst of revolutionary violence in 1848 had given every Cabinet in Europe more than enough to do, without meddling with its neighbours.

In the retrospect of the past, apart altogether from the hospitalities of 1844, there was nothing to be seen as regarded Russia but a friendly alliance, leading on two memorable occasions to active co-operation. The guns of Navarino which destroyed the Turkish fleet in 1827 were the guns of a united British and Russian squadron. The armed intervention which in 1840 stopped the advance of the Egyptian Pasha in Syria owed all its decisiveness to the same alliance, whilst the Protocol of 1841, which recorded the transaction and explained its principle, gave permanent expression to a new and united policy regarding the affairs of the East of Europe. The essence of that principle was this: that the fate of the Turkish Empire was a matter

of European concern, and that all the Powers were to acknowledge it to be the subject of mutual consultation and of collective action. The diplomatic form in which this principle was expressed was the unfortunate but the still surviving phrase of the 'integrity and independence of the Turkish Empire.' No form of words could have been chosen more grotesquely inconsistent with the notorious facts of the case out of which the treaty sprang. Neither the independence nor the integrity of Turkey had been respected by the Powers which had intervened to secure the success of the Greek revolt in 1829. Neither had the fresh intervention of the same Powers in the contest between the Sultan and the Pasha of Egypt in 1840 been such as would have been possible in the case of a really independent empire. But, although the diplomatic phrase chosen in the Protocol of 1841 was a bad one, at least everybody knew what it meant. It meant that Turkey was so weak that her integrity and her independence could exist, even nominally, only on condition of the European Powers agreeing to abstain from separate attacks, and of their acknowledging among themselves that this should be held a common and a binding obligation.

All parties in this country had approved of this arrangement. Our intervention in Egypt and Syria was indeed the work of Lord Palmerston, and constituted the greatest triumph of his career at the Foreign Office. But it was not the triumph of any domestic party. Lord Aberdeen heartily approved of it. 'I think Lord Palmerston is on the right course,' wrote Lord Aberdeen to Madame de Lieven in June, 1840, 'and I hope he will persevere in it.' So that, when these two reputed antagonists came together most unexpectedly in the same Cabinet in 1853, the basis of our policy in any revival of the Eastern Question rested on maxims of policy on which all the members of that Cabinet had been long thoroughly agreed.

Nor was this all. The Emperor Nicholas, after his visit to us in 1844, embodied in a Memorandum those views on the relations of all of us to Turkey which he had expressed in conversation with our leading Ministers during that visit. The Memorandum contained the following leading propositions: 'That the maintenance of Turkey in its existing territory and degree of independence is a great object of European policy. That, in order to preserve that maintenance, the Powers of Europe should abstain from making on the Porte demands conceived in a selfish interest, or from assuming towards it an attitude of exclusive dictation. That, in the event of the Porte giving to any one of the Powers just cause of complaint, that Power should be aided by the rest in its endeavours to have that cause removed. That all the Powers should urge on the Porte the duty of conciliating its Christian subjects, and should use all their influence, on the other hand, to keep those subjects to their allegiance. That, in the event of any unforeseen calamity befalling the Turkish Empire, Russia and England should agree together as to the course that should be pursued.' Nothing could be more reasonable, nothing more friendly, and even confidential, towards us than this declaration of the views and intentions of the Emperor of Russia. It was in complete accordance with the historical transactions of 1827 and of 1840, and with the principles laid down in the Protocol of 1841. It remained in the Foreign Office, and was handed on from 1844 by each Minister to his successor. It had passed through the hands of Lord Aberdeen, of Lord Palmerston, of Lord Granville, and of Lord Malmesbury, whilst, in our new Cabinet, it remained in the custody, first of Lord John Russell and then of Lord Clarendon. It may be said with certainty that if the Emperor Nicholas had abided by the assurances of this Memorandum, the Crimean War would never have arisen, and, so long as we had no reason to believe that he contemplated a different course of policy, we had every

right to entertain that unsuspecting confidence in European peace which was undoubtedly the attitude of all our minds during the earlier months of 1853.

It is only fair to the Emperor Nicholas to remember that he was tempted or driven out of his promised course by a provocation which came from France. More than two years before this date Lord Aberdeen had said in a letter to Madame de Lieven : ' There can be no great danger of war in Europe unless it should come from France,' and France was the perpetual centre of disturbance. Lord Aberdeen had felt much her caprice, her restlessness, and her trickiness. She had opposed the other Powers in their policy for the pacification of the Levant, and one consequence of this was that the Treaty of 1840 was concluded with France standing sulkily aside. She, therefore, had given no consent to the mutual promise of the other Powers that they would not make separate and self-seeking demands on Turkey.

In 1850, more than two years before the Aberdeen Cabinet came into office, when Palmerston was still at the Foreign Office, the French Minister at the Porte had begun a quarrel about a French claim to protect the Latin monks at Jerusalem in certain privileges over the Holy Places. These privileges came into competition and collision with the like privileges enjoyed under the territorial protectorate of Russia by the monks of the Greek Church. When the Aberdeen Cabinet first met, we found this quarrel still growling and unsettled. But we had not the slightest difficulty in knowing how to deal with it. Our duty under the understanding of 1840 and of the Emperor's Memorandum and Letters was simply the duty of a peacemaker. It was our duty to side with neither of the contending Governments, but to urge on the Porte to make every possible concession to both of them in the interests of peace. Our Minister at the Porte had long been Sir Stratford Canning, afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, a man of great ability, and

one who had acquired over the Porte an influence due to his powerful character and to his hearty adoption of the doctrine laid down in the Protocol of 1841, that the preservation of Turkey was of great importance to the peace of Europe. He was at home on leave when we began our work, and he was sent out in the end of February, 1853, with instructions in strict conformity with the engagements to which England had been a party. The Emperor Nicholas at the same moment sent a special Envoy to the same destination, and rumours soon reached our ears that this Envoy, Prince Menschikoff, was instructed to make demands upon the Porte which were entirely new, had nothing to do with the Holy Places, were conceived in a selfish interest, and were precisely such as the signatories to the Protocol of 1841 had promised not to make. Clarendon, who, according to arrangement, had now succeeded Lord John Russell at the Foreign Office, at once directed our Minister at St. Petersburg to ask for an explanation. This was given in the form of an absolute denial, and during the whole of March and a great part of April we continued to receive from the Emperor the most explicit assurances that the settlement of the question about the Holy Places was all he wanted, and that Russia would ask for nothing more.

It was not till the 26th of April, 1853, that we received a despatch from Lord Stratford which at last left no doubt that Russia was deliberately deceiving us, and that Menschikoff, in the teeth of all assurances, had some secret demands to make on the Porte in the exclusive interests of his own Government. Lord Stratford had at once turned this discovery to useful account, by impressing on the French Minister the great importance of settling the dispute about the Holy Places, so that England, when that question was out of the way, might join with France in a united resistance to any Russian demand which might seem to place in her hands the fate of Turkey. The French

Minister saw the importance of this advice, and in a short time the dispute about the Holy Places was settled to the satisfaction of both the French and Russian Embassies. This had been accomplished about the 25th of April, and it had the important effect of at once leaving us disembarrassed from the local quarrel, and free to come to an understanding with France on the far larger question which so unexpectedly was now growing beneath our feet.

With these transactions, however little we knew it at the time, we entered on the rapids, and the roar of the distant cataract became slowly more and more audible to the ear. Hitherto we had not dreamed of the possibility of war. This, therefore, is a moment in my life on which I wish to focus the clearest lights of memory, and to give a living picture of the attitude of mind in which those events and transactions found us.

It is the system in all Cabinets to which I have belonged that the Secretary for Foreign Affairs is in close personal relations with the Prime Minister, and that a great deal of the Foreign Office business is settled between them, without its being referred to the Cabinet at all. In our case, two men of such authority as Lord Aberdeen and Lord John Russell were specially fitted to deal with the current business, and I do not recollect that the wretched squabble between the French and Russian Embassies at Constantinople was ever made the subject of Cabinet discussion at all. It is to be remembered that we none of us felt securely seated in office till we knew the fate of Gladstone's Budget. And this we did not know till after his great speech had been delivered on the 17th of April, 1853, so that only ten days elapsed between that memorable success and our learning with certainty that the special Envoy of Nicholas was making demands on Turkey which would give to Russia some special and exclusive power over the Ottoman Porte.

I feel I can recall with absolute fidelity the pre-

conceptions and the temper of mind with which we all contemplated this new prospect. There was not a single man of us in the Cabinet who had any feeling of enmity to Russia, or any tinge of that exaggerated fear of her which animated the whole school of Anglo-Indians. Palmerston and Lord John Russell and Aberdeen had all acted in alliance with Russia within recent years, and the presence of her fleets in the Mediterranean had been hailed as a help, not feared as a danger. On the other hand, there was not one of us, unless it was Palmerston, who had any sympathy with the Turks either as a people or as a Government. Most of us—I certainly for one, and I think all the younger members of the Cabinet—believed with the Emperor Nicholas that Turkey was a decaying Empire—the ‘Sick Man’ of Europe—and that the sole question of European interest was, under what conditions it should be guided to its inevitable fate. I have excepted Palmerston, not because I ever heard him say a word on this purely speculative question, but because I have since seen a letter from him to Lytton Bulwer, which expresses the strongest incredulity as to the weakness of Turkey. But Palmerston was nothing of a speculative politician. His habit of mind did not lead him to dwell upon, hardly even to glance at, those deeper-seated moral causes which affect the strength and prepare the fall of States. His active and vigorous mind was always concerning itself with the immediate motives and conduct of men, and he troubled himself very little with anything beyond. In all his speeches I only recollect one passage which touched a deeper chord, and I remember it because of the great surprise with which I read it. It was in some speech on Continental politics, in which he spoke of the difficulties which had pursued the Powers concerned in the partition of Poland. These he finely called ‘that sad inheritance of triumphant wrong.’ Of course, the same high perception of moral causes in the fate of nations might well have led him, as it did lead, I think,

all his younger colleagues, to see the inevitable doom of the dominion set up, on the overthrow of the Greek Empire, by the Ottoman Turks.

Never in the history of Europe has there been such an 'inheritance of triumphant wrong' as that. For myself I not only hated the Turkish Empire, but I loathed the politics of Christians, which led them to treat with levity and even with favour a Government so odious in every aspect, except the animal courage of its soldiers. But all this was entirely outside the question with which, as a Cabinet, we had to deal. There was not a shadow of a difference among us as to the course which it was our duty to pursue. That duty was to adhere to the principles laid down in the Treaty of 1840, which had been negotiated by Palmerston, and under his inducement had received the adhesion of the whole of Europe except France. We did not determine to adhere to these principles ourselves, and to enforce them on others, merely because we had once agreed to them eleven years before, but because the principles in themselves were just and right, and the only principles compatible with peace. The Protocol of 1841 was as essential for permanent use as the Treaty of 1840 had been for meeting a sudden and formidable crisis in Syria and Egypt. If each of the Powers was free to deal with Turkey as it pleased, on any complaint that might arise, the interests of all of them would be in perpetual danger.

Then there was another general consideration in which we were all agreed—a consideration so obviously true that it weighed upon us heavily, independently of any process of argument. It was this: that, if isolated action against Turkey, with a view to the acquisition of special rights and powers, was to be deprecated and resisted on the part of any one of the European Powers, it was most of all to be dreaded on the part of Russia.

By geographical position, by hereditary ambitions, by recent wars and extraordinary means and opportunities of access, Russia was the natural enemy of

Turkey. It was Russia alone that was always overhanging the flanks of Turkey with her enormous mass and weight. It was Russia that was in the thoughts of Europe when, at our invitation, the Powers had entered into a sort of self-denying covenant against individual ambitions regarding the Eastern Question. If Russia were now to be allowed, without resistance, to do the very thing we had all promised not to do, all that had been gained by the Protocol of 1841 in the interests of peace would be lost for ever.

Of course, I need hardly say that behind all this, or, rather, underlying it, there was in the mind of all of us one unspoken but indelible opinion—that the absorption by Russia of Turkey in Europe, and the seating of the Russian Emperor on the throne of Constantinople, would give to Russia an overbearing weight in Europe, dangerous to all the other Powers and to the liberties of the world. This opinion needs no argument in its support. It is enough to look at the map of Europe. Already the European territories of Russia outflank those of every other Power. They are practically inaccessible to attack, as Napoleon found to his cost. They contain innumerable hordes of fighting men. The one thing they want is a good frontage to the south. There is one such frontage, and only one in the world, which would repeat in the south that singular combination in the north of a position of great advantage for attack with unassailability in defence.

There is no feature in the physical geography of our globe so peculiar in its political significance as that which consists in the two channels of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, with the Sea of Marmora between them. Nowhere else in the world is there a vast inland sea, more than 700 miles broad, that washes the shores of two separate quarters of the world, and yet opens with a mouth as narrow as the neck of a bottle, so that the Power possessing it must have irresistible facilities of attack from a position altogether impregnable in

defence. If this imperial dominion were to be added to what Russia already has, the Black Sea would be a Russian lake, the Danube would be a Russian river, and some of the richest provinces of Eastern Europe and of Western Asia would give to Russia inexhaustible resources in men, in money, and in ships. With these, together with a unique position of geographical advantage, she would possess inordinate power over the rest of Europe.

The Eastern Question, as it presented itself to us in May, 1853, was inseparably bound up with this estimate of the interests at stake. I can speak at least with certainty of my own convictions, and with hardly less certainty of the convictions of all my colleagues. Not that we discussed it. Men do not discuss opinions which are considered axiomatic. But it underlay every motive to action and every thought of policy. Moreover, the absorption of Turkey by Russia was not regarded by us at this time as so difficult as to be at all necessarily a very remote contingency. Russia had very recently advanced to Adrianople, and a later experience has shown us how surely she can always repeat the process.

There was still another correlative assumption in our minds, and that was this: that Russia might proceed by sap and mine, and not by open conquest. By treaties, or diplomatic 'notes,' equivalent to treaties, giving to Russia special and exclusive rights of protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Porte, the Turkish Empire might be so politically mortgaged to Russia, that a foreclosure could be put in force at any convenient opportunity. We considered it our duty so to act and provide as to checkmate this method of deglutition as well as any other.

In recent years I have seen a great many foolish things said and written, condemnatory of the Crimean War, but they have always been conceived in terms which showed complete ignorance of the then existing conditions of the case. It is quite true that we could

have avoided the Crimean War. We might have intimated to the other Powers of Europe, whom we had rallied round us a few years before, to defend the Turkish Empire against France and Mahomet Ali, and whom we had persuaded to join us in the Protocol of 1841—we might have intimated to all these Powers that we had changed our minds, that we could not venture to run the risk of encountering the enmity of Russia, as we had encountered the enmity of France. Nothing but this was needed to avert, at least for the moment, the danger of war. Nothing but this! But this was an impossibility, except to cowards. And even if we ourselves could have endured the shame, Britain would have made short work of Ministers who could so defame her in the world.

The course we took was the only possible alternative. It was to enlist France in the policy and in the engagements of the Treaty of 1840. It was to encourage her to form a close alliance with ourselves, and with the Continental Powers, in resisting any demand on the part of Russia tending to establish in her hands special rights over the subjects of Turkey, which could have but one object and effect—that of making Russia the arbiter of the fate of the Ottoman Empire. To attain this end we directed all the resources of our diplomacy. Lord Stratford was sent to Constantinople, taking Paris and Vienna on his way. At each capital he was to point out the danger to Europe involved in the apparent policy of Russia, and the necessity of opposing it with a united front, and all our Embassies were set on the same track.

From the end of April, 1853, foreign affairs were no longer conducted, as in quiet times, by two Ministers almost alone, with only an occasional reference to the Cabinet. The sense of imminence in the dangers before us was too great for that. At every Cabinet meeting the time was now mainly taken up by hearing all the important despatches read to us. There is in all such docu-

ments a great amount of repetition, and the phrases of diplomacy are to a large extent so artificial and conventional, that the work did sometimes seem wearisome beyond endurance. But we had two great alleviations. The first was the constant recollection that, on the apparently most trivial points in discussion before us, the issues of peace or of a bloody war depended. The second source of relief was the liveliness and humour which characterized the reading of our Foreign Secretary, Lord Clarendon. His running comments were inimitable. His readings of the character of each diplomatist were often as good as a play, and were a real help in enabling us to judge how far we could trust each separate estimate of the situation at the separate Courts.

For ten long months—from April 30th, 1853—this anxious and weary work continued. It only ended when at last, on the 27th February, 1854, we issued a summons to Russia to evacuate the principalities which she had violently and illegally occupied since the first days of June, 1853. We knew, of course, that the summons would be refused by the Emperor Nicholas, and that our demand was war. The declaration of war followed, as a matter of course, in the end of March, 1854.

It is a satisfaction to me to remember that every single step tending to make war more inevitable was taken in advance by Russia, and that we only followed with slowness and reluctance. The first insolent demand of special rights of interference, in contempt of reiterated assurances; the persistence in this demand after our objections were known; the threat to break off diplomatic relations with the Porte if it were not conceded; the withdrawal of her Ambassador in pursuance of that threat; her next threat that she would send her armies into the principalities, which were Turkish territories; her actual advance, which was an act of war; her destruction of the Turkish fleet in the Bay of Sinope; her final declaration that she would

suffer no interference on the part of Europe in her negotiations with Turkey—all these steps were taken in succession by Russia in defiance of all that we were contending for, and all of them were taken without our making them a *casus belli*, until at last, no hope remaining of any diplomatic solution of the contest, we accepted with regret the inevitable alternative, and declared war in March, 1854.

CHAPTER XXI

1854

THE CRIMEAN WAR

As I am not writing a history, but a biography, I may here confess that there were moments in those ten months of difficult and precarious negotiations in which I felt the heavy strain of responsibility so great as to occasion not only anxiety, but distress. A great part of the time was taken up with endeavours to find some phrase or form of words in which Turkey could give a promise to Russia which would be safe, and incapable of being turned to any dangerous use. For example, the insertion of the word 'spiritual,' as applying to the Christian privileges which Turkey was to guarantee, was much insisted on. This was an invention of Lord Stratford, in the interests of peace. But my inborn tendency to verbal analysis led me greatly to question its value. Was it not evident that a secular privilege—property, for example—guaranteed to a spiritual body, becomes in a very practical sense a spiritual privilege? And would it be possible to fend off the pressures of Russian ambition by such frail verbal barriers as these? If not, was it worth while to make the tremendous issues of peace and war depend on trifling changes in phraseology of this kind? Such doubts came over me with painful force at times, and I almost wished sometimes to be out of the affair. But I was always brought back to a proper sense of the spirit in which such burdens must be borne—the spirit, namely, of doing the best that


seems possible in each contingency as it actually arises. Where these contingencies depend on such complicated elements as the wills and passions of proud European autocrats and of cunning Asiatic Sultans, it is not easy to forecast with any confidence the effect of any particular step. Some of those steps, on which there was much difference of opinion among my colleagues, I considered immaterial. Such, for example, was the question at what moment it would be well to send our fleets to the Dardanelles. If this were done as a threat, I knew it would be useless. I had not scanned in vain the haughty and determined countenance which I had seen in 1844 under the cedars of Chiswick. I was certain that Nicholas would never be moved to anything except obstinacy and anger by a policy of threats.

It was in Palmerston's nature to rely too much on bullying. But the flabby old trickster on the throne of France, whom he had cowed successfully in 1840, was a very different man from the proud Emperor with whom we had now to deal. If, on the other hand, our movement of the fleet were to be directed to the practical and needful purpose of securing Turkey against any sudden naval attack from the Black Sea, it would be time enough when we knew that such a danger was even possible. And so likewise with the question which at one moment threatened to arise, whether we should abandon the cause of Turkey unless she accepted as her promise to Russia an ingenious compound of words which was concocted at Vienna. I felt that such a course would be so absurd and inconsistent as to be practically impossible. The very essence of our whole contention was, that the defeat of Turkey in her resistance to the Russian demand would be the defeat of Europe and of ourselves. To abandon her to her fate would be to abandon our own position ; and although such an idea might arise out of irritation, because Turkey would not accept some jargon on which we had bestowed much

trouble, it was not an idea which could possibly be seriously entertained.

So little did all those disputed points affect my mind that, although they occupied in some form or another almost the whole of the ten months of which I am now speaking, they have left no impression on my memory. I can only recall them when I read the various biographies of my older colleagues—Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Lord Aberdeen—which have since been published. The public impression which has arisen of a deeply divided Cabinet does not consist with my memory at all. Many of the disputes spent themselves in personal letters, which were never brought before the Cabinet at all, and the comparatively few which required to be settled by the Cabinet were decided by the most calm and amicable discussion, it being evident in every case what the general sense was. Not only was there never an actual division taken—for this is very rare in Cabinets—but there was not even one single heated discussion. I used to notice in Lord John's face how impressionable he was, and how open to the full consideration of any weighty objections. Extremely irritable in his letters, he was always calm and dignified in the Cabinet, sometimes, however, with an evident air of self-suppression.

As to Palmerston, he was singularly silent, and when he did discuss, it was always frankly, always with perfect temper, and always acquiescing without any show of irritation in the general sense of the Cabinet. There were two causes accounting for this conduct on the part of Palmerston—first, that on the whole, and in the general principles of our policy, founded as it was on his own Treaty of 1840, he agreed. The other cause was his own personal position amongst us. He had joined us not without hesitation, and in doing so he made a great sacrifice of personal feeling, seeing that the Foreign Office, in which he had won all his laurels, was deliberately withheld from him, as one



who could not be trusted with it. Having accepted this position, it would be inconsistent with his generous surrender of personal claims if he even seemed to push himself forward in a way to embarrass Clarendon, to whom that great office had been confided. When Palmerston felt strongly on any step which he thought ought to be taken, he generally explained it fully to Aberdeen in a letter, and gave notice that he would raise the question in the next Cabinet. This was a straightforward method, and an excellent one for securing an adequate discussion. Aberdeen had time to consider it himself, and to consult the colleagues on whom he most relied. In one case I have found all the details in his private correspondence, and it well illustrates how our conduct was decided. When Turkey declared war against our advice in the autumn, Palmerston thought we ought to take auxiliary measures in her support—measures which would be acts of war against Russia, although war was not to be actually declared. He wrote to the Prime Minister that he would so move in a Cabinet which was to be held on October 7th. Aberdeen, in his description of what occurred, says: ‘Palmerston urged his proposal perseveringly, but not disagreeably.’ This exactly agrees with my recollection of all our discussions. So does Aberdeen’s description of the parts we all severally took.

Aberdeen was always against any step which would render war inevitable. So was I. He wished to keep our freedom as long as possible. So did I. Clarendon made a modified proposal, which would have suspended all hostile actions until Russia actually took the offensive in the Black Sea. This modified proposal became the resolution of the Cabinet; and Aberdeen mentions, as having strongly supported what he considered the cause of peace, the names of Gladstone, Charles Wood, Argyll, Sidney Herbert, Granville, and, though less strongly, Newcastle. Lansdowne and John Russell, though warlike, were subdued in tone. It so

happens, by mere accident, that I have preserved a few words which I wrote on a slip of paper in the Cabinet and handed to Aberdeen, next whom I was (as usual) sitting. They were words pointing to a compromise on Palmerston's proposal. 'I suppose we should all agree, after what has happened, that our fleets could not see a descent of the Russian fleet on Varna, or any point of that coast, if it were actually to make such an attempt. The instructions sent long ago to Stratford seem to me to cover such a case as this. If so, there could be no objection to point more specifically to such a case in new instructions to the fleet. This involves possible defensive operations in the Black Sea. But this seems to be all that is implied in Palmerston's proposed instruction. At least, such an instruction would go far to meet his view, and would yet be clearly part of what we are already in for!' Whether this argument had any effect on Aberdeen or not, I do not know. But he knew my wish to support him as far as possible, and the conclusion to which he yielded was in the sense of the argument so urged.

This case is rather a typical one as showing—what was the fact—that in the Aberdeen Cabinet, when divisions of opinion arose, those divisions never ran along the lines of our old party differences. Both sides on every question were miscellaneous in composition, as regards these old antagonisms. In this case the more peaceable section had a majority of Peelites. But Charles Wood and Granville were typical old Whigs, and had been high officials in the Whig Government, whilst, even among the Whigs, there was a perceptible difference of spirit between Palmerston and his two old colleagues, Lord John and Lord Lansdowne. Clarendon was a Whig, and his was the proposal which met the general sense of the Cabinet most completely, and was adopted. It effectually provided for the defence of the Turks against any sudden *coup de main* by Russia, whilst it left us still free to

try by negotiation to settle the question without war, before ourselves joining in the fray.

I think it only right to say that in all these discussions at this time I conceived a very great respect for Palmerston. I thought him eminently straightforward, quite honest, outspoken, and with an excellent temper. His well-known character in dealing with foreign affairs made it quite certain that he would always be for the most defiant measures, and that he would trust largely to the influence of fear on foreign Sovereigns and Cabinets. But if personal character determines very often the advice of such men as Palmerston, personal character determines not less absolutely the effects of that advice on such men as Nicholas. The French had already been trying the game of threats with Russia. They had moved up the fleet from Marseilles and Toulon to the Bay of Salamis, with no other effect than to stiffen the back of Nicholas, and to endanger the then impending settlement of the dispute about the Holy Places. I was, therefore, adverse to Palmerston's proposal to commit ourselves to actual war with Russia, at a date which would fall to be determined, not by ourselves, but by the Turks, acting against our advice. On the other hand, Clarendon's proposal would put our fleet to that use for which it was competent, that use, too, which expressed quite as well the policy on which we were all agreed. That policy was to defend Turkey against any assault likely to end in bringing Russia to Constantinople. Aberdeen told Palmerston, in the course of this discussion, that he entirely agreed in that policy, and would be ready to go to war to enforce it.

It will be seen from this account that much has been said and believed about the Aberdeen Cabinet and the causes of the Crimean War which is absolutely untrue. Spencer Walpole's story about it is almost pure fiction. He represents us as a divided Cabinet, not in the sense of a Cabinet which merely contained men of various tendencies of mind, but as a Cabinet

divided between two set parties, who were in favour of two antagonistic policies—one of these policies being that of the Whigs, headed by Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, who were for war, and the other by Aberdeen and his friends, who were for peace. There is no shadow of truth in this representation of the facts. Palmerston and John Russell were very far from being close allies. Sometimes their views coincided, but as often they disagreed, and it was evident from Palmerston's manner that old scores had been by no means forgotten.

I do not dwell at all upon the fact that behind our wills was at last the will of almost the whole British people, insisting on our not fluctuating in our determination to resist the aggression of Russia on the Turkish Empire. I do not dwell upon it because our line had been taken in the month of February, when Stratford was told to look to the Treaty of 1840 as the guide of our policy, and when as yet the British public knew little or nothing of the danger that was appearing in the East. Not till the current of events which was carrying us all with it had commenced to run in rapid streams and boiling eddies—that is to say, not until our determination had met the counter-determination of the Emperor, and he had resorted to acts of violence—did the contest begin to attract, and rapidly to engross, the attention of the British people. Then indeed it did engross them, to a degree and with a passionate violence of feeling for which it is not easy to account. There could not have been more agitation in Rome when Cæsar passed the Rubicon, than in England when the armies of Nicholas crossed the Pruth. It amounted to a frenzy, and seemed to seize all classes, all ranks, and all parties. Mad suspicions of everybody who was supposed to be in favour of peace were among the dangerous symptoms of the time. Among the uneducated and ignorant, these suspicions were directed against the Prince Consort, who, besides being the husband, was the wisest coun-

seller of the Queen. Among the educated classes, Lord Aberdeen came in for the greatest share of obloquy. The part taken by the old Tory press against him was particularly disgraceful. He had been the Foreign Secretary under both Wellington and Peel, and if the question of Protection had not broken up the party and the Government, Aberdeen would undoubtedly have continued to be Foreign Secretary of the Conservative party. Yet he was now attacked by that party with violence, as if he were notoriously inclined to sacrifice the honour of the country. This was nothing but a vindictive assault upon him because he had supported Free Trade, and because, under him alone, it had been found possible to constitute a united Cabinet such as ours.

But Aberdeen was not the only object of suspicion. There was a magnificent cartoon in *Punch*, representing the British lion listening at the door of the Cabinet, with his ear applied closely to the available apertures for sound, that he might hear what we were about in the way of negotiation. Our Cabinet at that time was rather leaky. Things got out, we did not quite know how, and reports, not very correct, were circulated as to the part taken by individual members. I believe the explanation to have been this: Molesworth had a habit of taking down in a pocket-book notes of what passed in Cabinet discussions. On one occasion I saw Granville stop short in what he was saying, and intimate that he could not go on till Molesworth laid down his note-book. If the note-books were accessible to anyone, their contents may have reached the ears of Charles Villiers, of Kinglake, and of Hayward, through whom they would have a wide circulation in the press and in the clubs of London. This I believe to have been the source of a great deal of the small-talk, full of misrepresentation, which was embalmed in the history of the Crimean War, which we owe to the clever but not very scrupulous pen of the author of 'Eothen.'

At the end of the session of 1853, my wife and I took advantage of a kind invitation from the Duke of Leinster to visit him in Ireland. My wife's younger sister, Caroline, had married Lord Kildare, the Duke's eldest son. The Duke was a dear old man, full of energy and life, speaking with a strong brogue, and dispensing a warm-hearted hospitality to all his friends and neighbours. We spent a pleasant time with him at Carton, and with the Kildares, for whom the Duke was restoring an old castle called Kilkea. At Carton I was interested by seeing the College of Maynooth, which was on the Duke's estate, and was the seminary in which the members of the Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland were almost all educated. The Duke was on the most friendly footing with all the staff of the college, and especially with Dr. Russell, a most cultivated and gentlemanlike man. I was much amused by an answer which he gave me to a question which I happened to put to him one evening after dinner. Something had raised the question of prayers for the dead, and I asked Dr. Russell how long in his Church prayers were continued for the dead. He replied: 'Oh, only a very short time!' But I rejoined that I had heard and read of such prayers being prolonged for years. 'Oh yes,' he said, 'but that is only in the case of very exalted and wealthy people.' I thought that I had never before heard such a frank admission that such a view is taken by the Roman Catholic Church of the advantages of wealth in another life.

As the second visit of the Queen to Ireland was to take place shortly, and as 'Ireland's only Duke' would naturally have a good deal to do on that occasion, we thought it right to leave him free of guests. We therefore took our departure from Dublin, by the railway to Belfast, on the very morning of the Queen's arrival at Kingstown. It was a fine clear day, and as we steamed out of Dublin we saw the Queen's flotilla arriving, and heard the salutes which were fired in

honour of the occasion. It was an extremely pretty sight, and it remains photographed on my organs of visual memory with unusual distinctness. Our destination near Belfast was Clandeboye, the home of Lord Dufferin, the most intimate friend I ever had of my own age. His friendship has added more than I can well say to the happiness and the charm of life.

For this autumn we had made an arrangement which I am afraid was in some ways far from successful. I have repeatedly mentioned in this memoir how intimate I had become with Lord John Russell. I really do not think that our intimacy was at all sensibly increased by our being, now for the first time, colleagues in the same Government. I knew that he was sore and fretful on account of not being at its head. But he never said a word to me that betrayed this state of mind. This was natural. He knew that I came into office as a friend of Aberdeen, and that I should be unable to take the same view as he did of the necessities which had arisen out of his own failure to form a purely Whig Cabinet. But he was at least as friendly as before to me, and I was personally very fond of him. Before the close of the session I heard that he was looking out for some place in Scotland where he might go for a few weeks with his family. I therefore determined to offer him the loan of my place, Rosneath, on the Firth of Clyde. This he willingly accepted. It had special advantages for him in the existing anxious condition of foreign affairs. It was close to Greenock, whence there was rapid railway communication with London. And yet it was very private and retired in its situation, with walks of singular beauty along quiet shores, and with an exquisite mountain-range in the middle distance.

I had a longer distance to travel from Inveraray, but Aberdeen kindly gave me timely notice of any important Cabinets that he could foresee. In the

changes which went on from day to day, and almost from hour to hour, there was one moment when Aberdeen and Clarendon were obliged to answer quickly, and, catching Palmerston, who was passing through London, they called for his help and advice, and drew up an amendment which had to be sent off at once. When it was sent to Lord John it elicited from him a letter, addressed to Clarendon on September 17th. This letter would have no interest now, were it not for the fact that the terms of it reveal the real cause of proceedings on Lord John's part soon after which, led to the most serious results. He declared that he felt himself to be in a degraded position, which it required all his patience to bear. This no doubt was the truth. He had summoned up enough of magnanimity to join a Government in which he was not to hold the first place, but he had not magnanimity enough to face the difficulties which this position involved. He was surrounded by a clique of old Whigs who were always inciting him to discontent, and on the least provocation it was always bursting out in letters threatening resignation. If he had so little confidence in the three ablest of his colleagues that he could not trust them to make some verbal amendments in documents like the one in question, he ought to have stayed in London, as Aberdeen and Clarendon did, during the whole autumn, so that he could have seen everything that went on at the Foreign Office.

Aberdeen, in forming the Cabinet, had unfortunately held out a possible prospect of retiring altogether at some favourable opportunity, when Lord John might take his place. It is now evident that Lord John looked for this change taking place about this time, and when he saw no signs of it coming, his annoyance increased. Aberdeen took the opportunity of telling Lord John that the amendment which so roused his indignation was mainly drafted, not by Clarendon or by himself, but by Palmerston. I did not hear of this letter at the time, but I knew enough even then,

and know far more now, to make me admire beyond measure the calmness, dignity, and imperturbable good temper with which Aberdeen met the complaints of his colleague. He had the comfort during this wretched autumn of the tactful ability and straightness of Clarendon, whose perceptions of personal character were as quick and true as his resourcefulness was great, in shaping a course beset with many difficulties, which were inseparable from the conditions of the problem to be solved, and from the very opposite suggestions to which these conditions gave rise, according as they were viewed from one aspect or another.

We were all agreed to oppose the possession of Constantinople by the Russians. We could not, therefore, coerce Turkey by threatening to leave her to her fate. Consequently the issues of peace or war were in a great degree taken out of our hands, and placed in the hands of a barbarian Government, which might and did wish for war, when it found itself backed by the two great Western Powers of Europe. But again, if we allowed ourselves to be dragged into the war under those influences, we could not tell how widely it might extend. There might be a rising among the Christian subjects of the Porte, supported by Russia, and what would be our position then? Could we fight for the Turk against them? Then, again, we had our game to play with Austria. To persuade her to support us was our great aim from the first. Any act of needless precipitation in the direction of war would alienate her sympathy, and might even drive her into the arms of Russia. There never, surely, was a more tangled skein. Hence the hope and desire to find a peaceful solution were not founded on any mere abstract horror of a great war, but on the doubtful and precarious issues which were before us. It was most annoying to feel or even to suspect that the mind of so important a member of the Government as Lord John Russell was being swayed by feelings and considerations which

were quite irrelevant to the merits of the questions before us. Yet I saw in several letters from Lord John, in the latter end of September, that he was taking a more decidedly pro-Turkish line, which I had not before observed in him, and therefore, as I was on intimate terms with him, and as I believed he put some trust in my judgment, I thought it right to address to him on the 24th September a letter on our position considered as a whole. It was as follows :

‘ INVERARAY,

‘ September 24, 1853.

‘ MY DEAR LORD JOHN,

‘ Really we seem in a great mess about the East. I do not see our way out of it. But though the Porte is all in *the right*, and the Czar utterly in *the wrong*, I trust we shall not commit the honour of England too closely to act for the Turks, as they have an undoubted right to act for themselves. The degree and extent to which they are entitled to uphold an equality of “independence” with other European Powers is one thing; the extent to which we are bound to act *with* and *for* them in this struggle is quite another thing. We must know that, as a fact, this equality of position is not true; we must be conscious that we do not ourselves act upon this view of her position. The language in which we are perpetually addressing her from our own Embassy and our Foreign Office on subjects connected with her internal administration is such as we should never dream of addressing to a Power practically possessed of the position to which, ostensibly, she is nevertheless entitled.

‘ It is all very well, in the language of diplomacy and the forms of official intercourse, to shut our eyes to this fatal discrepancy between fact and theory, but we shall get into a dreadful scrape if we carry this too far. For example, in the event of a war between Turkey and Russia about the Principalities, I cannot believe that the Christian population would actually side heartily in support of Turkey. They may not wish to fall under the Empire of Russia; but this will not seem to them the only alternative. With a view simply to independence, they would probably feel and act rather with Russia than with the Mussulman hordes now assembled on the Danube.

‘Now, if such a feeling were expressed or manifested, however indirectly, it would be utterly impossible for us to take part against it. Yet the independence of those provinces would be as much a violation of the “integrity” of Turkey as their cession to the Czar.

‘It would not be the same thing—a very different thing—as regards the “balance of power” and other considerations of European policy, but it would be quite the same thing as regards Turkish “integrity”; and if we commit ourselves too closely to *this*, I see nothing but the most fatal entanglement before us.

‘It is quite a different thing to stand by in an attitude of armed watchfulness, and to see that events which interest all Europe do not issue in the mere aggrandizement of one Power, and that one egregiously in the wrong. I only trust that the English Cabinet will not act as if they had the same duties as the Divan in respect to the “honour and independence” of a Mahomedan Empire.

‘I do not mean, of course, that the fact of their religion makes it excusable to treat them with any injustice. But I mean simply that the fact of the relation in which the Government stands to the religion of a great portion of its subjects renders that policy *impossible*, which, under any circumstances, could never have been a duty.

‘Yours, etc.,

‘ARGYLL.’

Some of these reasons for delaying as long as possible acts of war against Russia are indicated in a letter I received from Aberdeen dated November 3, 1853.

It is impossible to mistake the attitude of mind which this letter reveals. It was an attitude of intense annoyance with some of the most insuperable facts of the position in which we and all our allies were placed. We were driving straight into a war for, and with, a barbarous Government which had declined to follow our advice, which, nevertheless, could not stand alone—a Government whose interests were only very partially, and perhaps only very temporarily, coincident with our own. A change of circumstances, which was not at all unlikely to occur,

might destroy even this partial coincidence in a moment. One of the most important of our allies, Austria, whose direct interests were very much more nearly concerned than ours, was at that very moment holding aloof and even threatening separation from us until she saw what our next move would be. I quite agreed with Aberdeen that the situation was intolerably provoking. The whole Cabinet felt it, and the French Government felt it equally.

It was under these circumstances that we all agreed to make one more united effort to secure a diplomatic settlement, and we came nearer to it than we had ever come before. England, France, Austria, and Prussia all united in a form of Turkish concession to Russia, which the Sultan agreed to. It was just when the preliminary achievement had been accomplished that an event happened which introduced additional passion into the already explosive elements with which we had to deal. The silly and wayward Turks, after declaring war against Russia, had the inconceivable folly to send their little wretched fleet into the Black Sea, and to anchor it in the open and undefended harbour of Sinope. This bay is only about 180 miles from Sebastopol, and of course the Turkish fleet was marked down by a reconnoitring squadron from the great Russian arsenal, as a woodcock is marked down by sportsmen. Then the Russian fleet appeared, and, as the Turks resisted, they were simply destroyed, as completely as we had destroyed the Turkish fleet at Navarino twenty-three years before.

The British people had been pretty nearly at white heat against Russia long before this event. But what was called the 'massacre' of Sinope drove them wild. The French Government was mortified and affronted in a high degree, and we agreed with France that our combined fleets should enter the Black Sea, and intimate to Russia that the Turkish flag, as well as Turkish territory, was for the future placed under the combined protection of the two Western Powers.

This step, though not taken for the purpose, had at that moment one great advantage: it brought to an immediate test the theory that strong measures such as this, amounting almost to belligerent acts, on the part of England and France in close concert and alliance, were the only measures that were calculated to affect the conduct of the Czar. In the present case it was just in time. We had not yet communicated to Russia the new plan of settlement, to which we had procured the assent not only of our special ally, France, and of Turkey, but of Austria and Prussia also. It was a concert, therefore, of the whole of Europe. It was at a moment, too, when Nicholas might well have been content with the tremendous blow he had inflicted on Turkey, in the utter destruction of her fleet, and in the exhibition of his maritime supremacy over her. If, therefore, Nicholas could ever have afforded to accept without loss of dignity a threat from the Western Powers, made in the interests of peace, this was the moment when it would have seemed possible for him to do so. But nothing of the kind happened. On the contrary, that happened which was sure to happen with a man of the overbearing pride of that haughty Sovereign. Not only did he spurn the proffered terms of peace, but, as if on purpose to set at ease the most peaceful among us, he asserted roundly the very doctrine of his own exclusive right to deal with Turkey as he pleased, which we were all united in resisting, and which, in principle, he had himself repudiated in signing the Treaty of 1840. This was the only issue which justified, in my opinion, a war, nominally in defence of the Turk, but really a war in defence of the right of Europe to keep the fate of Turkey as a matter of common interest and concern. All assertions, therefore, and all assumptions that the Aberdeen Government plunged the country into war in support of the barbarous Government of Turkey, are a gross misrepresentation of the facts. I had the best means of knowing what the policy

was in support of which we went to war. My own view of it was strong and definite. I stated it as emphatically and as frequently as I could in letters to my colleagues. The replies they gave me proved their complete concurrence in that plea of European right in support of which alone we were prepared to fight.

Having thus concluded my personal recollections of the causes which led to the war with Russia, I must advert for a moment to a speech of John Bright, made long after, in which he told his audience that Lord Aberdeen had confessed to him in private conversation that he deeply regretted having allowed himself to become responsible for that war. In such a case memory is apt to be deceptive, and especially so when strong convictions and strong feelings lead us to put a sense upon the words of other men which is a good deal different from that which they may have been intended to convey. In later years Lord Aberdeen did indeed often wish that he had never been placed in a position which compelled him to be a War Minister. But this is a very different thing from saying, either that he could have retreated from that position, or that, being in it, he could have discharged its duties otherwise than he did. I can speak from personal knowledge on this point, because I doubt whether he ever spoke to anyone more freely than to me, and on one occasion he did express himself so nearly in the sense attributed to him by John Bright that I felt compelled to put to him a testing question. I said: 'Now, Lord Aberdeen, will you allow me to put one question to you? In all our long negotiations, lasting through ten months, can you put your finger on any one step to which you ought never to have assented, or any one step which you ought to have taken and failed to take?' 'No, I cannot,' was Lord Aberdeen's immediate reply. 'Then,' I said, 'my dear Lord Aberdeen, you have nothing to reproach yourself with. Your feeling of regret is nothing but the feeling common

to us all—a feeling of ceaseless regret that we were placed in a position in which duty to our country and to Europe compelled us to take a course which resulted in war.'

It was an immense relief to me that our long and hopeless negotiations to keep the peace were brought to an end by the action of Russia, thus clearing up the issue which might otherwise have been obscured.

CHAPTER XXII

1853-54

CABINET CRISIS—RESIGNATION OF LORD PALMERSTON—
THE 'FOUR POINTS'—LETTER TO LORD CLARENDON

It was in the middle of those anxious days in December, 1853, when our last efforts, in concert with the other Powers of Europe, were being made to secure a peaceful solution, that we all suddenly found ourselves in a Cabinet crisis by the resignation of Palmerston—not upon the Eastern Question, but upon Lord John Russell's plan of Parliamentary Reform. When Palmerston originally agreed to join the new Cabinet, he had warned Aberdeen that he thought it quite possible that he might be unable to concur in John Russell's schemes of a new Reform Bill. It was understood among us that, in our second session, Lord John was to be free to make some proposal of this nature. We all knew he was working at it in the autumn, and we heard that he was urging an early meeting of Parliament. On the other hand, there was no feeling about it in the country, and no expectation. Justly or unjustly, I hardly know, many of us in the Cabinet thought the whole idea merely another exhibition of the restlessness with which John Russell was consumed. But in so far as I thought seriously at all on the subject of further changes in our electoral system, it was curious to note how, here again, as in foreign affairs, the old lines of party cleavage had completely disappeared. The Peelite Conservatives were most favourable to reform, the old Whigs were pronouncedly adverse. Aberdeen and Graham were

foremost in their willingness, Lansdowne and Palmerston were foremost in their antipathy.

Lord John's plan was crudely simple. It was a mere repetition, of course on a much smaller scale, of the Bill of 1832. There was to be another Schedule A of small boroughs to be disfranchised. There was to be another Schedule B of double-seated boroughs to lose one of their two members. The franchise was to be lowered from £10 to £5, and the municipal franchise was to be the basis in the towns. The moment Palmerston saw the scheme, he opposed it, as going far beyond anything that could be said to be itself desirable. Some modifications were offered by the Committee of Cabinet to whom it had been referred—principally Graham, John Russell, and Aberdeen. But these did not satisfy Palmerston, and on the 10th of December he wrote to Aberdeen intimating his resignation. Aberdeen made no attempt to keep him, and seemed to consider his resignation as a matter of course.

I believe this attitude on Lord Aberdeen's part was due to a chivalrous feeling that he was bound toward Lord John to be guided by him on this question of Reform, and that he must not sacrifice anything that he deemed essential for the sake of keeping Palmerston, especially as Palmerston, in a long letter to Lansdowne, had indicated very plainly his estimate of the incentives which moved Lord John. 'I cannot consent to be dragged through the dirt by John Russell,' were Palmerston's words. Whatever may have been the inducement under which Aberdeen at once accepted Palmerston's resignation, it raised rather a storm in the Cabinet. I was out of town at the moment, but I strongly participated in the feeling of alarm and regret which was widespread among our colleagues. I at once wrote to Aberdeen, telling him that I thought he took the loss of Palmerston too easily, and warning him that, though Palmerston resigned on Reform, he was quite certain to stand on the other leg also—that of disapproval of our foreign policy. I did not know

it at that moment, but I now find that I was quite right, inasmuch as Palmerston, in one of his letters, took up his old parable about more energetic steps against Russia. But besides this, there was a widespread feeling of respect for Palmerston among all of us. The consequence was a strenuous endeavour to induce Palmerston to return. In the meantime came the Turkish catastrophe of Sinope, and, consequent on that, our resolve to occupy the Black Sea with our united fleets. This event, of course, greatly conciliated Palmerston, and when he was assured that the Reform Bill was not yet settled, he agreed to come back, and wrote to Aberdeen on the 28th of December withdrawing his resignation.

Under conditions of insuperable necessity, both military and diplomatic, we had no choice except to send whatever army we could spare, first to cover Constantinople, and then to threaten the flank of any Russian advance across the Danube and the Balkans. Accordingly, from early in January, the whole strength of our great military and administrative departments was exerted to the utmost to concentrate, first at Gallipoli and then at Varna, a powerful fleet and a considerable army. The discredit which a temporary failure subsequently brought on all departments connected with the Crimean War has most unjustly obliterated the memory of the admirable efficiency which they showed in all the initial stages of the expedition. As to this, no better judge could exist than Admiral Lord Lyons, who wrote to Graham on the 6th of April: 'You have made a glorious beginning, and have astonished the world with the rapidity with which you have sent both fleets and armies.'

During the early weeks of 1854 I was a good deal occupied in preparing for publication in the *Edinburgh Review* a careful history of our negotiations with Russia on the Eastern Question, from the moment when our attention was first drawn to it by the squabble between France and Russia about the Holy Places.

This paper appeared in the July number of the old Whig quarterly under the title of 'The Diplomatic History of the Eastern Question.' I venture to think that in that article my readers will find an accurate and authentic account of the course and the causes of the Crimean War. I had, of course, the best materials to work upon, not only having access to all the official documents, but having been myself a party to all the discussions which went on among us, both in the Cabinet and out of it.

I see that the biographer of Lord Lyons attributes to Sir James Graham the merit of having been the Minister who suggested the Crimea as the great object of our attack, or who, by his advocacy, overcame the objections of his colleagues. I do not recognise the truth of this representation, because there never was any difference of opinion in the Cabinet upon this subject from the moment it became apparent—and even before—that our army was of no use at Varna.

The truth is that one glance at the map of Europe, and one moment's recollection of the great object we had in view, were enough to force upon us the conviction that the capture and destruction of Sebastopol and of its fleet would be the very summit of our desire. There were three conclusive reasons in favour of this course. In the first place, it would fulfil, as nothing else could, our avowed object of relieving the Turkish Empire from the most imminent danger to which it was exposed. In the second place, Sebastopol was the point in the Russian dominion most accessible to the assault of fleets, and affording the most secure naval base for military operations, however prolonged. In the third place, it was that point of Russian territory which, at the extremity of her dominions in Europe, would call for the greatest drain on her resources, both as to men and materials of war. It is quite true that Graham, being in charge of our navy, and seeing what an opportunity for splendid service an expedition to the Crimea would give to our sailors, had his attention early fixed

upon it, not a little encouraged by the spirit and zeal of Sir Edmund Lyons. I had been much struck by this admirable man ten years before, when he received me so kindly at Athens. He was now second in command of our fleet in the Mediterranean and Black Sea, and he was the life and soul of all the operations there. In person he had an extraordinary likeness to Lord Nelson, and the likeness extended to his professional character. There was nothing he considered difficult. He acquired a great influence over Lord Raglan, who commanded our army, and inspired everyone with energy and heart and hope. Neither Lord Raglan nor the French commander, St. Arnaud, was disposed to risk the invasion of the Crimea, in almost complete ignorance of the force that they would have to meet. They acted in obedience to the expressed desire of the two Governments at home. Although, of course, our directions were subject to considerations of physical possibility, they placed a tremendous responsibility on the commanders, and I am not at all sure that they would have thought the expedition possible if it had not been for the eagerness, hopefulness, and indomitable energy of Lord Lyons.

As it was, many weeks passed before we could be quite sure that the army could be moved from Varna, and we had the Sebastopol enterprise as our desire and hope all the time.

It was the habit of Ministers at that time to have Cabinet dinners, as well as the usual and more regular meetings in Downing Street. At the dinners the least serious work was done—such, for example, as the final reading of despatches, which in substance had been already agreed to. In this way, after many and long discussions, we had unanimously agreed to send out a despatch to Raglan, directing him to employ our army in an attack on the Russians in the Crimea. This was seen in draft by all of us, and the final reading came on after a dinner at Lord John Russell's, at Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Park. That night is one of those in

my past life which is deeply imprinted on my memory. It is true that our business was purely formal—the sanctioning of a despatch, the purport and the general terms of which had been decided long before. But there are some transactions in which the closing formalities may make a deep impression, and recall with vividness all the emotions through which they have been reached. The final order to launch our comparatively small army of some 30,000 men on the shores of the greatest military country in the world was a transaction of this kind—a transaction to which the final seal could not be put without making a strong impression, at least on those younger members of the Cabinet who never in their lives had had to do with decisions so terrible, because we had never lived in the time of a great war. Some of our elder colleagues were in a very different position, although even they had spent the last forty years of their lives in times of nearly complete European peace. But there were at least three men at that dinner at Pembroke Lodge to whom a great military decision was but a revival of work with which they had been familiar in early life. Lansdowne had lived through all the great contests with Napoleon. Aberdeen had seen with his own eyes the appalling carnage of Leipsic. Palmerston had had the high honour of sending to Wellington his Field-Marshal's baton for the glorious Battle of Vittoria. But most of us had no such familiarity with war, and I confess that I felt very painfully even that small share of our collective responsibility which I could appropriate to myself. I was glad, therefore, when, well on towards midnight, our meeting broke up, and I could escape into the sweet and calm air of a glorious summer night.

A happy incident added to my pleasure, and lent me help in recovering some feeling of assurance. I found that Gladstone had no carriage of his own, and intended to walk to the station and go home by train. I had an open carriage, and begged him to come with

me. He at once agreed, and we had a delicious drive home, through the wide-open spaces and under the massive columns of oak and elm foliage which rose darkly in Richmond Park against the splendour of the constellations. It was midsummer, and the air was full of the smell of all the blossoms that make sweet the whole air of suburban London at that season of the year. I soon found that Gladstone had no misgivings. It was not the habit of his mind to go back upon decisions once reached. On the contrary, he was always disposed to repel doubts and hesitations, even those which he had felt before. An assured and even a passionate advocacy generally took the place of any former hesitations. He was therefore in this, as well as in other matters, a charming companion on that eventful night.

Some two or three days later, one of our usual Cabinets was held in Downing Street. I walked down to it, as I often did, from the Athenæum Club, and on my way I recognised the square form and sturdy step of Palmerston approaching the top of the steps leading down from the Duke of York's column. Hastening my own pace, I soon overtook him, just as he had crossed the Mall and was walking down the Esplanade. Putting my arm under his, and joining his walk, I said: 'Well, Lord Palmerston, I feel sure we have done the right thing in ordering an attack upon Sebastopol. It is not only the best, it is almost the only thing we have to do, and yet I cannot help feeling a little nervous about it. We know so little what force the Russians may have been able to send there.' On which Palmerston replied in his most cheery and jaunty tones: 'Oh, you need not be in the least anxious. With our combined fleets and our combined armies we are certain to succeed. You know,' he went on to say, 'it is an axiom in military science that an invested fortress is sure to fall. It is a mere question of time. It may be longer or shorter, according to circumstances, but the invested fortress must fall. We shall have one

battle to fight outside the walls, and then the siege. The end is certain.' And in this strain he continued till we had reached the Cabinet rooms. I wondered at the sanguine nature of the man. Several doubts occurred to me. Was a real investment possible? Were we quite sure of that? Well might I ask myself this question, for, as a matter of fact, we never were able to invest Sebastopol, and the near approach to failure which at one moment seemed to threaten our expedition was due mainly to the very fact that the first and most important of Palmerston's gay assumptions was never realized. I had no desire to argue with him. I was even too glad to accept the view of a colleague of such long experience both in peace and war. But in my heart of hearts I could not feel wholly reassured. I felt as if I were the elder of the two, although Palmerston was then seventy and I was just thirty years of age.

Before I proceed with the events of our war, I must retrace my steps again for a space, to bring up to date my account of what had been happening in the Cabinet. I have mentioned how Palmerston had been persuaded to rejoin us in the end of December, 1853, after he had left us on the subject of Lord John Russell's Reform Bill. Lord John was besieged by friends who advised him to give up so untimely an enterprise. In the Cabinet he had no strong supporters, except Aberdeen and Graham, whilst Palmerston's objections were so insuperable that it was clear that perseverance would again break up the Government.

Under these circumstances, after several resolutions to resign, Lord John at last consented to intimate his withdrawal of his Bill. I went down to hear him, and was much astonished by seeing him completely break down under the emotion which the sacrifice excited in his mind. It is surely unreasonable that any one man should so identify himself with a great public measure, which is disliked by a majority of his own colleagues, and notoriously by a great majority of the

House of Commons, that he is to claim credit for some special magnanimity in consenting not to press it down their throats. Yet this was what Lord John seemed to claim for himself, and what, strange to say, many of his colleagues and other politicians conceded to him.

It was during the months subsequent to the formation of the Aberdeen Cabinet that my intimacy with Gladstone was cemented. I had known him before, but not intimately. But my enthusiastic admiration of his great Budget speeches, to his colleagues and in Parliament, and the warm support I gave his plan whilst it was yet in danger, had drawn us much together, and I never found that the antagonism of our opinions on ecclesiastical matters made the smallest difference in our friendship. Then there was another bond between us which arose about the same time, and that was the formation of a close friendship between Gladstone and his wife and my mother-in-law, the Duchess of Sutherland. His rich and abundant nature overflowed in his conversation, and the high interests of which it was full were just those to captivate her generous, sympathetic, and appreciative character. The result was a friendship which endured with great enjoyment to both so long as the Duchess lived. One of the opportunities of happy intercourse arose out of the residence of the Duchess at her villa of Cliveden. It was common for Gladstone to come down there by rail after the Saturday's Cabinets, and to stay till Monday. As often as we could, my wife and I were of the party, and every conceivable subject of interest was habitually discussed. On Sundays we used to attend service at the little parish church of Hedsor. It was perched on the top of the steep face of a rolling down, which falls into the valley of the Thames above Maidenhead, and is much beautified by hanging woods of beech. The church is surrounded by a group of old elms, and commands a lovely perspective up the reaches of the river. The steep green banks at our feet, as we used to come out of church, were often yellow with a little

forest of cowslips. Altogether it was an ideal site, and I must add, we always had an ideal service. The incumbent was a Mr. Williams, a country clergyman, without any pretension or affectations, but who had a reverent, sensitive, and tender voice, and who, after a very simple and a very impressive reading of the service, always delivered a sermon of the same character, suited to a congregation mainly composed of peasants of the most rural type. And yet we all listened with something more than pleasure, because of a reality and a heartiness which made it far more impressive than the great majority of ordinary discourses.

It was in that little church that I first noticed the unusual devoutness with which Gladstone took part in the service. The responses seemed no formality to him, and it always interested me much to see the intent and respectful listening which he never failed to give to Mr. Williams' short and simple preaching. One of the most powerful and most cultivated intellects in England was seen bowing its head in reverence and admiration before the most childlike Christian teaching to the poor.

In a political journal which I kept at this time I find the following record of rather a curious conversation with Gladstone at Cliveden on the 30th July, 1854: 'Spoke of the late Reform Bill with Gladstone—whether it would be brought in again, whether the minority clause would ever be carried. My own impression was not. He thought it very essential; doubted whether Reform in the same shape would come before us again at all; said that, in his opinion, that was the last Bill we should ever see attempting organic change. I said I doubted whether it could be called organic change. He argued that it was a question of degree, and that since the Act of 1832 there was no old prescriptive status on which resistance to Reform could be based. I said that, the leading men of so many different sections being pledged

to some such measure, and even the opponents not resting on a refusal of all Reform, it *must* come up again. He said there were no *musts* in our Constitution; so many things had stood, and were standing, of which it had been said years ago that they *must* fall. He quoted, as I have heard him do before, the Irish Church as a remarkable instance of a beleaguered institution, from which the investing forces had almost drawn off.' I quote this conversation because it is a curious illustration of a feature in Gladstone's mind which has rather escaped observation. It is generally supposed that his mind was as original as it was ingenious and passionate and strong. In my opinion, it was quite the most receptive mind I have ever known. It was habitually swimming with the stream—some stream—not always, however, the one most obvious to others. It held tenaciously everything that fell upon it from other minds, or from the suggestions of party tactics—held it till it took fire and blazed out in a conflagration which seemed like spontaneous combustion, or else led to silence and acquiescence. It cannot be denied that in this case his anticipations were absolutely wrong, and that he himself was destined to prove their error. But the explanation is simple. For a good many months he had been living in an atmosphere thoroughly hostile to Lord John Russell's Reform Bill. The majority of his colleagues disliked it. The House of Commons loathed it. The whole political world was sick of the Bill. The receptivity of Gladstone's nature had drunk in this disposition of the political atmosphere, and he had interpreted it in the sense of a permanent alienation from all schemes of the kind.

The illustration which Gladstone quoted to me against there being any 'must' in politics is curious from another point of view. The Established Church of Ireland was the only religious body against which I had ever observed in Gladstone any spirit of intolerance or animosity. In general he was singu-

larly tolerant in speaking of those who differed from him in religion. But on one occasion, especially, I had heard him express himself towards the Established Church of Ireland with a personal bitterness of dislike which astonished me at the time. I ascribed it mainly to the fact that the Church of Ireland was almost universally Low Church in ecclesiastical politics, as the natural result of its position in the face of the Roman priesthood. Here again early prepossessions had seated themselves in his mind, and were ready to break out into fierce combustion when political need and opportunities supplied the spark.

The same explanation applies to his great Budget of 1853. In principle it was not original. The fundamental conception—that, namely, of using the income-tax as a great financial instrument for the reform of the tariff—was entirely borrowed from the financial operations of Sir Robert Peel, ten years before. Gladstone's passionate defence of the income-tax against changes which he thought would break it down, and unfit it for the beneficent purpose to which it had been applied by Peel, and to which he himself wished to apply it further, was thoroughly characteristic of the enthusiastic attachment of his intellectual nature to conceptions which had once taken strong hold upon it. Parliamentary Reform had never been one of his favourite lines of movement, and therefore I was not deceived by his strange vaticinations that we should hear no more of it.

To return to the war. It may well be thought that, when we had launched our great expedition to the Crimea, we had nothing more to do than to watch and await the issue. Of course, no belligerent foresees the terms of peace which he may demand until he knows how far his arms have been successful. But in our case the position was not so simple. We were not fighting any mere battle of our own. We were fighting in the interests of Europe, and it was of the essence of our contest that we should secure at least

the assent, and if possible the actual help, of the other Powers of Europe. But it was a necessary consequence of this position that we should agree with them—in general terms, at least—on the aims and objects we had in view, and which we were fighting to secure. From this it came about that we were fighting and negotiating at the same time—negotiating, not indeed, directly with Russia, but with Austria and Prussia—and it was evident that Austria communicated to Russia the purport of her intelligence from us. The result of this state of things was that, before our army had landed in the Crimea, a formal attempt had been made by the Powers to define the objects of the war, and consequently to foreshadow the future terms of peace.

The objects of the war were reduced to four, thenceforwards known as 'the Four Points,' or 'the Four Bases.' They were these: (1) The abandonment by Russia of any protectorate over the Danubian Principalities; (2) the navigation of the Danube to be under the protection of the principles laid down at the Congress of Vienna; (3) *a revision of the Treaty of July, 1840, in the interests of the balance of power in Europe*; (4) the abandonment by Russia of any claim to protect the Christian subjects of the Porte, whose interests were to be guarded by the Porte in communication with the other Powers of Europe.

Vague as these bases were, they contain in hazy outline the leading ideas that ultimately took definite shape in the Treaty of Paris, which did at last terminate the war. The third basis is perhaps the haziest of all, yet it was quite intelligible to those who had followed recent events, because we had all repeatedly referred to the Treaty of 1840 as having laid down the principle that Turkey was in future to be acknowledged as one of the family of European nations, in which the others had an equal interest. It was in connection with this basis that a diplomatic phrase became established which, in its form, was eminently ridiculous. The

object was declared to be 'to attach the Ottoman Empire to the European equilibrium,' which had not been done when Europe was otherwise settled by the Treaties of 1815. We had nothing whatever to do with any communication of these bases to Russia. But before our army had reached the Crimea, we had heard that Russia refused to accept them, and that Austria, with her usual timidity and shabbiness, had resolved that this refusal would make no difference in her attitude of an armed neutrality. Austria was willing enough that we and France should spend our blood and treasure in securing results which she confessed to be in accordance with her own interests, but she would not risk the wrath of her powerful neighbour by moving a man or spending a rouble to help us.

No words can express the sense of utter weariness with which, during many months, we used to hear the diplomatic rubbish that circled round the discussion of those 'Four Points'—the notes, the conferences, the despatches, the meetings, the conventions, all aiming at the development of these points into definite and intelligible ideas, and all in the vain hope of getting Austria to cast in her lot with the allies. I never had much hope of it. I recollected how unworthily Austria had behaved in the great contest with Napoleon in the days of Pitt, and how she got her deserved retribution in the tremendous overthrow of Austerlitz. None the less, we were compelled to keep Austria at least in tow, and to prevent her breaking off from us and throwing all her weight with Russia—a contingency which would be fatal to our whole game in the East.

At the close of the session we all separated for the recess, leaving in town only our less fortunate colleagues who were bound to the mill of the great administrative departments connected with the war. We did so, I think, in good spirits, all of us expecting more or less confidently, like Palmerston, the successful issue of our great adventure in the Black Sea. We had ample time to nurse these expectations. Things went

well, but slowly. It was in the end of June that we had ordered the expedition; it was the end of July before the French General announced it to his army at Varna. It was past the end of August before the flotilla could be collected. It was well on in September before it could actually sail. On the 18th of that month it landed, and on the 20th its first battle was fought upon the Alma. During all those weeks we were more or less scattered among our country homes, but in constant correspondence with each other and with outside friends and critics.

August and September were our usual months for receiving guests at Inveraray, and amongst those who visited us at this time were Lord and Lady Grey. Lord Grey had been at Inveraray once before, as Minister in attendance on the Queen, when Her Majesty did us the honour of visiting us for a few hours in 1847, on her way round the west coast of Scotland. Since then my relations with Lord Grey had not been altogether smooth. In the Ryland case, in which I had much to do with him, I thought him obstinate, unsympathetic, and unjust. It has happened, however, to me in several remarkable cases to establish intimate friendships with men whom at first I had much disliked, and this was the case with Lord Grey. The Whig party always found him a most difficult man to deal with as a colleague, and, as is well known, his determined refusal to serve in the same Cabinet with Palmerston led on one occasion to the failure of Lord John to form a Government at all, and was the first outward sign of the break-up of the Whigs as a party capable of governing the country. But I could not help recognising in Lord Grey a man of singular honesty, and one who was quite sure to prefer principle to office. In subsequent years we became well acquainted, and I liked him much in private friendship. His intense eagerness in everything was delightful, and I soon found out that, in spite of his coldness and hardness in the Ryland case, he was full of tenderness whenever

the political element did not interfere. Of his great natural ability there could be no doubt. His opinion was, therefore, always worth having. He was, however, too violently opposed to certain politicians to enable him to take an unbiassed view of any course that was identified with them. Gladstone, for example, was a case in point. But this was in rather later years. No prominent part had been taken by Lord Grey on the Eastern Question in 1854, and our course was not at all identified with his name. With Aberdeen he had no relations, either personal or political, except in so far, indeed, as his violent antipathy to the rowdyism of Palmerston may naturally have inclined him to the calm and judicial attitude of Aberdeen in all his relations with foreign Governments. However this may have been, in writing to Aberdeen towards the end of August, I mentioned to him that we were soon to have Lord Grey as a visitor at Inveraray. 'I am glad to hear,' said Lord Aberdeen in his reply, 'that you are to have Grey. I do not doubt you will hear some good sense from him.' And so I did. But for once I found Grey echoing the voice of all the world, and approving heartily of the Crimean expedition and of the attack on Sebastopol. I cannot say that any adverse opinion would have had any effect with me on the long and well-considered arguments which had determined our course. And yet I confess that the hearty approval of so universal and determined an objector gave me a very sensible satisfaction, and convinced me that there was really nothing to be said against our policy.

We found Lord Grey a most agreeable guest, confirming my old doctrine that we can never know each other well until we have lived with each other in a country house. Lord Grey was no doubt much engrossed in politics, and, so far as I could see, he had no interest in any of the physical sciences. But in scenery, in forestry, in farming, and in some branches of natural history, he had all the enjoyment of a very eager

nature. It was with amusement, but I confess also with some alarm, that I saw him limping with his lame leg on the top of a precipitous bank on our river, and casting himself down on the brink, hanging his head over the steep in order to see a lot of salmon in the clear pool below him.

After Lord Grey's visit, during which I made with him a personal friendship that lasted till his death, my wife and I paid our annual visit to my Hebridean estates—a visit which was always to us the special holiday of the year. But we found that we could not enjoy it as before. *Procul negotiis* is a charming idea when it can be realized, but when our *negotia* have so entered into our very souls that they cannot be forgotten, and when we know that they are pursuing a headlong course, only out of our sight and hearing, then rest and enjoyment are impossible. Neither the briny tides of chrysopræse which are always rushing round the shores of Iona, nor the crystal streams of fresh water which carry sea-trout and salmon up into the very bosom of the volcanic hills of Mull, nor the columnar front of Staffa, catching steadfastly the ocean sunsets from the west—none of these things, which had hitherto always laid for me the troubles of business or of politics, could now avail to keep my mind from those distant shores of Europe, where a terrible struggle was going on in which I had a share of responsibility. I knew that any day might bring news of a great triumph or of some great catastrophe, either of which might involve immediate Cabinet meetings and new resolves, not less responsible than those which had gone before. We therefore returned to Inveraray on the 18th of September. On the 22nd of September we heard of the landing of the united armies on the Crimea, but not till the 2nd of October did we hear of the Battle of the Alma, fought on the 20th September; and at the same time came a false report that Sebastopol itself had been taken, after a sanguinary contest. Although this second report was by no means univer-

sally believed, it had a great effect in increasing the excitement due to the really splendid victory of the Alma, and the general expectation was that Sebastopol was sure to fall within a few days.

When men's minds are subject to a condition of excited and confident expectation, occurrences of small importance may inflame them further. In this case one such occurrence had a considerable effect. We had no two armies to send anywhere. But we had two fleets, and we had sent one to the Baltic to see what could be done by ships to damage Russia. The chief arsenals of Russia were found to be impregnable to fleets. But the small Aland Islands, which had been fortified by Russia, were easily accessible to the fire of ships. They were accordingly attacked. The forts were said to be built of granite. It turned out, however, that not the walls, but only the facing of them, was granite. Our fire shook the casing loose, and tumbled it into the sea. The walls were then pulverized by our guns, and the fort became untenable. We landed French troops, and Bomarsund was taken. Men immediately jumped to the conclusion that what ships had done at Bomarsund, ships could also do at Sebastopol, and even so calm and judicial a mind as that of Lord Aberdeen found in the episode of the Baltic fort a ground for increased confidence in the speedy fall of Sebastopol. The political effect of this overconfidence threatened to be serious. It prevailed throughout the whole month of October, almost universally in the press, and to a large extent in the Government. We were all busy counting our chickens before they were hatched, consulting each other and our allies what we were to do with Sebastopol—whether to keep it or to destroy it, or to winter the united armies there with a view to further operations next year. Nothing was heard of terms of peace, because nothing was thought of them, although it was at least possible that the fall of Sebastopol might give us all we had professed to fight for. This condition of things gave me great con-

cern. No one had been more bored than myself by what Clarendon called 'the eternal Four Points.' Neither was any one of us more disgusted than I was with Austria for sitting idly by when we were fighting her battle in the East of Europe. But the nearer we seemed to be to the point of securing a great decisive success, the more it seemed to me we were bound to come to some understanding—at least, among ourselves—as to the objects for which we were fighting. Accordingly, I wrote the following letter to Clarendon in this sense, to be circulated among my colleagues :

'LONDON,

'October, 1854.

'MY DEAR CLARENDON,

'I have a strong feeling that the members of the Cabinet should come to some understanding more definite than exists at present as to what we ought to set before ourselves as the aim and object of this war, and, consequently, what we should demand, or accept, as a satisfactory conclusion of it.

'There is a reluctance, I think, to entertain this question from several different feelings.

'First, we are apt to think that it is not a very pressing question, that events are now beyond our control, and that we must await their result.

'Next, we pay, perhaps, too much regard to a loose and excited state of public feeling, which is as yet jealous and suspicious of the very name of peace.

'Lastly, there may be some feeling that the question is difficult and delicate, as touching on the different tendencies which exist amongst ourselves.

'As regards the first of these feelings, it is true, of course, that no conclusion on our part, however definite, as to the terms of peace can command the attainment of them, or can prevent the variations depending on events. But it is equally true that the want of any such understanding goes far to make any peace impossible by confusing our ideas of present policy and increasing the uncertainty of events. To "let things take their course" in war means to let war feed upon and perpetuate itself. Events are

never so completely beyond our guidance as when we make no attempt to use the means at our disposal for their control.

‘Then, as regards the excitement of public feeling, we are bound to have opinions and principles of our own, and not to swim merely with the stream. Public opinion will never be led so long as it is simply followed. I have a firm conviction that, if the Government knows its own mind clearly and acts accordingly, it will be supported by the good sense of the English people.

‘With respect to the last of the feelings I have mentioned—if it exists at all—the sooner it is removed the better. We owe it to Europe that, if there be any real difference of opinion among ourselves as to the aim and object of this war, the exact amount of that difference should be known and weighed. Otherwise it will extend and widen. There will be discrepancies of language, and even if we escape seeing each other positively committed to opposite conclusions, the result will be a vagueness and uncertainty which cannot fail both to prolong the war and to deprive us of all guidance over its course and its result.

‘On these grounds I venture to think that, although the time is not come for committing ourselves in any formal way to any given terms of peace, it is come for arriving at some conclusion amongst ourselves what we should demand and what we should be willing to accept.

‘We have already consented to name four indispensable objects to be effected, and we have secured the recorded opinion of Europe in favour of their necessity and justice.

‘We have guarded ourselves by saying that we consider these as outlines and no more; and we have expressly warned Austria that, when peace comes to be actually negotiated, the filling-in of these outlines may involve conditions much more stringent than at first sight may appear to be implied in them.

‘It was quite right to speak thus guardedly in reference to a contingency which is perhaps remote; but amongst ourselves, and for our own guidance, we can afford to look matters a little more closely in the face. It is the more necessary to do so as our shyness of the “Four Points” has grown into a disposition to shake ourselves free from them altogether, and to consider them as no longer bounding, even in outline, the field of our desires. Is this a progress in the right or wrong direction?

‘Let us look, then, at the “Four Bases.” Austria calls them *Principles*. They are not so much “conditions” as general principles, which subsequent “conditions” must be devised and directed to secure. These conditions will admit of great variety and extension as the events of war enable us to dictate or impose them. This is true even with respect to the most definite among them. For example, the free navigation of the Danube may be secured by depriving Russia of less, or more, or the whole of her former territories at its mouth and on its banks. Again, the revision of the Treaty of 1840 “in the interest of the balance of power” in those countries has been already spoken of as implying a limitation of the Russian naval power in the Black Sea. This, again, may be extended to the extinction of that naval power, and this may be secured by the cession of Sebastopol or of the whole Crimea, or simply by the destruction of Sebastopol as a fortress. But all these are conditions, the largest of which falls *within* the two great bases, or “points,” to which they have reference.

‘I do not contend, therefore, that the Cabinet ought to make up even its own mind, far less commit the country, as to the extent to which we may ultimately find it possible or wise to stretch our demand as to “conditions” such as these.

‘But I think we are called upon to make up our minds whether the Four Great Principles or Bases themselves (without reference to the conditions necessary to secure them) do or do not represent and embrace all that constitutes the legitimate end and object of this war.

‘That object I conceive to be to resist now, and stop effectually for the future, the designs and progress of Russia towards dominion in the East of Europe.

‘This is an object great enough to satisfy our ambition and to fulfil our policy. It is large enough to require all our exertions to secure, specific enough to be easily understood, just enough and needful enough to insure the sanction and, ultimately, the support of Europe.

‘Is there, then, any other object larger and wider which we ought to aim at? If there be, let us define it to ourselves as clearly as we can. If there is not, let us not be insensibly involved in others before we know what they are, or how they are to be attained.

‘Are we to prosecute this war till Russia is dismembered? I have great doubts whether this would be desirable, if it could be done to-morrow. But supposing it to be so, what prospect have we of doing it, and what support are we likely to have in trying it?’

‘But, short of the total dimemberment of Russia, ought we to direct the war to the separation of Finland or the re-establishment of Poland?’

‘There may be much to be said for both of these propositions; but it appears to me that they are both of them results in which England has a comparatively distant interest. The naval power which the ports of Finland give to Russia increases her formidableness to the Scandinavian States, but they can never enable her to contend on equal terms with either France or England. As we are not fighting, however, for any special interests of our own, this objection is not, perhaps, very strong. But there is much doubt whether Finland, even if temporarily wrested, could be permanently held against the great military opportunities of Russia.’

‘In respect to Poland, the idea is at best a vague one. If it is for the interest of anyone that Poland should be reconstituted, it is probably for the interest of the German people. But it is questionable whether they think so, and it is certain that their Governments do not. It can hardly be supposed that we can do it without the consent of the German Powers; and I apprehend that our hope of that consent being given must depend on the probability of a previous revolution in their systems of government.’

‘Are these, then, objects which we ought to set before ourselves as justifying an indefinite prolongation of war, or, rather, are they possibilities which ought to restrain us from laying down to ourselves more distinctly when and on what terms we should be bound to accept of peace?’

‘There is one other object of the war which I saw lately proclaimed by an M.P. of some ability and note. It was the resistance of despotism, and the relief of oppressed “nationalities.” One effect of a want of definiteness in the language of the Government will be that this sort of nonsense will be encouraged. Discussion on the objects of the war, without guidance from something like authority, will be taken up by different parties in a popular assembly, each bidding against each other in claptrap sayings. In the presence of distinct views on the part of the Government,

these are harmless comparatively, but in the absence of such views they have a real effect in committing the country and embarrassing its interests and its policy.

‘It appears to me that the Four Bases are good and sufficient *as such*, that they are large and wide enough to allow for any amount of change or of extension in respect to “conditions” which, humanly speaking, the events of even the most successful war can place within our reach. My belief is that, if we adhere to them, we shall yet have plenty of fighting to secure them. There is more probability that by insisting on them all we shall necessitate a long course of war, than that by failing to insist on others we shall too early, or too easily, secure a peace. We don’t sufficiently consider how great is the change which these bases will effect, how strong and deep is the current of events which it is their object to dam back or turn aside. Russia will not, and cannot, sacrifice the gains and the policy of centuries in the East of Europe without a desperate struggle.

‘I should not have troubled you with this letter if I did not think that the want of such an understanding as I have suggested has an immediate and injurious effect on *what we are doing and saying* from day to day.

‘The Four Bases represent, all of them, interests which are clearly European. Such they can be shown to be, and as such they can be urged together as a whole. But some of them have a more immediate bearing than others on the interests of individual Powers. For example, the freedom of the Danube and the abolition of Russian protectorate in the Principalities are most immediately connected with German and Austrian interests. Yet they are all closely connected together as one whole, and unless they are all attained *no one of them* will be secure. Thus we have a lever whereby to move Austria, and to hold at least the convictions of the rest of Germany. To secure what they want themselves, they *must* help us to secure what has a large bearing upon Europe. But what is the effect of our shyness in refusing to specify these bases as our aim and object? Why, that Austria is already drawing distinctions between the *two* Bases which *are* German and the *other two* which are *not* German, or are German only to a less degree. We are positively in danger of throwing her back from the position she had been induced to take, and this in spite of her

own convictions ; for the Austrian reply to Prussia proves that she sees clearly enough that the two bases which interest her most nearly are not, and cannot be, secured permanently unless the other two are secured also—unless, that is to say, all claims of protectorate over the Greek subjects of the Porte be abandoned *everywhere* as well as in the Principalities, and unless Russian power be effectually curtailed on the shores and waters of the Euxine.

‘ If there be any fifth basis required, by all means let it be laid down and considered. What I dread is our going on without some purpose more definitely recognised—afraid of public opinion, because we do not try to lead and guide it ; shy of each other, because we do not know exactly each other’s views. I do not believe there is any difference which will prevent a practical conclusion, *provided we try to come to it*. But there is quite enough variety of tendency and of feeling, *if we do not try*, to keep our language various and our course unsteady—perhaps I ought rather to say, to prevent any definite course from being shaped at all. We shall then be at the mercy of *tides*, and our motion becomes a mere *drift*.

‘ I am, my dear Clarendon, yours very sincerely,

‘ ARGYLL.’

It is quite curious how certain we all were up to the end of October that Sebastopol must fall when our siege-train could be brought to bear. Not one military man nor one civilian seemed to have the smallest idea of the resisting power of well-planned and well-manned fortifications in the hands of such a masterly engineer as the Russians possessed in Todleben. This was quite a new lesson in the art of war. When Palmerston had spoken to me so confidently, at the time we ordered the expedition, he referred to the case of a fortress *invested*. But Sebastopol never was invested. We had marched round it, indeed, after the Alma, but this was only a ‘ flank march,’ made to reach a vacant harbour. We never had enough men to invest the place on the north side. Consequently, its communications with Russia were always open, and fresh men

and fresh supplies could be constantly poured in. Our fleets did all that was possible to stop the supplies from the Sea of Azof. Wonders were done there by the zeal and courage of our naval officers. But the main route on the north side was always open, and we relied alone on bombardments, followed by assaults.

CHAPTER XXIII

1854

DIFFICULTIES IN THE CRIMEA—LORD RAGLAN—BILL FOR ENLISTMENT OF FOREIGN TROOPS

CURIOUSLY enough, our first Cabinet after a considerable interval was held on the 17th of October, the very day on which all our siege-guns and all our ships first opened a combined fire upon Sebastopol. I went up to London to attend the Cabinet, and was not displeased to find that it had been summoned to consider renewed overtures from Austria for a closer alliance. This was all in the direction of my own views, as expressed in the Memorandum above mentioned. But I soon found myself in line with two powerful allies who could not be resisted. The first was the French Emperor, who somewhat suddenly conceived a great desire to be in alliance with Austria. At home we had to contend with a very strong, but a very irrational prejudice. Among the tides of passion which surged at this time through the British people, one of the strongest was a democratic hatred of Austria as one of the leading members of the old Holy Alliance. One of the most violent cries against Aberdeen in the Tory press was that which regarded him as Austrian in his sympathies. So vulgar and so violent were the articles at this time against him, that he had alluded to them recently in one of his letters to me, and in my reply, only a few days before this Cabinet, I had said : ‘ What I have seen of the Opposition papers is so stupid as well as so discreditable that it appears to me very harmless. The personal turn which politics have taken

since the break-up of the old party divisions has led to very disgraceful results, and in no point more disgraceful than in the perpetual and malignant attacks upon you individually by those who entreated you to join them when they could hardly do without you.' Nevertheless, such gusts of political passion and prejudice, however contemptible in themselves, have an appreciable effect even upon those who despise them, and I doubt whether Aberdeen himself, with all his resolute love of truth, would have thought it wise at that moment to propose renewed negotiations with Austria. It was therefore a great help to me, and to others who agreed with me, to find our view taken up by our powerful ally the French Emperor, and to find also that, at a second Cabinet on the 20th, sensible progress was made towards an agreement with Austria which could not fail to lead to some more definite understanding as to our final objects in the war.

But the time was now coming when another ally besides the French Emperor was to enter an appearance on our behalf. This was an ally, indeed, which we would gladly have done without. It was adversity. We had all been too excited, and too confident of immediate success. And yet it is forgotten now what good grounds we had up to the 17th of October for the most sanguine expectations. We had sent out the largest army which had ever been despatched from the shores of England. We had conveyed it, and also many of our French allies, in a magnificent fleet of armed vessels and of transports. We had landed it without a hitch on the shores of an enemy 3,000 miles away. We had accompanied it with a heavy siege-train and 4,000 horses. We had encountered our enemy in a pitched battle on his own ground and behind his own entrenchments, and we had defeated him completely. We had marched round the great fortress unopposed, and had seized an important harbour, furnishing a secure naval base for whatever future operations might be required. The whole fleet of our

enemy was beneath the sea. Both our naval and our military departments had thus really done wonders, and we had every reason to be proud of them. Yet, just at this moment, began a series of events which brought upon us unexpectedly loss, sorrow, terrible anxiety, and well-nigh disaster. Few changes of horizon have ever been more complete. If on the 17th of October, when we were reluctantly turning our thoughts to peace, we had been able to hear and to see what was then going on at the seat of war, we should have heard with something like dismay, from morning till night, the baffled roar of those ineffectual guns on which we had all been counting so surely for the reduction of the fortress. But this bitter disappointment was not all that was in store for us. Only eight days after our Cabinet, our army was attacked from behind Balaclava, and suffered severely in repulsing the attack. The loss included a large part of our cavalry. It really looked as if our army before Sebastopol, instead of investing the fortress, was itself to be invested on all sides, and swept into the sea. Then, again, only ten days later, on the misty morning of November 5th, we were attacked by a large and fresh Russian army, advancing from the north. For a time it went hard with our scanty battalions, and a great disaster was only prevented by the extraordinary pluck of our men and the timely succour of our allies the French. This was Inkerman. And, again, when our ranks had been seriously thinned and overworked, came the dreadful gale of November 6th, in which many vessels that carried stores for the army were lost, and this at a time when it became clear that the hardest work would be needed for preparing winter quarters in the Crimea.

Our army is so drawn from every class and rank in the nation, that in any great war death is liable to enter every kind of home. And at this time of great public anxiety it did enter ours. My wife's younger brother, Lord Frederick Leveson-Gower, a youth of

great amiability and elevation of character, had recently entered the Rifle Brigade, and embarked with his regiment for the East. He was naturally delicate, and in the unhealthy camp of Varna he contracted fever. His billet for the Crimea was in a common transport, where he could have neither suitable food nor accommodation. When the fleet of ships and transports anchored near the Crimea, poor Frederick Gower was very ill and low. The skipper found his vessel near H.M.S. *Bellerophon*, commanded by Lord George Paulett, to whom he sent a message informing him that a son of the Duke of Sutherland was ill on board his ship. Lord George at once sent his own barge, and brought Frederick to his ship, where he tended the invalid with every care. But it was too late to save his life, and he died shortly after, and was buried in the Black Sea. This sad event did not reach our ears till the first days of November. It was a great shock to the Duchess of Sutherland, and my wife at once went off to Dunrobin when she heard of the misfortune.

The first twenty-four days of the month of November were days of intense anxiety and suspense. Our communications with the Crimea were very slow, chiefly through Bucharest. It took between a fortnight and three weeks before any authentic accounts could ever reach us. But meanwhile all sorts of rumours came flying across Europe—through Embassies, through the Rothschilds, and others—all more or less aggravating our misfortunes, and some of them revealing what the Russians had hoped to achieve by their grand assault at Inkerman. The Charge of the Light Brigade on the 25th of October was one of the few misfortunes which turned out less than we had feared. The explanation did not reach us till November 12th. It was not till the 15th that we heard the details of Inkerman, and a week later before we got Lord Raglan's private letters telling us that we must send to him any men we could spare. It may be well to give here the words

which I find in my political journal, as expressing our feelings at the moment: 'On the 5th November, instead of our assaulting Sebastopol, as had been contemplated, we were attacked by greatly superior forces, but after a desperate contest repulsed the enemy, with tremendous loss to them, but great loss also to ourselves. It is felt that this cannot last, and that we are in danger of sinking under the weight of such bloody triumphs.' In order to comply with Raglan's requisitions, we needed the leave of Parliament to call out the militia for garrison duty, and therefore, on November 24th, at a Cabinet, we determined to summon Parliament for the 12th of December. Palmerston was at the time on a visit to Paris, where he was, of course, in communication with the French Government, and it was not reassuring to us to find that the buoyant confidence which had been so much too great at first had now entirely given way, and that he wrote with much anxiety about the position of our army.

In Lord Raglan's private letters the gallant old man did not breathe one word of abandoning the enterprise. But he did tell us that, at a council of war upon the 6th, they had determined to spend every effort, in the first place, in defensive works, awaiting reinforcements. This spoke volumes. Our army had become visibly and obviously inadequate for the work, and in the meantime at least it had to give up the idea of assaulting its enemy, and to be content with defending itself. Meantime no time was lost in sending men. Another battalion of the Guards was sent out on the same day, and the Prince Consort went to Portsmouth to see them off.

It was at this moment of universal depression, not unaccompanied by alarm, that I had my first opportunity of seeing the high spirit and courage of the Queen. There are some people who are cheerful when others are sad, only because of a want of knowledge or of thought. But this was impossible at Windsor. The Queen and the Prince Consort knew everything

and thought of everything connected with the critical situation of public affairs. Admirable papers came from the Prince, full of suggestions on the best means of strengthening the military resources of the country, many of which were adopted by the War Office. Yet, on a visit to Windsor for a couple of days, on the 27th of November, I was struck by the Queen's high bearing under the anxieties of the time. She was proud of the courage and tenacity shown by her army during the recent battle, and spoke of the pleasure she had had in writing personally to Lord Raglan, both after the Alma and again, on sending the Field-Marshal's baton, after Inkerman. There was no sign of depression about the Queen, but a cheerful confidence that her army and her navy would yet recover our position.

When at Windsor, I first heard from Lord Aberdeen a story which had been related elsewhere, but about which I have always entertained the greatest doubt. It is that when our army, after the Russian rout upon the Alma, made the famous flank march round the fortress to the north, in order to seize and occupy the naval base of Balaklava, it would have been possible, and even easy, to occupy Sebastopol itself, whilst the Russian army, in a panic, had retreated out of the Crimea. It never has seemed to me really credible that so important a fortified arsenal should have been left quite open and unfortified on its rear face, although, of course, it is true that all the probabilities of attack were from the sea. I have been always suspicious of the stories on this matter which have since been attributed to our gallant foes, the officers of the Russian garrison. Splendid as their defence was, they were beaten at last, and it is always a temptation to the vanquished to say to the victors: 'What fools you were! If you had but known our situation after the Alma, you might have assaulted and taken Sebastopol as an open town, when you took us so completely by surprise in your march from the Alma to Balaklava.'

It does not at all follow, of course, that Raglan was wrong in declining to make the experiment, because we now were told that it would probably have been successful.

As regards our part in the story, Lord Aberdeen had the best means of knowing the truth, and that part is what our other Generals thought and said on the occasion. According to the information Aberdeen received, Lord Raglan was advised to make the direct assault on Sebastopol by General Cathcart, one of the most distinguished Generals in the army, and whose death was one of the greatest losses we suffered at Inkerman. His information, further, was that Raglan was dissuaded from the attempt by the advice of General Burgoyne, the head of the artillery, who assured Lord Raglan that his guns, when once opened, would reduce the place in three days. I have no doubt of the truth of this anecdote, not only because Aberdeen had at that moment access to the most authentic information, but still more because of the perfect consistency of the narrative with all the preceding and all the succeeding facts. Burgoyne's perfect confidence in his guns was but the reflection of the confidence felt in all the military departments—a confidence on which our own in the expedition as a whole was founded. Our War Office had taken pains to supply a siege-train of great power. It included some eighty-three guns of the largest calibre, and the universal expectation was that it would pulverize any fortification that it could command from a reasonable range. Burgoyne's advice to Raglan was strictly according to the game as it was intended to be played—a game of bombardments followed by assaults. We none of us had ever thought of taking Sebastopol by a fluke—rushing it through a back-door left open. No blame whatever, therefore, can be attached to Burgoyne and Raglan for declining to try an experiment which might be futile, and which, if not successful, would certainly be dangerous. But let us observe the light which

Burgoyne's confidence in his siege-train threw upon the events which followed. When the army got round to Balaclava, they spent their whole time and strength in getting up the siege-train into position in trenches at the front. Before this could be accomplished, no less than twenty-seven days had passed from the Battle of the Alma, and twenty-one days from the assurance which Burgoyne had given to Raglan. Then came the great promised bombardment of the 17th October, which turned out to be utterly ineffectual. Then followed another interval of a fortnight, during which the army was preparing for a second bombardment, interrupted by a dangerous attack on our naval base of Balaclava on October 25th, and finally put an end to by the still more dangerous attack of Inkerman on the 4th of November. During all this time—more than a month—there was no time or thought expended on fortifications much needed to defend ourselves, and no work done in establishing good roads between our only base for all supplies and the trenches.

With that long interval of time expired the long tract of fine weather with which we had been favoured. With the hurricane of November 6th that weather broke up, and the bare uplands to which we had dragged our guns and supplies became an impassable sea of mud. In this lies the whole secret of our subsequent misfortunes. The magnificent apparatus of men and of transport, of guns and of provisions, which had made the expedition such a splendid success up to the victory on the Alma—all was still in the hands of our Generals and of our Admirals. The whole littoral of the Black Sea, and all the resources of the great capital of Constantinople, were within easy reach of our ships and vessels of all kinds. Surely the organization which had landed such an army, and had gained such a battle as the Alma, and had such an absolute command of the sea, was competent to keep that army in comfort as to food and clothing for an indefinite time, if necessary. Such had been our calculation, and we

were right. This was the combination of conditions which did bring all things round at last. But it was only at last, after an interval of time during which our army almost perished. Nothing that Raglan could do for himself when he awoke to his position, after Inkerman on the 4th, and after the hurricane on the 14th of November—nothing that we could do for him—could make up for the waste of the precious days of fine weather, when good roads ought to have been made between Balaclava and the camp, and when an ample supply of baggage animals ought to have been provided for the necessary carriage. Meantime, for some weeks our army was undermanned and overworked, underfed and insufficiently clothed, exposed to cold and wet, without fuel. England was flooded with letters from the camp and from correspondents of the press, giving in terrible detail the sufferings of our brave soldiers, whose pluck and tenacity at Inkerman were really nothing compared with their endurance in the trenches.

Excited as the public mind had been before with the confident expectations of victory, it was correspondingly excited now by contending feelings of grief and astonishment and indignation. 'Whom shall we hang?' is always the public cry under the shock of great calamities, the complex causes of which people are wholly unable to understand. In our case, political asperities had been for some time unusually violent and bitter, and any apparent failure on our part was visited with unusual directness on the head of the Government, because he it was who had rendered possible that fusion of parties which was so hateful to the disintegrated factions. It was not difficult to foresee what would be the result of facing Parliament at a moment of such reverses and of only too possible disaster.

There are few things that would be more repugnant to me than to write a single line which could be unfair to the memory of Lord Raglan. I was then, and I am still, more sensible than most men of the noble associa-

tions inseparable from the name of Fitzroy Somerset. They were associations all redolent of the great Duke. And so was the man. Not in his case only, but at least in one other case, I had observed the expression and the bearing acquired by men who had been habitually living in that illustrious companionship. It was as if something of the strength and of the power of their great chief had passed into their demeanour and their faces. I had seen this in my boyhood in the case of Sir George Murray, the Quartermaster-General of the Duke throughout his wonderful campaign in the Peninsula, and I had noted it still more markedly in Fitzroy Somerset, who was his military secretary. When we were face to face with a great war, after a peace of nearly forty years, we had no new Generals of known capacity, and we had to fall back on the survivors of the school of Wellington. Of those, Fitzroy Somerset was the most distinguished, and although well advanced in years, he accepted the duty to which we called him, in the spirit of his great master. In that duty there was one peculiarity for which, above all others, he had pre-eminent qualifications. Our army was to act in alliance with a French force greatly superior to our own in numbers. The Generals of the second French Empire were rather an unknown body of men, so the task of dealing with them was in the highest degree difficult and delicate. Fitzroy Somerset was the very man for that. His noble presence, his dignified and courteous manners, and his calm and resolute character, all reinforced the historic splendour of his services and the weight of his reputation. It was well known that he did not himself much approve of the enterprise against Sebastopol. But when he did undertake it, he carried it into execution with all the determination which he met in our splendid Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons. His landing of the army on the enemy's coast was beautifully effected. His victory on the Alma was brilliant and complete. His sudden flank march round and behind Sebastopol to seize Balaklava Harbour was universally

lauded at the time as one of the finest strategic movements that had ever been devised by any General. Well do I remember seeing Lord Lansdowne lifting his two hands in the air, as he was wont to do when his admiration was excited, in token of his unbounded delight in the narrative of that flank march.

But if we give Lord Raglan the whole credit of all those parts of the campaign which were so brilliant and successful, it is not less due to others to specify the points of conduct which brought on subsequent disasters. There is nothing that I recollect with greater pain, in the miserable weeks that followed Inkerman and the hurricane, than Lord Raglan's silence, in his private letters to us, on the whole subject of the sufferings of his army in the trenches. When all England was ringing with the most heart-rending accounts of the want of food, of clothing, and of firewood, under bitter exposure, Lord Raglan's letters were wholly silent on the subject. He did ask for reinforcements and for hutting materials, because these could be supplied from home. But as regards all other necessary comforts, he knew that the difficulty and the block lay in Balacava itself, and in the nine miles of muddy roads between it and the camp. Raglan was not a man to make complaints which he knew could only lie in his own hands to remedy. The quays of Balacava were choked with supplies which we had sent out, when as yet they could not be carried to the front, and while our men were being more and more decimated by want and sickness.

Our Cabinets about this time, although heavily engrossed with reinforcing the army, were also engaged a good deal with the old peace negotiations, carried on through Austria. On the last day of my visit to Windsor (November 28th) Prince Albert showed me a Memorandum on this subject which he had drawn up for the Cabinet. I was delighted with it. It was indeed a very able paper. It took very much the same line of argument as I had taken in my letter to Claren-

don, pointing out that the Four Points, however vague and indefinite, were large enough to cover and include everything that we could desire in any possible terms of peace, and insisting on the high value attaching to our concurrence with the German Powers in a general definition of our aims. At a Cabinet on the 1st December we had an important discussion on a draft despatch to Austria, defining what we meant by the Four Points. I succeeded in cutting out a paragraph which professed to disclaim on the part of the allies any desire to establish for themselves a protectorate in Turkey such as we had been condemning on the part of Russia. I maintained that the fourth of our points distinctly held out to the Christians of Turkey that they would find in the four Powers compensation for any protectorate of Russia alone, and that it would be breaking faith with them not to avow our wish and determination to secure for them their privileges. I objected also to the passage on the ground that it drew a parallel between two things essentially distinct. It is one thing for one Power to claim such a protectorate exclusively for itself as the basis of further claims and designs, and quite another thing for United Europe to declare its common interest in the conditions of Christians in Turkey.

It is a great satisfaction to me to have found this passage in my political journal of 1854, and to record it here. It proves that the argument I advanced in later years regarding the duties towards the Christians in the East involved in our opposition to Russia was an argument which I brought before my colleagues in the Aberdeen Cabinet, and which they unanimously accepted, modifying in accordance with it the documents which were to be the foundations of the ultimate Peace of Paris two years later.

It was at this time that an incident occurred which we all thought significant, but of which we could make no possible use. Clarendon had sent a British officer to visit and report upon the Austrian

army which had occupied the Danubian provinces evacuated by the Russians. This officer found the Austrians full of admiration of the Russian army, and speaking freely of the comparative inferiority of their own. If this feeling was prevalent and deep-seated, it was enough to account for the shabby politics of the Cabinet of Vienna. On the other hand, whilst it explained the difficulties we were encountering at Vienna, what light did it not throw on the general policy of the war? If Russia even then was a name of fear to Austria, how completely dominant would she be over the whole of Eastern Europe if she were allowed to absorb into her vast dominions the shores of the Danube and the Bosphorus?

So far we had done well in the Cabinet as regards the comfort of our discussions and our perfect good-fellowship, even in the midst of difficult questions. Since the quarrel between Lord John Russell and Palmerston on the subject of Reform, the one great centre of disturbance amongst us had suppressed its fires, and, as the question of Reform was now by universal consent postponed to the end of the war, I had no fears of any renewal of internal strife. It was, therefore, with immense surprise that, on my return to London after a few days' visit to the Sutherlands at Trentham, I found a Cabinet box in circulation, full of correspondence between Aberdeen and Lord John Russell, in which Lord John made the demand that the Duke of Newcastle should be removed and Palmerston put in his place at the War Office. Of course, this was an open assumption on the part of Lord John of the functions of the Prime Minister. There was no pretence for dismissing the Minister under whom our army had been organized, and had won the three great victories of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman. Aberdeen, therefore, although treating the proposal with temper and dignity, held firmly to a definite refusal, and ended by telling Lord John that he must absolutely decline to advise the Queen

to take any such course. Lord John said he would appeal to the Cabinet.

On the 6th of December there was a Cabinet dinner at Aberdeen's house. When business began, Aberdeen said he had circulated the correspondence with Lord John, and he had nothing to add. But he did add one observation, which was that from some things Lord John had said it seemed clear that his objections really pointed not to a change in the departments, but to a change in the head of the Government; that if Lord John could get the Cabinet, or any Cabinet, to join him, he (Aberdeen) would not stand for a moment in his way; that he had not wished to keep his present place, but had felt the difficulty of getting out of it, now as much as ever, or more than ever, and he was quite ready to go if he could see his way to any other combination. Lord John, in defending his own case, had not a word to say against the Minister whose removal he demanded, and under whom the British army had just won victories, pronounced to be glorious days in its history by so competent a judge as Fitzroy Somerset. All he said was that he felt uncomfortable in his position as a leader whom nobody followed; that he could not get any of his measures passed through the House; that he thought the War Minister ought to be in the House of Commons, and that the office should be held by Palmerston. Considering that the other great War Department—the Admiralty—was represented in the House by a Minister who was at Lord John's left hand in the Commons, and was one of the most powerful debaters in the House, and that Palmerston was on his other side to defend the Government, it did seem unreasonable to insist on the removal of a colleague against whose administration he himself had not one word to say.

Palmerston now interfered, and behaved splendidly. He said that, on the principle laid down by John Russell, he (Palmerston) ought to be the Minister called upon to resign, because he had not succeeded in passing

one single measure of any kind through the House of Commons during the last session of Parliament. Then, as regards the general policy of the Government, the only criticism he was inclined to make was that in his opinion the expedition to Sebastopol should have been undertaken sooner; but when he had proposed this, Lord John Russell was the Minister who opposed him. We all intimated our recollection of the truth of this, whereupon Lord John admitted the fact, but defended his course upon the ground that, till Russia evacuated the Principalities, it was dangerous to leave the Turkish army unsupported. But this was the argument on which the whole question then turned, and apart from it there was unanimous agreement. Aberdeen was not given to jokes in his conversation, still less was he disposed to indulge in chaff. But when Palmerston told us how completely he had failed in legislation in the previous session, Aberdeen could not resist the comical aspect of the situation, and he gravely interpolated the remark that the failure must have been due to the want of vigour in Palmerston. The laughter raised by this sally on the part of our generally very solemn chief lightened the tension due to a very odious dispute, and as not a single member of the Cabinet said one word in support of Lord John, he subsided into a threat that, although he would remain with us during the approaching December session, he would retire after it was concluded. Aberdeen protested against this intimation, but the Cabinet seemed disposed to hope that Lord John would again change his mind.

In public affairs at this time the greatest trouble we had concerned the negotiations with Austria on the Four Points of a future peace. Our position was extremely embarrassing, because of the eagerness of the French Emperor on the subject, and the difficulty of knowing what he or what Austria really wanted. My view was that, provided the contemplated treaty with Austria did not involve any proposal for an armistice, or for any interruption in our military

operations, it would be wise and prudent to welcome any clearer understanding on the ultimate terms of peace. But there were many risks in a negotiation carried on indirectly through no less than three Foreign Offices, with an unavowed reference to a fourth. First there was France, hot on some scent that we did not quite understand. Secondly, there was Austria, who would probably be satisfied with terms of peace but little satisfactory to us. Thirdly, there was Prussia, little to be trusted. Then there was Russia, who was evidently kept aware of everything, and whose sole aim was to find means of dividing the Western allies. There was just one satisfaction at this moment: on our foreign policy there were no divisions among us in the Cabinet. Our military position made it then impossible to foresee what we might and what we might not be able to demand as terms of peace. All we could do was to keep our course open, and to avoid ambiguous engagements.

Our short session of Parliament in December, 1854, lasted only a fortnight, and was in every way successful. The only proposal we made which was in any way critical was a Bill to enable us to raise some foreign troops to reinforce our own. Fortunately, this happened to be a favourite scheme of Lord John Russell. I went to the House of Commons to hear him speak, which he did extremely well. In the House of Lords we had some formidable opposition to encounter. Our chief enemy was not Derby, but Ellenborough, whom I always thought the finest speaker in the House. His forcible diction, his fine delivery, and his apparently passionate conviction, were qualities which made him a great orator, and we had to endure on this occasion one of the finest examples of his power. But nothing except oratory could make his argument tolerable. At that very moment we were companions-in-arms with Frenchmen and with Turkish subjects of every name and nation, whilst we were trying our best to enlist in the same cause Austrians and Germans, and even

Italians. The war we were waging was essentially a European war, and why we should not obtain, if we could, the aid of foreign soldiers, it was impossible to conceive. I had been afraid of the proposal on one ground only: I felt sure that the ignorant prejudice against Prince Albert, which had been so violent not long before, would attribute to his influence any proposal for the enlistment of foreign troops. I was convinced that, although unavowed, this was the feeling that animated Lord Ellenborough, and which could alone account for his furious harangue. Some of his language was very violent, and in the end he denounced the Bill as 'one insulting to a generous and confiding people.' When he sat down none of us rose to reply. I had never intended to speak on the subject, whilst Granville had. So the debate languished till Derby rose in triumph at the close, and condescended to the use of every kind of claptrap about 'mercenaries' and 'declining empires.' I was excited by this speech, and I at once rose when it concluded. I denied emphatically the truth and justice of his representations, and pointed out the essentially European character of this war as fairly entitling us to the auxiliary aid of other countries. Just as the German Legion had been called to aid us in driving the French from Spain, because on that field a great European contest was being decided, so on the shores of the Crimea another such contest was being decided also, and Germans, above all others, were interested in the result. I spoke with energy and effect, and was loudly cheered and much congratulated when I sat down. We won the day by a majority of twelve, no inconsiderable triumph over two of the greatest debaters in Parliament.

There was another incident in our debates on this Bill which gave me great pleasure. On the first day Lord Lansdowne was ill of gout, and could not be present. But on the third reading he was able to come down to the House, and delivered a most forcible and telling speech on behalf of the measure, of which he

was a warm supporter. Lansdowne was now generally regarded as a figure-head in politics, and chiefly useful as giving a flavour of old Whiggism to the new combination which had arisen. But in this speech he came out full of fire and vigour, and able to bring the measures and principles of an earlier generation to illustrate and support the necessities of our own time. It was most interesting to me to hear this speech, remembering that it came from a man who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1806, and belonged to the generation which had heard Pitt and Fox. The historical review which he gave of the subject was most important, and we fully expected that it would tell on the division in the Commons, which was impending two days later. Accordingly, we triumphed over our opponents by a majority of thirty-nine. On the 23rd December Parliament adjourned for a month, till the 23rd January, 1855.

CHAPTER XXIV

1854-55

TROUBLES IN THE CRIMEA—RESIGNATION OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL—DEFEAT OF ABERDEEN GOVERNMENT—FORMATION OF MINISTRY BY LORD PALMERSTON—RESIGNATION OF MR. GLADSTONE, SIR JAMES GRAHAM, AND MR. SIDNEY HERBERT

THE period of thirty-eight days which elapsed between the end of the session and the date in the next session when the Aberdeen Ministry was overthrown was a period of pain and grief to us, such as I remember with horror, and find it impossible to describe. The splendid army of over 30,000 men which we had organized, and had sent out with brilliant success to the Crimea, was reported to us every week as dying by inches in the besieging lines. Yet we were kept in complete ignorance of the causes. What we did know was that reinforcements of great strength, and whole flotillas of supplies, had been poured into Balaclava. The silence of Lord Raglan was positively excruciating. Nothing came from him but the driest facts. But one of these seemed to me to be alarming in the highest degree—namely, this: that our effective force in the Crimea did not exceed 16,000 men, with about 9,000 in hospital. At a Cabinet on the 21st of December Lord John Russell spoke very gravely about the position of our army, but nothing he said at that time was free from the suspicion that he was still looking out for an occasion to resign on personal grounds, which were known to all of us. We broke up without coming to

any definite conclusion. Therefore, on the 22nd December, I addressed a letter to Aberdeen urging that a careful estimate should now be made with the French Government as to the number of men each of us could send; that this estimate ought to be sent to our respective Generals, with instructions that they should consider the adequacy or inadequacy of the force thus to be provided, and determine whether the siege should be prosecuted or abandoned. At the following Cabinet Palmerston strongly protested against allowing the Generals on the spot to exercise so large a discretion. He said that such a course would be disgraceful to France and England. I said that it would be less disgraceful than the loss of the army. He rejoined that that was out of the question. I said it was not out of the question, from the effects of climate and sickness. He then admitted that this did require to be looked to, and this led to a discussion as to what could be done. Newcastle assured us that all the best men in the military departments had been sent out with full powers, and he did not know what else could be done, unless we were to supersede everybody and send out some civilian as a dictator. Of course this was impossible. Newcastle, however, had consulted Lord Hardinge, who had recommended a good Quartermaster-General, and he had been sent out.

Meantime the War Office and the Admiralty were straining every nerve to send out reinforcements. Graham reported to us that he had supplied transport for 9,000 French troops, and a continuous stream of vessels was carrying comforts to the army. But in spite of all this, we felt that it was impossible to contend with cholera, and on the 13th of January, at a Cabinet, Newcastle told us seriously that the condition of our army was now such that a great disaster to our arms must be contemplated as at least a possible event. I do not know whether Palmerston remembered, as I did, the conversation we had together early in the month of July, when the Sebastopol expedition had

been ordered—how I had been full of anxiety, and he had been still more full of hopeful, confident expectations. I am bound to say that nobody was more vexed and angry than he was now. I recollect him one day listening to a very bad account of the army which had reached one of us—an account which was expressed in the sentence that we were losing a regiment a week. ‘But why should this be?’ said Palmerston, almost starting to his feet. This was the question we were all asking, and were all equally defeated in getting any guidance in reply. A general impression was gaining ground that in the faculty of organizing Raglan was deficient. But there was no General of whom we knew that would be better, whilst Raglan was incomparable and indispensable in our relations with the French army, on which depended any hope of getting some relief to our men by a fairer division of work in the trenches. Three measures we took during this dreadful month. We supplied the French army with transport for their reinforcements; we did the same for the Turkish army of Omar Pasha, which, to the extent of 40,000 men, was conveyed to the Crimea; and, lastly, we secured by diplomacy the alliance and active co-operation of the Sardinian kingdom.

We had three Cabinets, on the 18th, 19th, and 20th. At all of them Lord John Russell was not only present, but taking an active part in measures of his own, upon education and on Church rates, thus giving every indication of his continuous membership and fellowship with us. On the 23rd Parliament reassembled. Lord Grey gave notice of a motion on a reorganization of the War Office, and Roebuck gave notice of a motion for inquiring into the causes of the condition of our army in the Crimea. This last was, of course, a vote of want of confidence in the Government.

On the 24th January we had another Cabinet. I walked down to it alone and rather early. On entering the room, I found that Palmerston was there, and nobody else. As he was not generally more

than punctual, I was surprised. But the mystery was soon solved when he handed to me a note, saying, 'Read that.' It was a note from Lord John, telling Palmerston in three lines that he would hear a letter from himself read to the Cabinet, and that it was a painful but necessary step. When all the Cabinet had assembled, Aberdeen read the letter. Newcastle began the discussion by offering to resign, as he knew the run was against him, and the Cabinet could not go on unless he left the War Department. We all felt that it would be dishonourable to ourselves to make him our scape-goat for events for which we ought all to share the responsibility in our several degrees. Sir George Grey, with a high-mindedness which never failed him, declared he could not consent to such an unworthy sacrifice of a colleague. In some discussion of Lord John's act, it clearly appeared that it was universally condemned by all his colleagues. He had sent his resignation without consulting one of them, and late at night, after taking part in the business of the House. Aberdeen told us that he received it with very great surprise, as this was almost the only occasion on which he should have thought such a course impossible. To desert the friends with whom he had been acting just at the moment when they were about to be attacked would indeed seem a strange course. But whatever we thought, there was very little said on this part of the subject. After a long debate on our position, it was decided that, considering the evil of a weak and crippled Government, with a great war on hand, it was best for all of us to resign, and give as our reason what really decided us in this connection.

Accordingly, Lord Aberdeen went off to Windsor to inform the Queen of what had happened, and to place all our resignations in Her Majesty's hands. On the following day we repaired to Downing Street to hear the arrangements for giving up our various offices. Our astonishment was therefore great when Aberdeen came from Windsor to tell us that we were still Ministers

of the Crown, because the Queen had peremptorily refused to accept the resignation of Aberdeen or of any of his colleagues. Her Majesty told Aberdeen, and commanded him to tell us, that our resignation under such conditions was unjust towards herself, injurious to our own character, and indefensible as regards the country. Although, of course, I was aware that it was part of the prerogative of the Crown to accept or refuse Ministerial resignations, I had never realized it as a power likely to be brought into practical use, and therefore the position of affairs filled me with curiosity and interest.

Two or three of the Cabinet confessed that they had had serious misgivings on the previous day when our resignation had been decided upon. One of these was the Lord Chancellor Cranworth, a most excellent man with an admirable judgment. He had doubted, he said, whether it was right for a whole Cabinet to resign because one member of it had done so. He had doubted also whether we, in our position, ought to run away before an attack in the House of Commons. Aberdeen admitted that he had had the same doubts, and thus it was evident that the Queen had not merely effected a change in our course as an act of obedience to the Sovereign, but had recalled us to considerations of duty and of public policy which in our haste we had overlooked. None of us, indeed, doubted that Lord John Russell, who was our leader in the House of Commons, was far more than one individual member of the Government, and that his defection and desertion just at that moment must be fatal to the Government. But, none the less, the Lord Chancellor and Lord Aberdeen were right in recognising that the Queen had exercised her prerogative with wisdom, as well as with strength.

Our first duty under the new conditions was to consider who, in the coming debate, should take the place of the colleague who had so suddenly deserted us, and what line was to be taken on behalf of the Cabinet

as a body. One thing was certain—all the world around us was in a passion. The House and the public were determined to hang somebody. The War Minister was, of course, the obvious victim. It was true that under his Administration the British Army had won three of the most brilliant victories that had ever signalized its conduct on the field. It was true that later misfortunes pointed clearly to a kind of mismanagement with which the War Minister had little or no concern. It was true that at the very moment of the Parliamentary crisis, and under the same War Minister, the tide of misfortune in the Crimea had already begun to turn. But at that juncture nothing of all this had a chance of being listened to for a moment. Newcastle knew that he must resign, and he told us that he meant to do so the moment the division was announced, whatever it might be. But this did not solve our difficulty. Was the House of Commons to be allowed to know of this resolve of the War Minister? It was the only chance we had of weathering the storm. But would it be consistent with our honour to sacrifice our colleague in order to save ourselves? Had we not been his colleagues during all his days of success and victory? Had we not been proud of the splendid organization which in his hands and those of Graham had landed such an army with its siege-train 3,000 miles from home? Had we been able to make one single suggestion which he had rejected? Were we now to throw him over in the face of the House of Commons, when most of us, if not all of us, believed that the calamities were due to causes over which he had no control? Those questions, I rejoice to say, we answered unanimously in the negative. There is nothing I remember in my public life with greater satisfaction than the conduct of the Aberdeen Cabinet at this, the last moment of its existence. Some few of us really thought that Newcastle had been sometimes slow. But not one of us could put his finger on anything he had done, or

anything he had refrained from doing, to which, by even any plausibility, the mismanagement at Balaklava could be traced. An overpowering sense of personal honour told us that we must stand or fall with him, and that our spokesmen in the debate were to give no hint, however faint, that we would remain when Newcastle had been sacrificed.

Among the alternatives enumerated, there was indeed one which in itself would have been acceptable to some, and that was that Newcastle and Palmerston should change places, Palmerston taking the War Office. But I pointed out the inconsistency of at once proposing to defend the conduct of the war, and yet displacing the Minister whose defence we were prepared to undertake. The force of this was felt by all, and we agreed to meet the enemy *in statu quo*.

On the 26th of January, after another Cabinet, I went with my wife by command to Windsor. The Prince at once sent for me, and I told him what had been settled at the Cabinet. I found him in rather low spirits. We had a long conversation, and I told him my own impression that from a variety of causes I had been led to doubt for some time whether a change of Government would not be desirable. The Queen soon entered the room, when Her Majesty expressed freely, though without any bitterness, her surprise and astonishment at the course taken by Lord John Russell. On the 27th I returned to London to attend a Cabinet. There had been an adjourned debate in the Commons, and I heard that Palmerston had spoken feebly and ill. Newcastle complained of the great unfairness to him of Lord John's speech. He said his position was intolerable unless he could make his own statement speedily, and almost desired to resign, that he might make it in the Lords at once. We reminded him that this would just be doing what we had all agreed should not be done—that was, throwing him over to appease the Commons. Newcastle was much moved, and said he had not expected such ungenerous

conduct from anyone. A shipwreck, he said, was not a very pleasant thing, either physically or metaphorically; but he would rather be the man drowned in such a storm than the man who saved himself by putting his feet on the shoulder of a friend. Aberdeen, with that determined love of the exact truth and of perfect justice which was characteristic of him, was the only man who said anything in defence of Lord John. He said that Lord John, it was true, had not stated the case on Newcastle's side, but, on the other hand, he did not think that Lord John's speech was very ungenerous towards him, or that such was his intention. Gladstone asked me my opinion on this point, to which I replied that Lord John had suppressed or omitted what ought to have been stated by him, considering the hardship of Newcastle's position.

On my return to Windsor, I saw the Queen and the Prince before dinner. The Prince was unhappy about the debate. There was no statesman's speech. But the country needed to be told that it was a great nation waging a great war and a great enterprise against a great Power, and that it must not fret and fume at any mere want of success, without discriminating between the evils due to the magnitude of the enterprise, or those due to climate, and those due to mismanagement. The present run against Newcastle was an unjust one. But he clearly admitted the want of management on the part of Raglan. The Prince thought that Lord Hardinge would have done it better. The Queen joined in our conversation, and I could see that Her Majesty clung to the hope that the Government would be reconstructed, if we should be beaten on the pending division. Lord Aberdeen came to Windsor on Sunday to dinner, and in the evening Her Majesty renewed her conversation with both of us on the crisis.

On Monday, the 29th, my wife and I left Windsor with Aberdeen, and we again discussed the probable issue of the crisis. Aberdeen said he was determined

to part friends with Lord John Russell, and spoke with characteristic justice, moderation, and candour of everybody and everything. I never admired him more.

Next morning, January 30th, 1855, we were defeated in the Commons by the enormous majority of 157, only 148 members voting with us. The truth is that Parliament and the country were frantic—not to be wondered at, indeed, considering what all popular assemblies are, yet, nevertheless, not justified by the facts of the case. The great feature of the debate was a fine speech by Gladstone, exposing Lord John's conduct with skill, and ridiculing the attempt of the House of Commons to inquire into the conduct of the war by means of a Select Committee.

We had a meeting of the Cabinet at once, to arrange about our resignation, at which Clarendon announced the signature of the Treaty with Sardinia, by which an auxiliary force of 15,000 men was secured for our troops before Sebastopol. That was our last act, and a very important one, in the conduct of the war. It was one of the many steps we had taken before we resigned, which contributed much to that turning of the tide which soon led to the final success of our great enterprise.

Gladstone expressed his thanks to the Cabinet, and especially to that portion of it whose connection with himself was new, for the support and cordiality with which they had acted towards him in all his measures and proposals. He said that the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen would ever be remarkable for the manner in which it had brought together the two great parties formerly opposed.

Thus fell the Ministry of Lord Aberdeen, after a duration of a little more than two years, from January, 1853, to January, 1855.

The immediate cause of its fall was the action of Lord John Russell in deserting his colleagues, because he would not hold himself responsible for what he

had himself done along with them in the Crimean War.

It is possible, of course, that, even if Lord John Russell had not deserted his colours, we might have been equally defeated, because the tide of impatience and anger against us was at that moment rising high. But certain it is that his virtual confession that we had no defensible case made the division hopeless, and rendered our defeat certain.

In looking back upon the work of the Aberdeen Administration, it is impossible not to see that it was a great one. In the first place, it set the example of that reconstruction of parties which had become essential to the conduct of political affairs. And this was permanent. In the second place, it carried an immense reform in the fiscal system of the country—a reform so large and so fertile that it marks an epoch in our domestic history. In the third place, it established a friendly alliance with France, amounting to active co-operation in a common foreign policy. In the fourth place, it established as a principle, in our dealings with the Turkish Empire, that the affairs of that Empire were a matter of concern to the whole of Europe, and ought not to be left to the selfish action of a single Power. In the fifth place, it took a step which went a long way towards recognising the rising Italy, then represented by Sardinia, as one of the Great Powers of Europe. All of these were achievements in both home and foreign politics of the highest order of importance. All of them have had lasting effects upon the future, and it is one of the strange ignorances which Parliamentary contests produce, that our work as a Government is in most minds identified with nothing but six weeks or two months of bad weather and local mismanagement in the Crimea. Despite that mismanagement, the military reputation of the country suffered no disparagement. On the contrary, both by the victories won and by the vast display of maritime resources

in the transport of the army, both for ourselves and France, and by the very calamities which proved the spirit and endurance of the British soldier, our reputation as a military Power was in many respects much enhanced.

But the greatest homage to the Aberdeen Ministry was yet to come. It was speedily found that no Government was possible except a reproduction of that Ministry as nearly as could be attained. Lord Aberdeen, indeed, retired finally from public life. He had done the great service to his country which no other man could then have rendered—that of making possible a fusion essential for the public welfare. There was also another member of the Cabinet whose return to office could not be then in question, and that was Newcastle. A natural public prejudice ascribed to him the misfortunes by which we had all been distressed. But as regards the rest of the Aberdeen Cabinet, it is a curious comment on the popular verdict of the moment that we were all again installed in office within the space of a few days, and that, with the addition of a few new colleagues, we with our allies carried on the Crimean War to a triumphant conclusion, precisely as we had carried it on before.

The transactions through which this curious result was arrived at were a signal illustration of the disintegrated condition of political parties at the time, and as I was personally conversant with most of them, and behind the scenes as regards them all, I think it may be worth while to tell the story in some detail.

The Queen, following, as she always does, the constitutional usage, sent first for the leader of the largest Parliamentary party in the majority which had defeated us. This was Lord Derby. But he knew and felt that he could not form a stable Government in such stormy waters, with nothing but his old crew of Protectionist Conservatives. He therefore at once applied to Palmerston for his co-operation. That is to say, he applied

to the man who was one of the foremost in urging the Crimean enterprise, and, as I personally knew, was the very foremost in ignoring the magnitude of it and the dangers it involved. Palmerston declined to take office under Lord Derby. I know nothing of his reasons. He may have felt that his own time was coming, and near at hand. He may have felt, too, that his late association with the Peelites could not be so rudely broken and so quickly reversed as his engagement with the Tories would imply.

Derby did not confine his attempts at another fusion to catching Palmerston. He also invited Gladstone and Sidney Herbert, who declined. The Queen next sent (as I believe) for Lord Lansdowne, rather as her oldest and wisest Privy Councillor than as the head of any party. Lansdowne consulted Gladstone, who told him that if there was to be any reconstruction, he did not see that a new form of the late Cabinet would offer any advantages. At that moment he seemed to consider a simple return of the Aberdeen Cabinet as not impossible.

On the 3rd of February I went to see Lord Grey. I found him of opinion that the best solution of the difficulty would be a Palmerston Government. But he admitted that, if Palmerston was inclined to enlarge the area of the war, it would be a fatal objection. He thought the Peelites ought to reinforce Derby, if again invited, as he saw no public principle to divide them. I asked him if he thought Gladstone would ever sit in the same Cabinet with Disraeli. He said: 'No; but they must get rid of Dizzy.' I said that was not so easy. In the afternoon of the same day I went to see Gladstone, and found that Lord John Russell had just called upon him. The Queen had been compelled to send for Lord John, by the failure of others. Gladstone told him what he had told Lansdowne—that, if there was to be any form of coalition, he preferred the last. Lord John was very nervous. Just at that moment a note was handed to me from Lord John, saying that he

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wished very much to see me, and hoped I would come to him that evening. After going to Aberdeen and telling him that I could never take office under Lord John under existing circumstances, I wrote a note to Lord John intimating that, as regarded office, my feelings and opinions left me no room for choice, and begging that he would not consider me for one moment in any arrangement he might be making.

Next day, the 4th February, 1855, I went to Aberdeen, and found that Lord John had failed, and had abandoned the attempt. So far as I could hear, no man worth getting would serve under him. This was a striking result of his own conduct. With great abilities, many fine points of character, and near the end of a life of great service to the progress of our political system, he had nevertheless become impossible as a Prime Minister.

Palmerston was now the only resource left to the Queen, and he had accordingly been sent for, and was trying to form a Government. Clarendon and Lansdowne had both been with Aberdeen trying to get his support. On the morning of the 5th I received a note from Palmerston asking for my assistance. On going to town, I found that a sort of Peelite Cabinet was being held at the Admiralty, where Graham was confined to bed by some illness. We spent two hours there. There were assembled Aberdeen, Gladstone, and Sidney Herbert. Herbert was as decided as it was his nature to be in favour of joining Palmerston. I was in favour of the same course. But Gladstone and Graham were both strongly opposed to it. Gladstone said that the mob of a Cabinet could not control its course. That depended on its working heads, and the one in whom he had most trusted would be away in a Palmerston administration. Graham amused us by conjuring up all sorts of terrors—for instance, that Palmerston would subject the policy of England to that of the French Emperor, who had declared that he wished to see Palmerston Prime Minister.

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Aberdeen at last told us that on the whole he advised us to join. Gladstone then tested him with the question whether he would be able to get up in the House of Lords and say that he had confidence in the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston. Aberdeen replied that he certainly would be able to hope the best. Gladstone pounced on this as a test, and intimated that it could not satisfy him. We then asked Aberdeen whether he could not himself join the new Cabinet without office. Aberdeen replied that this alternative was clearly impossible. To be Prime Minister one day and a Minister without any functions the next day—this, he said, would be a confession of incompetence to which he could not submit ; and we all felt the truth of what he said. Gladstone remained firm, and the idea of a reconstructed Cabinet seemed impossible.

On leaving the Admiralty, I had now to consider the comparatively very small question of my own reply to the letter I had received from Palmerston in the morning. I had conceived, during our late Ministry, a real feeling of respect for his public character. I thought him manly and straightforward in his opinions and in his expression of them. Of course, I had no sympathy with the absurd popular superstition that he was the only man who could conduct the war, or that he could have prevented it. I knew that he had been quite as unforeseeing as any of us as regards all the unexpected contingencies which had led to our difficulties ; I knew that he had proposed nothing which could have had any effect either in meeting them or in preventing them. But anyhow, as the Duke of Wellington used to say, ' the Queen's Government must be carried on,' and the popular impression of Palmerston's powers as a War Minister, even although it was largely a delusion, was in itself a qualification for the moment. I was therefore clearly and strongly in favour of his forming a Cabinet. But there was one consideration which I could not get over as regarded myself. That consideration

arose out of my relations with, and my feelings towards, Lord Aberdeen. I could disregard the prevalent nonsense about Lord Palmerston, but I could not stoop to any, even seeming, acquiescence in the prevalent nonsense about Aberdeen. If I joined Palmerston in company with all the other Peelites, I could do so without any such implications. But if I were to join him alone, I felt that my position would be open to a kind of misunderstanding which I could not for a moment bear. I therefore wrote to Palmerston quite frankly that, as the vote of the House of Commons was pointed partly at Aberdeen, it must be presumed to point also at views in which all his friends heartily shared, and that they could hardly join a Government framed on the special basis of his exclusion. Palmerston instantly replied by asking me to come to see him, as he thought I was in error on a point of fact. I at once complied, and walked off to see him. He told me that since he had written to me he had received the answers to his invitation of Gladstone and of Sidney Herbert, and he saw that we were acting together. However, he added, what he had wished to say to me was that, though he admitted the vote of the House of Commons to be pointed partly at Aberdeen, it was because views which Aberdeen did not hold were erroneously ascribed to him. It was, therefore, not pointed at his views, but at views which were not his. This was ingenious, and partly true. He then said: 'You (the Peelites) will be much blamed. It will be said that Aberdeen is keeping his party together in the idea that the Government will again fall into his hands.' I told him that this was not the motive, and that I felt that a Government under Aberdeen would be impossible at present. I added that I could not act separately from others, as I was personally much connected with Aberdeen. He then said he would have to form his Government out of pure Whig elements—an alternative which he did not seem to contemplate with pleasure.

I took care to explain to Palmerston that my difficulty arose solely from the personal relations in which I stood towards Aberdeen, and that upon any other grounds whatever I had not the slightest objection to serve under him. He was most kind and cordial in all he said, and expressed great regret, as well as perhaps some censure, regarding the apparent determination of the Peelites to keep up a separate party in the State.

On the evening of the 5th it had got abroad that the Peelites had refused to join Palmerston in forming a Government, and the political world was full of astonishment, and quite as full of anger. I found Aberdeen at the House of Lords looking distressed and perplexed. I went again to Gladstone, and found him playing with a baby—an occupation to which he was much addicted. I asked him if he had no doubt of the rightness of his decision. He replied that he never was buffeted by the waves of public feeling without being sensible of their effect. But the mental process was clear, and he remained as firm as a rock. Granville, whom I met, was loud and angry, and said that our decision was fatal to the public interests—that Palmerston would dissolve and come in with a most undesirable strength and power, and that it was hard on those Whigs who agreed with us most.

On the following morning, the 6th February, 1855, I went to see Lansdowne, to express my sorrow for the break-up. Near his house I was hailed from a cab, and a messenger gave me a note from Gladstone, telling me that Aberdeen had begged his friends to join, and they had agreed that, if he (Aberdeen) could get assurances from Palmerston enabling *him* to declare his confidence in the foreign policy of the Government, they would join. I proceeded to see Lansdowne, and he told me of the strength of Aberdeen's remonstrances with his friends. I then went to Graham, and heard the same story, and then to Aberdeen, where I found Gladstone, having just sent off a note to Palmerston agreeing to join him, since Aberdeen had received the most

satisfactory assurances from both Palmerston and Clarendon.

Palmerston had addressed to Gladstone an excellent letter, denying that he was aiming at any wild schemes ; if he could alter the map of Europe by a magic wand, he admitted that he thought he could reconstruct it in a way to add to the happiness of mankind, but he would measure his end by his means, and would not commit the blood and treasure of England to theoretical schemes. I then at once sat down and wrote a letter to Palmerston offering my services. I agreed in the general conclusion that no other Government was possible at the time. This alone made it a duty to support it. Yet it was only by the energetic exertions of Aberdeen, in influencing his friends, that the formation of it was accomplished.

It was a great wrench to me to find myself thus separated from Aberdeen, and member of a Government which seemed as if it were founded on no principle whatever but his exclusion, together with that of Newcastle. There literally was no other change. With these exceptions, we all returned to office exactly as we had been before—all of us equally responsible with our retiring colleagues, not only for the general policy that had been pursued, but also for the supposed administrative mistakes that had been so severely blamed. In some respects it was a ridiculous result, but the ridicule lay not with us, but with the workings of party government under very peculiar conditions, and with the wayward and passionate impulses of popular opinion swaying a popular assembly.

As soon as I found myself thus placed, I wrote to Aberdeen the following letter, which is the best record of my feelings at the time :

‘ ARGYLL LODGE,

‘ *February 7, 1855.*

‘ MY DEAR LORD ABERDEEN,

‘ I have heard from Palmerston this morning, and thus find myself, with others of your friends, members of a Government from which you retire.

‘I cannot tell you how repugnant to my feelings this position is when regarded merely from this point of view. I am only reconciled to it by the fact that you approve of it on the whole, and I only accord to it my own approval under the hope that we may be able to give some effect to your principles and views, even though deprived of the support of your presence.

‘But I cannot allow the first hour of this new position to pass without begging you to accept from me an expression of my most grateful and affectionate admiration. I feel keenly anything that gives even the semblance of this appearance of separation from you; but this we must, and will, prevent. I can only say that, should I continue in public life, I shall seek as the highest object of ambition to imitate the virtues of your public character, and especially that scrupulous regard to moderation, truth, and justice which most of us are daily sacrificing to opinions of others or prejudices of our own.

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‘I am, my dear Lord Aberdeen,

‘Ever most sincerely yours,

‘ARGYLL.’ *

I must here say a few words about Newcastle, who, as War Minister, bore the brunt of the popular dissatisfaction, which also, from different causes, was

* The following extract from Lord Aberdeen’s reply is added by the Editor :

‘ARGYLL HOUSE,

‘February 8, 1855.

‘MY DEAR DUKE,

‘It will always be a source of real satisfaction to me that I have been the means of introducing you into official life. Your talent, your industry, and the uprightness of your character, quite independently of your high station, will render your future success certain; and I shall watch your progress with an affectionate interest.

‘I am very sensible of your kind feelings towards me, which I beg you to believe I shall always highly value.

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‘Ever, my dear Duke, most sincerely yours,

‘ABERDEEN.’

shared by Aberdeen. Newcastle was the member of the Aberdeen Cabinet with whom I had the fewest personal relations. He was one of the regular Peelites group, and more intimate, I think, with Gladstone than with any other member of his party. But he never seemed to me to be very intimate with anybody. He had a somewhat stiff manner, with much reserve. He was rather a ponderous speaker, somewhat hesitating in utterance, and without life or animation in his delivery. But, on the other hand, he had admirable abilities, indefatigable industry, and excellent sense. His mind was dispassionate in council, but he intervened little in discussion, and seemed shy of doing so. When the danger of war began to loom out of the darkness upon us, he found himself, besides being Colonial Minister, at the head of a War Department which had nothing like an army to rely on.

Nearly forty years of confirmed peace, without any attention paid to military organization, had left us with a certain number of regiments, but with no system of combination, and no highly educated staff. It is immensely to Newcastle's credit that, without any fuss or ostentation, he, within a few months, collected and sent out from the shores of England to the Black Sea, first, an army of about 30,000 men, with all their accoutrements, and two trains of heavy siege-guns, and, secondly, reinforcements to the amount of about 11,000 more. We none of us had originally contemplated an operation so immense, and, in so far as the calamities in the Crimea were the result of lines overextended and of soldiers overworked, it is quite certain in my mind that the fault did not lie with Newcastle, but with the vast unforeseen conditions of the enterprise as a whole. Moreover, we must recollect that it was Newcastle who did the work which brought matters right after all.

When our new Palmerston Government was formed, all things in the Crimea had already begun to mend. Newcastle's reinforcements of men, and his

overflowing supplies of all kinds, including warm clothing, had not only been sent, but had begun to arrive, before we were driven from office by the House of Commons ; and at the very moment when we were retiring we had the satisfaction of hearing those more cheering accounts from the seat of war which were the presage of final success. Newcastle's name, therefore, is not to be connected only with the first collecting, organizing, and sending out of a larger British army than Wellington ever had under his command upon the Continent, but also with the later efforts which redeemed local mistakes and rehabilitated an exhausted army for its final triumph. On the 7th of February, before as yet the new Cabinet had been even formed, a despatch was published from Raglan to tell us that warm clothing had been distributed to the army in abundance ; and so it was with numberless other remedial measures which the Aberdeen Government had undertaken, and which were just coming into full play when it was turned out.

The reconstituted Cabinet met for the first time on the 9th of February. I could not help feeling that it was rather ridiculous. It seemed to be the same identical ship, with the same crew, excepting only a new captain and a new mate. We were resuming, too, the same identical course, and shaping it exactly as it had been shaped before. The illusion was increased by the fact that Palmerston at the Cabinet meetings was very silent and quiet, just as Aberdeen had always been. Our substitute for poor Newcastle was Lord Panmure. He was a rough, strong-headed Scotsman, a cousin of the Marquis of Dalhousie, then Governor-General of India, and he ultimately succeeded to the title. He was a man of excellent common-sense, but of no brilliant abilities, and had been one of the corps of Scottish Whigs who had always stuck by Lord John Russell, and were generally most aggrieved by that exclusion from office which was a consequence of the fusion with the Peelites. I had known him person-

ally for a good many years, and I always found him to be what is called a very good fellow, but it never would have occurred to me that he was a man to resort to in any great crisis of administrative affairs. He had, however, nothing of Newcastle's reserve of character, and he discussed everything with freedom and good sense. He had been long known in the House of Commons as Fox Maule. I doubt whether the House generally was much conciliated by his appointment to the War Office, or by the virtual restoration of the Aberdeen Cabinet, with Palmerston as its new head.

There was one member of the House of Commons at that time whose dissatisfaction was pronounced, and to whom I must refer,¹ as my wife and I came to have rather intimate friendly relations with him. This was the celebrated Austen Henry Layard, whose wonderful and fruitful discoveries on the site of ancient Nineveh were then new to the world. He had come home a few years before, and had had a splendid reception in London society. All doors were open to him, and he became the lion of the time. The witty Lady Morley—grandmother of the present Earl of Morley*—became rather bored with this worship, and was quoted as having said: 'I never can forgive Nineveh for having discovered Layard.' Layard was rather a singular man. I used to fancy that he had a strange look of the man-headed bulls he had unearthed. He had a powerful head, and a countenance expressive of great determination, and perhaps of just a little recklessness. It was the look of a man who would stick at nothing. And yet he had a pleasant and not ungente voice, with an amiable smile. Feeling an intense interest in his discoveries, we made early acquaintance with him, and cultivated it as best we could. He was particularly kind to our boys,² who became very fond of him, and altogether he appeared to us in the most amiable light.

Politically, however, he soon began to show his teeth.

* Died in 1905.

Layard, like most men who have travelled and lived much in the East, and whose political sympathies take little or no heed of the higher moral elements in national character, was an enthusiastic friend of Turkey, and, of course, a furious enemy of Russia. A man with his powers and his impulses could not maintain a passive or even a reasonable frame of mind in the midst of events so exciting and so distressing. Besides, his was a mind which, in the House of Commons, without the advantages and restraints of office, was quite sure to become violent and factious. Accordingly, no more violent speeches were made there against us than Layard's, and he seemed really to incite the House of Commons to imitate the old Revolutionary Convention of France in taking into its own hands the functions of the Executive. His language in that direction, and in assuming that the misfortunes of our army were ascribable to the incompetence of our aristocracy, was referred to by Gladstone as a warning against complying with any attempts of the House of Commons to take the inquiry as to causes out of our own hands, as the responsible advisers of the Crown.

It rather distressed me to find my friend Layard taking a course so violent, and I conceived a project of getting him to meet Aberdeen at my house. My wife and I accordingly arranged a dinner at which this meeting should be accomplished. It went off very well, so far as ordinary courtesies were concerned. But when the company had all gone, and Aberdeen had remained, as he usually did, till we were alone, I said to him: 'Well, Lord Aberdeen, what do you think of Layard?' Aberdeen shook his head emphatically, to our great amusement. I quite understood. Probably no two human spirits were ever more differently constituted, or could find it more impossible to understand each other—the one singularly just, scrupulous, and temperate in all things; the other essentially impetuous, and full of prejudices. Such was the result of my first and

last attempt at personal conciliation between political opponents. I continued to keep up my friendship with Layard more or less, in spite of the violence of his language and of his opinions, till Palmerston enlisted him in the Diplomatic Service, after which he resided almost exclusively abroad.

The second meeting of the Palmerston Cabinet took place on the 12th of February, 1855, when Clarendon announced that Lord John Russell had agreed to act as our negotiator at Vienna in the conferences which had been so long going on about the basis of a future peace. I liked this appointment, both because it removed Lord John from London, and because I believed that he was quite sincere in desiring peace. Panmure's proposal to send out a Chief of the Staff to help Raglan was also agreed to. The choice fell on General Simpson.

On the 16th, Palmerston made his first statement as head of the Government. He told the House what we had done and were doing, and that we must still object to the appointment by the House of a Committee of Inquiry into the causes and conduct of the war.

I thought the temper of the House bad ; those whose whole trust had been in Palmerston were disgusted by the supposed counter-elements in the Cabinet. ' Thus,' I wrote in my journal, ' the Government rests on no strong Parliamentary party. I don't think it can last. The *Times* has a violent article against a Government framed precisely as it had itself advised a few days ago. But the omission of Layard had enraged it, and it rails against aristocracy.'

Next day, the 17th of February, we had another Cabinet. Palmerston told us that he had felt the pulse of the House as to the Committee, and it was plain to him that they were determined to have it. He therefore advised and proposed concession on this point. A long discussion followed, in which we were quite unanimous as regards the objections, Gladstone and Graham being specially strong. It was, indeed, obvious that, besides the constitutional objections, an inquiry into all the

causes of misfortune would certainly be dangerous to our French alliance, since the French Generals were undoubtedly concerned in many of them. At a Cabinet on the following day I had made up my mind that, despite all these objections, concession was the lesser of two evils, and that another crisis, with another Cabinet of *débris*, would be a scandal and a danger to the country. When Gladstone and Graham found themselves alone in resisting the Commons Committee at any cost, they asked for twenty-four hours to consider. On the 21st, at a Cabinet held on purpose, these two, with Sidney Herbert, declared they must retire. Gladstone put his case strongly—that the Commons could not inquire without danger to the French alliance, without injustice to the officers whom the Executive is bound to defend, and without an invasion of the prerogative of the Crown. Palmerston was very good-humoured, though evidently much annoyed. I told my Peelite friends that, as I did not agree with them, I could not go with them. They said I was quite right. At the same time, this is the only occasion in my public life with Gladstone when he did for a moment show some considerable irritation.

The secession of Gladstone, Graham, and Sidney Herbert from the first Cabinet of Lord Palmerston was a tremendous rent. Next to Palmerston himself, they were perhaps the three strongest men, both in themselves and in all they represented in the history of politics at the time. They were all powerful speakers and excellent administrators. They were, moreover, the last remnants of the Peelite fusion which had been the basis of the preceding Cabinet. I was the only member remaining whose sympathies were Peelite, and, strictly speaking, I had never belonged to the group. I had never held office under Sir Robert Peel, and I had always been reckoned as rather an outsider. I felt much this separation from my friends, but all that I had of this feeling had already been confronted and met on the retirement of Aberdeen himself. I

cared comparatively little for separation from Graham or from Sidney Herbert, and neither my admiration for Gladstone, nor my increasing personal intimacy with him, could supply motives strong enough to overcome my own clear sense of what was due to the public interests in a great crisis. I was determined not to let myself be led, as I saw Sidney Herbert was, by the mere preponderating weight of a will stronger than his own. I saw the tendency to exaggeration in Gladstone's intellect—the tendency to assign overweening importance to lines of reasoning which, however true up to a certain point, had to be balanced more equably than he was disposed to allow against other arguments charged with a modifying force.

As regards the policy of the Government and the conduct of the war, I had no alarm on account of losing three men who had never taken an individual line different from the colleagues who still remained. We still had Clarendon for our Foreign Secretary, in whom I knew that Aberdeen had the greatest confidence; for he had expressly told his old colleagues, in inducing them to join Palmerston, that he looked to Clarendon as faithful to the cause of a reasonable peace. Besides, I never had felt that dread of Palmerston which had been expressed by the Peelites members, and which he had such difficulty in overcoming. Especially at that moment, when both we and France had discovered to our cost what a tough job we had on hand in trying to take Sebastopol, I thought it absurd to suppose that any Minister of Palmerston's common-sense could seek to extend or to prolong the war, if any satisfactory peace could possibly be attained.

But now the question arose, How and to what extent was the Cabinet to be reconstituted? Palmerston had told me not many days before that if the Peelites would not join him, he would have to fall back on a Whig Cabinet pure and simple. But no one knew better than Palmerston how little desirable such a result would be.

We now took a course which was at least unusual, if not wholly unprecedented. The constitutional usage is that the first Minister chooses his colleagues without consulting anybody, except, of course, in so far as personal communications with individuals may be a necessity. But in this case Palmerston seems to have felt that he was not forming a new Cabinet, but only trying to defend breaches unexpectedly opened in a Cabinet he had already formed. At the same time, the breaches were so large and formidable that the new walls might not only alter the character of the whole fortification, but essentially change it, and so the rent might be made worse. He thought it prudent, therefore, to consult his remaining colleagues as to the principle on which reconstruction should be attempted.

Accordingly, on the 22nd of February, Palmerston called us together, and asked our opinion on two different lines of policy—that of making advances to Lord John and the Whigs, or of making advances to the Tory Opposition. We were all against the last alternative, and we all agreed to the first. We found, however, that Palmerston, on his own responsibility, had offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to a Peelite subordinate of the Government, Cardwell, who was too timid to accept it. Mr. Cardwell was President of the Board of Trade. He left the Government with all the other Peelites, and for the same reasons. It was then agreed to offer the Colonial Office to Lord John Russell, but not to supersede his mission of negotiation to Vienna. And this was accepted. Then—feeling, as most of us did, that Peelites were unpopular and Whigs discredited—there arose a strong desire to widen the usual circles of selection and to enlist some ‘new men.’

At a Cabinet held on the 25th I ventured to advocate our thinking of nothing but fitness and ability. Palmerston, in looking for new men, so far as regarded official life, had made an excellent shot in

offering the Exchequer to Sir George Cornwall Lewis, whose wife was a sister of Clarendon, and who, although he had never been prominent as a party politician, had a great and just reputation, not only for learning and literary ability, but for judgment and wisdom. On the same day we heard that he had accepted. Lewis became one of the most valuable of all our members, not so much in finance, as in all the questions of international law which a great war and prolonged negotiations were bringing to the front. His calm, judicial mind, and the utter absence in him of political passion of any kind, made him an invaluable counsellor. I have never seen in any man, except in Lord Aberdeen, a mind so singularly dispassionate, combined with such wide knowledge and perfect integrity of character. He was one of the very few men I have ever met in the world whose formed opinion on any difficult question would be to me in itself a very strong presumption in favour of any course which he approved. He was a real authority on a whole range of subjects, equally helpful both in thought and action. He had a quiet and very grave manner, with a demeanour so staid and thoughtful that the saying ascribed to him that 'life would be very pleasant if it were not for its amusements' is a perfect translation of the impression made by his intercourse with the world. He was a great addition to the Cabinet.

There were two other additions made by Palmerston at this time, both of which gave me great pleasure, though of a very different character. One was Lord Carlisle, and the other was Lord Canning. Carlisle was one of the old Whigs, for whom no room had been found in the Aberdeen Cabinet, but who was personally most acceptable to all. The first vote he gave was in favour of agreeing to the House of Commons Committee, and I was sure that he would always be in favour of the earliest possible peace. Lord Canning was a Peelite, and a close personal friend and follower of Aberdeen. I did not know him at all intimately, but

I had felt much for Aberdeen in his inability to give him a seat in his Cabinet, and I think that Aberdeen must have told him of the offer I had made to him on the subject, because Canning treated me at once in the most friendly spirit. He used to report to me what had passed at any Cabinets I had missed, and to urge me to come up for any Cabinets which he thought would be important. We became, in short, rather intimate friends, although, outside the sphere of politics, I do not think we had many interests or habits of thought in common. The higher qualities of mind and character which he undoubtedly possessed would probably have never been known, had he not soon been removed to that nobler field of action which was opened to him when he was appointed to the Government of India.

Palmerston, I think, was rather pleased than otherwise with the work of Cabinet-making. He went on patching for some time, and one day he astonished us all by proposing that Lord Shaftesbury should be added to our number. I was far too fond of Shaftesbury, and had much too great a respect for him, to say one word in opposition, but I saw that it rather took away the breath from a good many of my colleagues. His fervid nature, his uncompromising temperament, and his somewhat individual opinions, were evidently not considered as promising well for united counsels. My opinion, which, however, I kept to myself, was that he was a far more valuable man out of office than in it. Palmerston evidently saw that the proposal was not very well received, and we heard nothing more of it. Shaftesbury must have had as large a share of wisdom as he had of indomitable zeal, else he never could have carried through his factory legislation ; and as he had a great respect for Palmerston, he might have done well under him, but hardly under any other man. On the whole, he was certainly better left to his own grand career in the cause of humanity.

During the remainder of February and during all the month of March we were a good deal cheered by the accounts of the improved condition of the army, of its reinforced numbers, and of its rising health and spirits. Instead of barely 15,000, we had now above 20,000 men, with abundant resources and equipment. But so far as the Siege of Sebastopol was concerned, there seemed to be little or no progress. Ineffectual bombardments and bloody repulses could give us no confidence in even ultimate success, and indicated only too plainly that the calculation of the Engineer Department had been terribly mistaken from the first. But the prolonged success of Russia in the defence of Sebastopol was producing more dangerous results than any mere disappointment to us. The sentiments of military honour were more highly strung in France than with us. More depended on the issue there than here, and the Emperor was getting nervous and excited. He suddenly formed a resolution to go in person to the Crimea. We all thought this course most inconvenient, and even dangerous. His own Ministers were against it. Clarendon crossed the Channel to meet the Emperor and try to dissuade him. There was another scheme of the Emperor to which we were equally opposed, and that was to put the whole force, including the British Army, under the supreme command of the French General. This we all considered was out of the question, and we argued with the Emperor that nothing could be more dangerous in its practical working to the interests of our alliance. With these and other schemes of the French Emperor or his Ministers we were kept in perpetual hot water. Clarendon, however, managed very skilfully to check-mate them all.

Another difficult and painful subject which weighed upon us about this time, and which personally I felt almost as a distress, was the command of our army in the Crimea. The Aberdeen Cabinet, through Newcastle, in its later days, and the Palmerston Cabinet,

through Panmure, had written fully to Lord Raglan on all that puzzled and pained us in the sufferings of the army, and had called for such explanations as could be given. In April, 1855, all his replies had come, and he energetically defended both his staff and himself. The question arose, Did the replies satisfy us? I do not think there was one of us who would have given an affirmative answer. The conviction had been growing in my mind, and in the minds of most of my colleagues, that, with many great qualities, Lord Raglan was deficient in those administrative and organizing powers which were needed in the very peculiar conditions affecting our army in the Crimea. If we thought so, were we justified in leaving its fate in his hands? I hated the idea of taking part against a man of such a noble character, and whom we had sent on an expedition which we knew was beset with dangers; but, on the other hand, it was our duty to do the best we could for our army, and to shut our eyes on none of the lights which experience had thrown on the conduct of the expedition as a whole. I found that my colleagues generally had a like conviction, and yet a like repugnance to face the consequence of Raglan's recall.

Palmerston and Panmure, and all who were concerned, had two great difficulties in the way, which it was very hard to overcome. First, as regarded one requisite for the Crimean command—a power of standing on high terms with the Generals of an army superior in number to our own—there was no man to be compared with Lord Raglan. Secondly, as regarded the other qualifications needed in the camp and in the field, there was not one of our own Generals whom we could designate with any confidence as certainly possessing them. Panmure had just sent out to be Chief of the Staff a General whose reputation was a blank, and of whom we never heard that he showed any talent at all. To displace Lord Raglan without really knowing whom we should appoint in his stead

would have been a dangerous and ridiculous operation.

Among my papers of the time, I have found a very able Memorandum by Lord Ellenborough on the causes of our great losses in the Crimea. Party spirit ran so high that it was very difficult to get anything like an unbiassed opinion from men of competent knowledge and ability. All who were hostile to the Government defended Lord Raglan through thick and thin, laying the whole blame on us. It is of interest, therefore, to see the careful, written opinion of a man who was one of our fiercest assailants in the House of Lords, when he came to sit down and gravely to argue with himself on the blots of the campaign. I have no recollection how I came by the document, except that it must have been given to me by Ellenborough himself. I was on a very friendly footing with him. He had taken much kindly notice of me when, as a lad, in 1841-1842 I had regularly attended the debates in the Lords, and I recollect his taking me home one evening in his carriage, his house being near my father's. I was a great admirer of his oratory, especially in respect to his elocution. I continued frequently to converse with him, and doubtless it was in consequence of some conversation with him at this time that he gave me the paper referred to. The remarkable thing about it is that it traced the misfortunes of our army entirely to local mismanagement in the Crimea itself, or, in other words, to Lord Raglan. It is written, as he always wrote, with great ability, and without committing myself to entire agreement, I must say that it seems to me to carry conviction on its face.

We were not, however, as it turned out, obliged to undertake any campaign inland. We did at last succeed by 'pegging away,' as we had done before, and we did not therefore need any new military genius to take up Lord Raglan's work. We thus escaped inflicting a terrible affront in the face of the world upon a gallant and devoted man. But more than this, we

escaped the ridicule of inflicting this affront on a venerable soldier for the sake of replacing him by some officer in all ways inferior and thoroughly commonplace. I did not know the full amount of this danger then. But I soon found it out.

Lord Raglan did not long survive. He sank on June 28th, 1855, under the weight of his work, the vexation and anxiety it involved, and at last the mortification of another severe repulse of one of those bombardments and assaults on which our attack had alone depended. Then, when Raglan was gone, whom did we find in possession, specially sent out by those two popular saviours of the army, Palmerston and Panmure? General Simpson! He may have been in many ways a good officer, and a favourite at the War Office. But his name was utterly unknown to the nation, and is now completely forgotten. He left no mark behind him on the great siege.

Towards the end of March there had been a short interlude in my political life, due to an engagement in Scotland. It is well known that the students in the Scottish Universities have the privilege of electing their own Lord Rectors. These elections turn a good deal on politics, and are conducted with all the machinery and all the excitement of the political contests of later life. On the other hand, they are often determined by personal or literary considerations, sometimes by the ties of neighbourhood. The students of Glasgow University had been kind enough to elect me as their Lord Rector, and I went down to Glasgow to deliver the usual inaugural address, on the 28th March, 1855. Struck as I had been by the splendid character and rare gifts of Lord Aberdeen, I did not think he was duly known to, or appreciated by, his countrymen generally. His natural silence and reserve accounted a great deal for this, and I determined to tell my fellow-countrymen something of my own feeling on the subject. By a good many it was received with applause, but by a good many also with

disapproval. It must be remembered, however, that in Scotland Lord Aberdeen's name was far more closely connected, in the popular mind, with the Church controversy which had ended in the Disruption than with any thought of foreign affairs or of the principles of imperial policy which were associated with his name as a Minister of the Crown. I could not expect his name to be favourably received by that large portion of the Scottish people who were connected with the Free Church. So far as I could judge, however, there was no strong political feeling on either side as regarded the politics of the moment.

It was soon after my return from Scotland on this occasion that I had my first and only opportunity of seeing the new Emperor of the French. He, with his Empress, reached Windsor on the 16th April, 1855. On the 19th, the Lord Mayor of London gave a great luncheon to the Emperor and Empress, at which an address from the Corporation was to be presented. I went with my friend and colleague, Sir George Grey. I was placed next the Emperor at the luncheon, and, of course, I had an excellent opportunity of studying his face. There was not a trace of the Napoleonic type—a type capable, indeed, of conveying very unpleasant expressions, but a type, nevertheless, rarely separated from great beauty of proportion and of form. There was neither here, as it appeared to me, and his expression was watchful and suspicious ; but, on the other hand, I thought his speaking excellent. He spoke in good English, and with great tact and judgment. His allusion to the time of his exile here was conceived in the best taste, and was very warmly applauded. In referring to our political freedom, he contrived to throw in just a little implied excuse for himself, in establishing so very different a system in his own country. This was most adroitly done. On the whole, the speech gave me the idea of a man of very considerable ability, though I could not feel any confidence in a character which looked through such

a countenance. His whole object at that time was to consolidate the alliance with us, and we were quite as anxious for this result. We could not have prosecuted the war alone. On the whole, his reception was excellent. There was no pretence to an enthusiasm which could not exist, but there was complete cordiality towards the exile whom we had so long sheltered, and who had suddenly become the Sovereign of our nearest neighbour, and our active ally in a tremendous contest. The grace and beauty of the Empress did much to compensate for her husband's personal appearance, whilst the Queen and Prince Albert did their part admirably in crowning the national reception.

But I have run into some arrears as regards my record of by far the most serious subject of preoccupation which engrossed us during those months of the spring of 1855. That subject was the interminable, tiresome negotiations about a future peace, which in one form or another had been dragging their slow length along ever since the war began. I have already explained the reasons why I had wished them to continue. In the first place, as we professed to be fighting for European objects, it was right that the other Powers of Europe should know what we were driving at. In the second place, it was good for ourselves to define our own objects, and not to indulge in vague speculative projects, involving prolonged war and more widely extended operations. We had now reached the stage at which it was thought best to concentrate those long palavers into the form of a regular Conference of the Powers, and to start it with a protocol, expressing in general terms the basis of a preliminary agreement to be signed by us all. As already mentioned, Lord John Russell was to act as our representative at the Conference, and he went off to Vienna in the middle of February, 1855. The very first thing he did when he arrived at Vienna was to advise us to give up the preliminary protocol, so far as signing it was concerned, because the Powers were

unwilling to be bound by it. This did not look well for any better agreement when further details were to be entered upon ; but the truth was that we had long foreseen that one of our 'Four Points' would present insuperable difficulties, so long as the fate of Sebastopol remained undecided. On all the other 'Three Points' it did not seem improbable that a peaceful settlement might be reached. But when we laid down, as an essential basis of any satisfactory peace, that something effectual must be done to limit the preponderating power of Russia in the Black Sea, we were making a demand on Russia which she would certainly resist with all her strength.

On the other hand, we had committed ourselves on this point, not in words only, but in deeds of great self-sacrifice, and by directing our attack on the grand naval arsenal of Russia on the Euxine. What could be the use of such an expenditure of blood and treasure if, having taken Sebastopol, we were to allow it to be again rebuilt, refitted, and re-armed with fleets as powerful as before ? Austria was as half-hearted, timid, and shuffling as usual. She would gladly secure at our expense all the 'points' which affected herself. She was heartily with us, therefore, on all the Danubian stipulations, and perhaps even on a Christian protectorate in Turkey. But she shrank with instinctive timidity from any obligation which had the slightest chance of involving herself in war with Russia. She would go with us as far as possible short of that, and she used language now and then which lured us on with the hope that she might be brought to join in presenting an ultimatum to Russia. One of her manoeuvres was to cut down the dangerous 'Third Point' to some scanty residue which Russia might accept, and to which we might submit—so long, at least, as we were still kept at bay in the Crimea. The alternative into which Austria tried to inveigle us, as a fulfilment of the 'Third Point,' was to give up any idea of limiting Russian fleets in the Black Sea, and to

substitute some plan of 'counterpoise,' by opening, on various conditions, the Black Sea to the Western Powers. I was strongly opposed to any such concession. I saw how unworkable it must be—how rarely it might be possible to get the Western Powers to take the same view on all occasions, or perhaps on any occasion, involving naval co-operation; whereas Russia, with a great fleet always present and always impending, would be practically as much mistress of the situation as she had been at Sinope. This Austrian substitute for positive stipulations, limiting the armed forces of Russia in the Euxine, seemed to me to be quite illusory. In this I agreed with Palmerston and the Cabinet generally.

Lord John Russell did not turn out to be a good Plenipotentiary. He had two dangerous qualities in a diplomatist: he was very impressionable, and he was very impulsive. He allowed himself to be seduced by the Austrian proposals, and he was incautious enough to express a favourable opinion to the Austrian Minister. We continued to oppose them, and so did the French Emperor. When Lord John found this, he came home, not, of course, in the best of humours. He, however, had the sense to acquiesce ultimately in the united decision of the French Government and of his own colleagues. As a member of the Cabinet, when he spoke in Parliament, he spoke in this sense, as he was, of course, obliged to do. Then Austria complained of him, and published what he had said in Vienna, whereupon all the hound-element in the House of Commons fell upon Lord John with a savage bay. Had he really said this at Vienna? If so, how could he come home and speak so differently? No allowance was made for the great difficulties of a negotiation conducted between four or five different Governments, and in which, even on the merits, there was a good deal to be said for more than one conclusion. No allowance was made for changes of mind and of language due to the influence of allies from whom we could not separate.

The dogs of political animosity had caught a new scent, and ran hot upon it, all eager to be in at the death of Lord John Russell. There were elements in his case which shut his mouth. He could not betray what the French Emperor said about his own army. Finding, therefore, the storm against him too strong to be faced, he determined to retire, and Palmerston agreed that resignation was the only course he could adopt, under the very peculiar circumstances of the case. And thus we were landed in what would have been another Ministerial crisis, had it not been for the position of almost complete isolation in which Lord John Russell was then placed.

CHAPTER XXV

1855

AUSTRIAN PROPOSALS FOR PEACE—ATTITUDE OF GLADSTONE—LORD CLARENDON'S PROPOSAL FOR A TREATY WITH SWEDEN

I HAVE in the last few pages epitomized very shortly the transactions of a most painful and difficult time, which lasted from the departure of Lord John Russell for Vienna in the middle of February to his return at the end of April, and then till his resignation at the end of July. This was a period of some four and a half months, during which we had the most critical and dangerous navigation. We were acting for a people who were watching us with angry and suspicious eyes, without having themselves any intelligent idea of exactly what they wanted. One section was jealous lest we should make peace too soon ; another section was equally jealous lest we should fight too long. It was hard enough to be called upon to make up our own minds on the terms we should ask, before we could possibly guess what were the terms which military success might enable us to impose. But it was worse still to be under the necessity of communication with an ally so peculiar as Louis Napoleon. I do not wish to give a bad impression of him. My conclusion at the time, as it is my conclusion still, was that the French Emperor wished to run true with us, and that for some reason he had set his heart on the English alliance, at least for a time. He allowed himself, in the Eastern Question, to be chiefly guided by our advice. As to the

negotiations at Vienna, he told Lord Cowley, our Minister at Paris, that it was his desire to support us in them. But Louis Napoleon was not only a bad man of business, he was also liable to sudden changes of impulse and opinion, which he seemed unable to correct by a careful attention to the exact meaning of words, and to the effect of diplomatic documents. Thus, he hastily adopted erroneous impressions from his Ministry or supporters, who were not very scrupulous in the representations they put before him. They cared little or nothing about the permanent interests of Europe, or about any interests but their own. A typical man among them was Prince Napoleon, commonly called 'Plon-plon,' and he told one of our officers at Varna that it was very easy for us to be in favour of the attack on the Crimea, because failure could only cost us a Cabinet, but with them (the French) failure would cost them a dynasty. So now the Emperor's advisers were getting more and more nervous about the want of success in the Crimea. They wished, in short, to back out of the whole affair as soon as possible, and when they heard of Lord John Russell approving of the Austrian proposals on the Third Point, they got hold of Louis Napoleon, told him falsehoods on the nature of those proposals, and actually persuaded him to write urgent letters to us insisting on our acceptance of them. Nothing could be more embarrassing in our position. We had postponed our final decision on the Austrian proposals till we could hear from Lord John Russell personally what he had to say in their favour. He came on the 30th of April, and we had a Cabinet on the 2nd of May.

I have spoken severely of Lord John as regards his conduct in the Aberdeen Government, but I must speak well of his conduct now. He had been very incautious in his language to Austria, which was virtually language to Russia; but in the Cabinet of May 2nd, among ourselves, he was moderate and rational. He did not even profess to think that the Austrian pro-

posals could be the basis of a really satisfactory peace. It might perhaps last, he said, for some ten or fifteen years, during which Turkey might recover strength, but we must count, on the other hand, on our own very unsatisfactory position in respect to military success in the Crimea. Palmerston was strongly against acceptance, declaring the Austrian terms to be such as we might accept on the footing of a capitulation. We all sincerely wished to think the question out under every aspect of the case, and with a due regard to the possible alternative of a serious military reverse. This continued to be the state of matters in the succeeding Cabinet of the 4th of May; but at our meeting on May 5th we received a telegram from Paris to the effect that the Emperor had again changed his mind, and would follow our advice in refusing the Vienna scheme.

What had happened was this: Our Ambassador at Paris, Lord Cowley, was a very able man. He had inherited that powerful blood of the Wellesleys to which we owed so much. Only one generation back, the eldest brother, the Marquis Wellesley, was Governor-General of India; the second was Sir Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington; whilst the third was Sir Henry Wellesley, an able diplomatist, afterwards raised to the peerage as Lord Cowley. It was his son, the second Lord Cowley, who now represented us at Paris. He had a strong personal opinion against the Austrian proposals, and, in discussing them with the Emperor, he found that Louis Napoleon was under the delusion that those proposals included a limitation of the Russian fleet in the Euxine. Cowley assured the Emperor that in this he had been deceived, and that nothing of the kind existed. The Emperor then said that he must again consult his own Foreign Minister. Cowley made the bold request that he might himself be allowed to be present when this consultation should take place. To this Louis Napoleon consented, and this was fatal to the French intriguer. Cowley

was able to prove to the Emperor, from the documents themselves, that the Austrian proposals placed no limit on Russian fleets, and that everything in this direction which the allies had already accepted would be sacrificed in the new peace. Marshal Vaillant, who was head of the French War Office, was then asked by the Emperor what his opinion of the feelings of the army was, to which the Marshal at once replied that the feeling of the army would be strong against such a peace. This decided the Emperor. He told Cowley that he abandoned his advocacy of the Austrian proposals, and Cowley at once telegraphed this result to us.

This was all very well for once, and it was a great escape, but I could not help feeling that it indicated a very dangerous situation. If Cowley had really gained such an ascendancy over the Emperor, and if he allowed it to appear to his own Ministers, the French people would soon come to know of it, and a proud nation would ill bear the idea that their policy, at a very difficult conjuncture, was determined by the will of a Foreign Ambassador. Granville had gone to Paris on a private visit, and, of course, saw all the political personages concerned. He wrote me a very curious letter, about the strength of the language which Cowley allowed himself to use against the Austrian proposals—a letter which seemed to indicate that he wished me to give some note of warning. I accordingly sent a note to Clarendon, pointing out the danger to which I have referred, and urging that Cowley should be reminded of it.

But this was not the only kind of embarrassment we met with in our communication with the Emperor. The strict sentiments of honour and of integrity by which English statesmen are always guided in the transactions of business, whether private or public, could not be sentiments familiar to a man to whom intrigue and conspiracy had been the breath of life from his earliest years. Scruples which to us seemed insuperable objections were scarcely intelligible to him ; and

the case was worse with all his Ministers. Accordingly, we were very soon plied with French advice that we should reopen negotiations with Austria, keeping in reserve certain conditions, to be sprung upon her after the negotiations had made some progress. We were obliged to explain that this was a plan impossible for us—that we must be ourselves quite open with Austria, not only with respect to all our immediate proposals, but as regards all our aims and objects for the future. Cowley had positive difficulty in even explaining to the Emperor what we considered the unfairness of the proposed methods of proceeding, and told us that we must take care of the honour of France, as well as of our own, for there was nobody to do so in Paris.

On the 26th May, 1855, my wife and I dined with the Queen at Buckingham Palace. I had a long conversation with Prince Albert after dinner—always a great pleasure, since he was so wise and thoughtful. I found he was fully alive to, and much concerned about, the low standard of morality which seemed to rule French diplomacy. He told me that Louis Napoleon had shadowed forth to him, personally, his scheme for first catching Austria as an ally in the war, and then declining to make peace when our avowed objects had been attained. The Prince argued with the Emperor against this scheme, as one not consistent with our honour—an argument to which the Emperor listened with perfect good-humour, but also with amusement that so much stress should be laid on any considerations of the kind. The policy was one to be acted upon, not to be argued about on abstract grounds. These he would not debate, merely saying with a shrug of his shoulders: ‘*Je n’ai rien à dire.*’ It will be seen how uncomfortable, and even dangerous, our position was. Our only safety was that the French Emperor sincerely clung to our alliance, and was determined in the main to follow our advice.

And so this crisis passed—one which kept us in

continual anxiety during the whole months of April and May. We had other embarrassments at home, only less serious because those who occasioned them had less opportunity, and were less in a position of advantage. The head and front of them was, not the leader of our avowed opponents—Disraeli—but our once familiar friend, with whom we had taken sweet counsel together since negotiations began at Vienna—Gladstone. The moment that he and his friends quitted us—because a useless Committee of the House of Commons would put an end to the British Constitution—I was quite sure that he would very soon be our fiercest opponent in everything. I knew his nature too well to believe that he could long maintain the position of a mere dissentient on one point and remain friendly upon others. Accordingly, the moment he heard that Austria was making proposals which Lord John Russell was at least willing to entertain, but which we considered to be illusory, he at once got up a high head of steam, and argued himself into a fever of antagonism and suspicion against Palmerston, as determined to fight for mere victory, when everything substantial as to terms had been or could be gained. I found my dear friend Aberdeen a good deal influenced by him, and had some long arguments with him, both by word of mouth and by letter. Fortunately, Gladstone, as usual, overdid his part, but if his Parliamentary and popular credit at the time had been what they were at a later date, he might have done infinite mischief. His whole tone was that Russia, not Turkey, was the country that was now likely to be treated unjustly, and that it was his duty to help her to retain adequate naval defence against aggression from the Black Sea. We had a great triumph in the secession which his violence caused in the scanty number of his own friends. Sidney Herbert, who had followed him in all else, could not follow him in a course which could scarcely be reconciled with the previous conduct of the Aberdeen Ministry in its long insistence on the Third

Point. Sidney Herbert opened communication with us, and co-operated with us in some Parliamentary expedients, by which we gave it to be understood that negotiations were not finally closed, although we had declined such Austrian proposals as had hitherto been made. But although this sort of language conciliated a few, it irritated a far greater number. The House had voted for Palmerston as the Minister who would prosecute the war vigorously, not as the Minister who would listen to shabby terms of peace. The feeling, therefore, was that of jealousy and suspicion, and Palmerston returned to our Cabinets all the more determined to resist the Austrian muddle. In this, to our surprise, he was finally supported by Lord John Russell, although quite lately his language to Aberdeen had led him to believe that he and all the Peelites were quite agreed.

The feeling of the House was proved on the 24th May, 1855, when a motion by Disraeli, supported by all the malcontents, was defeated by a majority of more than a hundred. A similar attempt in the House of Lords, supported by all Lord Derby's forces, on the 25th May, met with a similar signal defeat. Both Houses of Parliament thus showed unmistakably that they desired the Government to prosecute the war as best it could, until success should enable and entitle it to demand such terms of peace as might satisfy the objects for which it had been undertaken.

There are one or two incidents of this time which are significant of some of its peculiarities, and which, therefore, it may be well to mention. Palmerston had not yet quite finished his work of Cabinet-making, and the new member whom he recruited was Lord Harrowby, who had sat long in the House of Commons as Lord Sandon, and was a regular member of the Conservative party. He was the son of that older Lord Harrowby to whom the famous Cato Street Conspiracy had been betrayed, and whom I had met, still alive and well, at Hamilton Palace in 1840. Lord

Harrowby had never taken any very active part in politics, and I hardly knew why Palmerston wished to have him ; but I believe it was because Lord Harrowby was one of the few public men who felt strongly on what used to be called the ' Polish Question,' in which his kinsman Lord Dudley Stuart was deeply concerned. In one of our discussions on the Vienna terms of peace, Harrowby rather surprised us by saying that no real good could be done without the dismemberment of Russia, and that all arrangements short of this were practically useless. This was a new phase of opinion to me. It was obviously useless in our discussions, because Harrowby himself did not seriously propose a war for the dismemberment of Russia, neither did he seriously propose that we should make an immediate peace on any terms we could get. It was a mere outburst of impatience with the condition of Europe, and was at once dismissed both by Palmerston and by others. Indirectly, however, it may not have been without its use. It put into definite words vague views, which were only half consciously entertained by many, and when thus put into words they were seen at once to be impracticable.

There was, however, another incident of this time which had serious significance as a symptom of the condition of the public mind. There is nothing that the multitude will not think or believe, when it is angry and alarmed, and accordingly, one of the many mad suggestions which arose out of the passion of the time was that the Crimean misfortunes were all due to what was called aristocratic government. In this country, where the different layers of society are so finely graduated, it is difficult to give any definite meaning to language which assumes them to be widely separated and distinct. But, however true it might be that the higher offices of Government were then, and had always been, filled largely by men of birth or of academical education, this was, and had always been, the result of successful competition in the open contests of the world,

and of the exhibition of qualities which secured for them the confidence of those who had risen to the top. There was not the smallest reason to believe that there were in the House of Commons, or in the country, neglected men of the middle classes who would have conducted affairs better. But there was undoubtedly at that time in the House of Commons a considerable group of clever and discontented men, who thought very well of themselves, and who had much influence with the press. In attacking what they called the aristocracy, they were in reality blowing their own trumpets, and were perhaps hopeful of forcing an entrance into the highest offices of the State. They had succeeded in raising a vague feeling of uneasiness and discontent, and in getting up one of those stupid cries to which any demagogue could appeal. We never heard anything about it in the Cabinet, except occasionally as a joke.

I recollect being much amused one day by Graham saying solemnly that he could not conceive how any Cabinet could stand that was weighted with two Dukes—alluding to Newcastle and to me. It was with surprise, therefore, that we heard Ellenborough, who attacked us in the House of Lords on the 14th May, 1855, resort to this miserable claptrap in his speech. He got nothing by it, and deserved to get nothing. He was himself born of the middle class, and was then enjoying a peerage won by the abilities of his father. Moreover, no man had shown such contempt as he for the very best representative body of the middle classes in the country. When appointed Governor-General of India, he took every opportunity of snubbing the Court of Directors, to whom India owed so much, and treated them so disrespectfully that he brought down on his own head the unprecedented penalty of recall. We beat Ellenborough by a majority of forty-four, but I was unable to speak, as I had intended to do. One consequence of this was that a day or two after, in responding for the House of Lords at a dinner at the Mansion House, I made a sharp attack on those who

assailed what they called the aristocracy, and asserted our right to whatever place our faculties might assign to us in the government of the country. This speech was suppressed altogether by some members of the press, which nevertheless attacked it viciously.

We have now come to a time when events took a somewhat new turn. In the last days of May and the first ten days of June, 1855, we heard of our capture of Kertch, which opened the gateway into the Sea of Azof, and of the destruction by our gunboats of an enormous amount of Russian stores destined for Sebastopol. Important roads by which the great fortress was fed were destroyed at the same time. This great success gave new life to us as a Government, in the country and in Parliament, and was interpreted as the beginning of the end. The credit we got for it shows the ignorance and injustice of which the public mind was full. We had been living for some time on the reforms which the Aberdeen Cabinet had set on foot, but which could only come into operation after some interval of time. But it so happens that the instructions to attack Kertch, and the designation of that attack as of primary importance in the fall of Sebastopol, had been pressed on Raglan and on Lyons by Graham and Newcastle, and it had been delayed only because our Generals and Admirals could not overcome the inactivity of the French. At last, in Pelissier, Lyons found a French General who consented to co-operate with our troops, and the conquest was effected easily by the energy and enterprise of our naval officers, with little fighting on land at all. It was even of greater importance than we had fully estimated, because the strain on the resources of Russia was becoming every day more and more severe, in keeping up the enormous supplies needed for her army and garrison in the Crimea. Those supplies were largely derived from the country by the Don, and were conveyed to Sebastopol by boats, and by roads and causeways on and along the shores of the Sea of Azof and the Putrid Sea, which is a branch of

it. The destruction of stores on such a scale, and the shutting up of the roads by which they came, added immensely to the difficulties of defence, and to the exhaustion of the Russian Government.

The effect of this great success was not less marked at home. For some time a monster debate had been pending in the House of Commons, raised on a Motion of Censure by Disraeli. There had been a perfect wilderness of amendments moved from all the disintegrated factions in the House. But in a moment, when the occupation of the Sea of Azof burst upon us, all reality and interest in the result of the debate were at once extinguished, and the credit of the Government was immediately restored, although quite as unreasonably as it had been impaired before. Then, only two or three days after this great success, we heard of another, entirely different in kind, yet all the more on that account most acceptable and encouraging. This was the capture by the allied armies of two of the actual outworks of Sebastopol itself, called respectively the Mamelon and the Quarries. All our previous successes had been mere repulses of the enemy attacking us. This was a success against the great fortress itself, and was received by all of us with great rejoicing.

It was just at this juncture that I met Gladstone at luncheon at Stafford House—our first meeting for some time. Social intercourse between men who have been intimately associated in public life, and have become sharply separated, is not always an agreeable occupation. Gladstone could always argue in private life with perfect temper, and so could I. But there was one thing he could not do: upon any question on which he was keenly interested, and on which his mind was irrevocably made up, he could not even entertain an opposing thought. Under such circumstances, his mind was essentially fanatical, and there is nothing so hopeless or so tiresome as argument with a man in this frame of mind. As I expected, I found Gladstone full of the papers on the Vienna Conference, and declaring

that they filled him with sorrow. It was evident, he said, that it was we who had broken off the Conference, and that we might easily have attained a satisfactory peace. He said he felt this so deeply that he reproached himself whenever he found himself thinking or speaking of anything else. It did not seem to me that he could find many occasions for this self-reproach, if he was always in the mood in which I saw him. When Gladstone had once taken up an opinion in this way, it became to him a religion, and even every outwork was sacred. But there was one thing which could generally be done with Gladstone on such occasions, and that was to quote him against himself. This it was not difficult for me to do. In the many intimate conversations we had had together on men and measures only a few months before, when we were colleagues, Gladstone had been one of the keenest supporters of the war.

I think it right to say here that, although Lord John Russell's course regarding the negotiations at Vienna was so vacillating that it is extremely difficult to give a definite account of it, yet it is certainly not true that he was overruled by the Cabinet. He never fought any battle in the Cabinet for the Austrian proposals, as if his own mind were fully made up upon them. He stated them, and some things that might be said in their favour, but he left the Cabinet to decide on a fairly balanced statement of the pros and cons, leaving us, no doubt, under the impression that he advised acceptance, though still doubtfully. The truth is, we had committed a great mistake in taking him as a member of the Cabinet at the very time when he had accepted the post of our Plenipotentiary at Vienna. In this last capacity he was the recipient of instructions from us. In the capacity of a Cabinet Minister he had a right to a share in the framing of his own instructions, and the two offices made a hopeless confusion when he returned home. The French Foreign Minister had resigned when his advice was not taken. But Lord John was willing to retain his office, and to speak in an altered tone. The

whole affair was a hopeless entanglement, and undoubtedly would have upset the Government, unless the knot had been cut by Lord John's retirement into private life.

But although the close of the formal Conference at Vienna had relieved us from some real dangers and constant anxieties, other anxieties took their place, and there is no part of the Crimean War which to me was more full of trouble than the few weeks that elapsed between the retirement of Lord John Russell and the early days of September. The close of the Conference at Vienna did not put an end to those negotiations of a vaguer sort which had been going on for months before the Conference had begun. These were at once resumed, and they were even more tiresome and inconclusive than before. The same influence continued to prevail. Austria was as anxious for peace as ever, but also as determined as ever not to be drawn into the struggle. France was as anxious as ever to be guided by us, but the Emperor had seen clearly that to withdraw from the Crimea before any military success had been achieved, and with no record except of repulses by the enemy, would be a serious danger to his throne. One only difference there was: reports reached us of the terrible strain on Russia caused by the war, and of an increasing disposition on the part of the Czar to agree to some peace.

There was an old danger which now suddenly took a new form. The Peelites had suspected Palmerston of a disposition to enlarge the declared objects, and to widen the area of the war. Hitherto I had seen no indication of it, although occasionally I had to insist upon the adequacy of the terms indicated in our original 'Four Points.' But now suddenly I was startled by a cut-and-dry proposal from Clarendon that we should agree to a treaty with Sweden, guaranteeing that northern kingdom against Russian aggression, especially on her northern frontier in Finland. The British interest involved was said to be to prevent Russia acquiring a

great naval arsenal in a sea always open, by seizing or conquering the Verunger Fiord in the North Sea. Clarendon introduced it as if in principle the Cabinet had already agreed to it, and as if he expected from all of us a ready assent to its particular form. I at once challenged the assumption that the Cabinet had ever given, or had ever been asked for, its assent. Several other members joined me in saying that they had no recollection of any such agreement. We did not even know how far it went. Clarendon was then obliged to confess that it was a specific guarantee given by us, not covering the Finland Harbour alone, but the whole possessions of Norway and Sweden; that it bound us to resist Russia, in defence of these possessions, both by sea and land; and that it did not stipulate for any part of the cost being repaid to us. I protested against so formidable an engagement being sprung upon us in this way. Several other members of the Cabinet took the same view, and when Clarendon and Palmerston saw that we were seriously divided, they withdrew the question for the time and for further consideration. I was astonished and alarmed by the support given to so rash an undertaking by such a man as Lord Lansdowne.

On the other hand, George Lewis and George Grey were with me in opposition. At this time I wrote the following letter to Clarendon on the subject :

‘ ARGYLL LODGE,

‘ KENSINGTON.

‘ MY DEAR CLARENDON,

‘ The impression on my mind at present is so strongly against the proposed Swedish Treaty that I wish to explain it to you before the matter comes more formally under the consideration of the Cabinet.

‘ I do not at all doubt our interest in supporting the Scandinavian kingdoms against the aggressions of Russia. On the contrary, that interest is so direct and obvious that it gives us rights of interference even stronger than those which we are now exercising against the same Power in the East of Europe. But

the more strongly I feel this, the more strongly do I feel also that we may safely leave the cases of such aggression to be dealt with as they arise. On general, as well as on special, grounds it seems to me that we ought to do so. It is no light matter to deprive future Governments of that full and free discretion which it is, above all things, necessary they should have on great questions of peace and war. We value that freedom of judgment much ourselves, and nothing but the strongest necessity should induce us to deprive of it those who are to succeed us in future years. What should we feel now if any former Government had hampered us with a guarantee of Cuba? What effect would such a guarantee have had on the disposition of America to be troublesome to us now when our hands are full? The guarantee proposed would place it in the power of Russia at some future time to force us either into hostilities, or, worse, the evasion, perhaps, of inconvenient obligations.

‘That time Russia will know how to choose. It might be when we had complications with America or with France, or when, from other causes, it would be most embarrassing. What should induce us to place such a weapon in the hands of any Power?

‘One inducement apparently held out is the securing of a promise from Sweden that she will never give what we fear Russia asking. This is supposing the case of Sweden ceasing to consider the concession as dangerous to herself. But can we really suppose such a case? Or, if we do, can we really believe that Sweden would not find out some way of evading the obligation? So long as Sweden continues sane, or so long as she does not join a Northern League against us, she will resist the aggression of Russia on Finmark; and when she either ceases to be sane or joins the League aforesaid, her promise to us will not be worth the paper on which it is written.

‘Now, what light is thrown on these probabilities by Mr. Crone’s paper?

‘In the first place, we find that so long ago as 1826 Russia made a desperate effort to extend her march to the Atlantic coast, and that she was firmly resisted by the Swedish Government.

‘In the next place, we are told that the late intrigues of Russia have roused the attention of the Norwegians and of the Government, and that Sweden was on the point of *appealing to*

Europe, when the war took off the attention of Russia for the time.

‘Farther, it appears that the Russian design has been cherished since 1774, or a period of eighty years, and that for thirty years she was nearer its attainment than there is any reason to suppose she can be for thirty years to come.

‘Surely, then, this is no case of urgency, none in which we should be justified in taking out of the hands of future Governments the freedom which ought to belong to them. We have not only no reason to fear any blindness on the part of Sweden, but we are expressly told that her eyes are open, and that she was actually about to carry her appeal to Europe and, of course, to us. When the danger again arises, we have the best ground of confidence that she will pursue the same course; or if, whenever that event should happen, England still takes the same view of her policy or her interests as that which we now take, she will be free to act upon it. If, on the contrary, her views should be changed, that change will not have happened without a good cause.

‘Lastly, we gain no immediate advantage in exchange for this burden of future inconvenience. There might be some inducement if Sweden were now to join in, in this pending war. But this is not proposed. I see no one result, except the danger of embarrassment which we shall bequeath to others. I think that in waging this war we should at least take care not to sow the seeds of future wars, in so far, at least, as we can help doing so.

‘Yours,

‘ARGYLL.’

One of the most serious matters which weighed on me was the dispirited and dispiriting tone of the letters from our new Commander-in-Chief at Sebastopol, General Simpson. He had evidently lost heart and hope. He expected the whole expedition to be a failure—warned us that if the siege went on our army must be prepared to spend another winter in the Crimea, and doubted whether the strength and spirits of the men would stand such a trial. Moreover, he told us that, whilst the French army had regular ‘lines,’ we had none. Simpson added

that, in his opinion, nothing could be done with four separate armies. They must be united under one great man—a condition practically impossible. We were obliged to answer that if Simpson felt himself unable for the duties cast upon him he ought to resign—a very good answer to silence him. But if all he said, or even part of it, was true, what were we to do? I wrote to Palmerston urging him to insist on a definite answer as to the measures to be taken for preparing 'lines' for our army. It was almost a despair to me to find Palmerston muffled up in his old dangerous optimism. When I spoke to him on the 1st of August of the serious responsibility cast upon us by Simpson's letter, he said with his usual careless confidence: 'Oh, but Simpson is evidently rather a nervous man. They must take the Malakoff now, and when they have that the condition of affairs will be different.' I saw no comfort in this sort of language. Simpson gave us no hint of any hope of a successful assault, and Palmerston's 'must' was no better than a guess.

The only comfort I received at all came from my old friend and future brother-in-law, Sir John McNeill, who passed through London on his way from the Crimea. He was the younger brother of the Duncan McNeill, afterwards Lord Colonsay, who had been Sir Robert Peel's able Lord Advocate for Scotland, and was now Lord President of the Court of Session. Sir John had been our Minister in Persia, and in that capacity was highly valued by Palmerston for his ability. On coming home, he was appointed to be President of the Poor Law Board for Scotland, which had been instituted by his brother. Palmerston and Panmure fixed on him as the best-fitted man they could find to go out as Commissioner to the Crimea, and to do what the House of Commons Committee could not possibly do—report on the causes of the breakdown under Raglan. Although well advanced in years, and by no means strong in health, he with great pluck and spirit accepted the arduous duty, and had now returned

to London. He told me on July 30th that he had seen Simpson's letters, and thought them much too desponding, and that they proceeded from a mind in some degree enervated. In its way, of course, this was a comfort ; but what sort of a prospect did it hold out as regards the officer who was still in command of our army ?

It was some days after these transactions, on the 20th August, that we heard for the first time in the Cabinet of an idea which ultimately took form in one of the greatest events of our time. This was the idea of cutting a canal to join the Mediterranean and Red Seas. It was a French idea, and was urged upon us by our ally, Louis Napoleon. Palmerston surprised me and others by the most vehement opposition. It would, he said, cut off Egypt from Turkey, stop the advance of the troops of the suzerain Power, and place British interests in Egypt and in India at the mercy of France. Clarendon was at that time completely under the sway of Palmerston, and took the same line. I don't think they were supported in it by one single other member of the Cabinet. All my colleagues and I thought that the proposal in itself was one which could not be creditably or successfully opposed. I suggested that all the political dangers feared by Palmerston might be averted by making the canal a joint enterprise with other nations, and by placing it under some international control. In this I was supported by the whole Cabinet, and under this influence Clarendon was moved somewhat from his original position. But Palmerston remained as hostile as ever. He seemed quite ready to risk a quarrel with France rather than to consent to any such canal. The result at that time was curious. Clarendon conveyed to Louis Napoleon how very strong a feeling on the subject existed on Palmerston's part, and the Emperor, on receiving this, said at once to Cowley : ' If you will say nothing more on the subject, I will take care that my people shall let it drop.' There could not be a more

striking proof of the personal influence of Palmerston. I never quite knew whether it was a feeling of personal gratitude on the part of the Emperor for the early support Palmerston had given to him at the time of the *coup d'état*, or whether it was simply part of his determination at that time to consolidate his alliance with us, and to run no risks of alienation.

Neither this nor any other question of political interest, however important, could then dwell upon my mind, as compared with the terrible and engrossing anxiety of the great siege which had been so long trying our utmost military strength, and in which, up till that date, no victory had been achieved at all decisive of success. I was not made less anxious by reading an impressive Memorandum to the Cabinet from the Queen, calling upon us to take due note of the warnings of General Simpson, and to see that, if by misfortune our army should be detained for another winter in the Crimea, it should be provided with every possible comfort in its lines. I had no confidence whatever in Palmerston's 'must,' nor any perfect reliance on Panmure. Under these conditions, it may be imagined with what joy I hailed every symptom which seemed to indicate any real progress of the attack, against the magnificent defence of our great adversary.

At last, on the 17th of August, one such symptom did reach us under very peculiar conditions, and was an immense relief to us all. On the previous night a telegram from Berlin had reached Clarendon, saying that it was known in that capital that Gortschakoff had been ordered by the Russian Government to attack our position before Sebastopol with his whole army. We had hardly sat for an hour at the Cabinet when a telegram reached us from Simpson, to say that the Russian army, 60,000 strong, had just attacked the French and Sardinian fronts on the Tchernaya, and had been repulsed with the loss of between 4,000 and 5,000 men, and with little loss to the allies. This was great news. It indicated the intolerable pressure felt by Russia in

maintaining the defence, and the comparative weakness of her means of attack upon us by any force that could be gathered outside the fortress.

At this Cabinet I had another battle to fight against the projected treaty of guarantee to Sweden. I fought it strenuously against Palmerston, almost single-handed, for I had little help from my colleagues, who seemed shy and intimidated by Palmerston's attitude. On the other hand, very few of them supported him, and these few only half-heartedly. Clarendon was evidently entirely under Palmerston's guidance, and took no very decided part, the final result being that both Palmerston and Clarendon allowed the subject to drop; and I think I did some good in helping to free the country from a serious danger, by which we might have been involved, at the pleasure of Russia, in a difficult war at any time.

Among the trials of this time to me, although a minor one, was the somewhat altered footing on which of necessity I was placed with Lord Aberdeen. I could not have that unreserved consultation and intercourse which I had enjoyed before, because his policy now appeared to me to be one of peace at any price, and I thought him much under the influence of Gladstone in denouncing any effectual limitation of Russian preponderance in the Black Sea. They had themselves been parties to the 'Third Point' as an essential condition of peace, and there was no meaning in that point and no sense in the attack upon Sebastopol, except with a view to strike a great blow at the naval power of Russia in the Euxine. Still, my affection for Aberdeen, and my confidence in the almost austere integrity of his mind, led me not infrequently to my old haunt at his house. As at this time I was about to leave London for Scotland, I went to see him in September, and found him in company with Graham. This conjunction, I felt, redoubled the antagonism with which I should be encountered. Himself an excellent and high-minded man, Graham was sus-

picious of others, and especially of those from whom he differed greatly. I knew his dislike of Palmerston, and his ineradicable suspicion of Palmerston's intentions. He and Gladstone had now taken up the championship of Lord John Russell, because Lord John had patronized the Austrian proposals, and because Palmerston's Government had declared them inadequate.

CHAPTER XXVI

1855

MEETING OF BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT GLASGOW— RESIGNATION OF PRIVY SEAL—APPOINTED POST- MASTER-GENERAL—PROPOSALS FOR PEACE

I MUST now, however, retrace my steps a little, to narrate and explain an episode in my life which had some permanent effects upon it. The Council of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, then still in the first flush of its public interest and renown, had in 1854 appointed Glasgow as its next place of meeting, and, by a most unexpected action, had designated me as its President for that occasion. Greatly as I valued this high honour, I knew well, of course, how much extraneous circumstances had entered into it. My territorial position in the West of Scotland, of which Glasgow is the capital, had told for much. My personal friendship with almost all the founders and early leaders of the Association told for more. There was, however, at least the shadow of a scientific excuse for the honour they did me. The discovery I had made of a fine series of tertiary leaves and ferns in the Isle of Mull, in a bed underlying typical basaltic rocks, was a discovery of real importance. It threw light on the geological date of the enormous volcanic area which stretches from Antrim to Greenland, and presented, more perfectly than anywhere else, the forms of a rich and beautiful vegetation which had

covered a country now utterly destroyed. Still, I could not but look forward with some anxiety to the duty of delivering an opening address to such an august assembly. To this duty, therefore, I had been turning my attention, and in all the intervals of political occupation and engagements during the earlier months of 1855 I read assiduously all that I could obtain on geology and comparative anatomy. On the latter subject, I used to attend as often as I could the lectures delivered by Professor Owen at the Royal College of Surgeons, to which I have already alluded.

It was the custom of the British Association that its President for the year should occupy the chair again at its next meeting, but only as a formality, and that he should then vacate it in favour of his successor. Lord Wrottesley was my predecessor, and, under the usual custom, I should have met him only for a moment in the interchange of office. I wished, however, to have some conversation with him before the delivery of my address, and gladly accepted his invitation to visit him at his place in Staffordshire, on my way to Scotland. Lord Wrottesley was an astronomer, and following, though on a much smaller scale, the example of Lord Rosse in Ireland, he had done some good work in a fine private observatory erected at his own home. I went by rail to Wolverhampton, and thence drove in an open carriage to Wrottesley. I had never before seen what is well called the Black Country—the great coal-field that stretches from Wolverhampton to Dudley. No other mineral district presents an aspect quite so odious. The bowels of the earth appear to have been lifted out, and so spread and heaped upon the surface, that agriculture seems to be destroyed, and the whole country to be given up to carelessness and waste. The air was thick with smoke, and the only objects seen through it were unsightly chimneys. I was, however, surprised and delighted to find that every stage of a drive to the west seemed to lift me more and more out of this pandemonium, and in the course of a few miles

of a rapidly ascending road I found myself in a fine upland country, with a healthy vegetation and prosperous-looking farms.

I found at Wrottesley a comfortable and commodious house, whilst the near dome of the observatory gave pleasant token of the scientific tastes and pursuits of my excellent host. To my infinite surprise, the first guest to whom I was introduced was Sir John Burgoyne, the man of all others who had been so long dwelling on my mind, associated at first with many hopes, but latterly with many and terrible misgivings. I found that he was a connection by marriage of the Wrottesley family. Among the changes consequent on Lord Raglan's death, Panmure had managed to procure Burgoyne's return home, to which he was not himself averse, because the French Engineers and he were not agreed, and his position had become uncomfortable. I think he was the last of the Peninsular staff to whom recourse was considered possible for active service in the field. Of course, there was much that I should have liked to know from him, but on which I could hardly question him, without indicating impressions which might have given him pain. But there was one point on which he gave me a full and interesting explanation, and that was his answer to the loose idea to which I have already referred—that on the 'flank march' from the Alma to Balaclava, our army might have taken Sebastopol without difficulty, by an assault on its rear. Burgoyne told me that the Russian army was at least 25,000 strong; that our own army was destitute of any heavy artillery; that Sebastopol, though not defended on that side by any continuous works, was defended by separate forts; and that any failure of our attack would certainly have exposed our army to very serious danger. To my civilian understanding his explanation was sufficient, even although the possibility of an accidental success, owing to surprise, be not excluded from the case. Generals responsible for large armies aiming at great

enterprises are hardly free to play with those at a game of chance, and to risk everything on the unforeseen and unexpected.

The next day Lord Wrottesley gave me a fine example of that which has always been to me one of the pleasures of life—the sight of a great landscape. The sudden escape from a hideous country to one of freshness and beauty which had surprised and delighted me the day before was now scientifically explained. Many of the coal measures of England are overlaid—sometimes to a great depth—by masses of red sandstone and conglomerate. Wolverhampton and its black country lies at the eastern edge of one of those overlying masses, which forms a high tableland to the west. Wrottesley is situated on the top of this tableland, which to the west again forms a high ridge, with a sudden escarpment or declivity falling in the same direction. From a particular point, not far from Wrottesley, the whole of this part of England down to the valley of the Severn, and to the hills of Wales beyond, breaks suddenly on the view, if we penetrate a narrow belt of wood and stand at its western edge. From that point there burst upon us a fine panorama such as I have not seen elsewhere in England. It was not that sea of foliage which I had admired so much when I was a boy in Warwickshire. It was a view including a wide stretch of very various country sloping to the Severn, and beyond the Severn ranging over the hills of Wales. It must have made a great impression upon me, for now I seem to remember it distinctly, after the lapse of forty-five years. I thought it glorious. There was but one fault. There was no visible water—neither sea nor lake nor river. This was due to one curious peculiarity of the Severn—that it flows everywhere between such steep banks that it is invisible till you are upon it. Even where it flows through some level tract, as it does between Tewkesbury and Worcester, it glides between high banks of mud, generally richly foliaged with willow-bushes and wild weeds

full of birds. In the wide range of view which I saw from Wrottesley there was no gleam of water, although the elevation on which we stood was a high one, and a long course of the Severn was commanded from it. But it was a lovely country, with every variety of English beauty and of English homes.

Next day I resumed my journey to Scotland, and it was on arriving at the station at Glasgow that I met the great news of the fall of Sebastopol. I can never describe what this news was to me—not from any feeling of mere military triumph or glory, for, indeed, there was very little of that element involved, seeing that our special assault of the Redan had failed, and the rush of the French into the Malakoff when the Russian garrison was at dinner was a most unexpected and almost accidental success—but I felt that we were lightened at once of a load of anxieties and dangers of the most serious kind, and that our policy in attacking Sebastopol, of which I never had any doubt from a political point of view, had at last received its final vindication. I still feel as if it had been a great day in my life, and as if all its surrounding scenes at that time were bathed in the light of a satisfaction and a thankfulness such as I have never known elsewhere in my public life.

From Glasgow I drove to Jordanhill, the home of my father's old friend—and my own—James Smith, where I had been invited to spend the days devoted to the proceedings of the Association. This was a very great pleasure to me, arising from a peculiar cause. Throughout life I have had a very tender and sorrowful recollection of my mother's death, though I was then only five years of age. An image of her, which, though faint and shadowy, was nevertheless indelible, often rose before me, and I used to feel some envy of those who enjoyed the presence of a living mother in some ascending path of life. Jordanhill was a small but valuable estate about three miles to the west of Glasgow. The house crowned one of the low hills

which stretch along above the Dumbarton and Argyllshire road. My mother had often lived there with the Smiths, who were her earliest and most intimate friends. Mrs. Smith attended her closely during her last illness, and was with her when she died, and although now she also was gone, the whole place and the very name were full to me of tender associations. As to James Smith himself, I never could forget how his eager conversations with my father had stimulated my early intellectual activities, and how he had given me my earliest lesson in at least one great branch of natural history.

On reaching Jordanhill, I was very sorry to find that he was confined to bed, and prohibited from attending the meeting. My wife had joined me from London, and we had a most agreeable and interesting party in the house, including Sir Charles Lyell and his very pretty and clever wife, Sir Roderick Murchison, and Colonel (afterwards Sir) Edward Sabine, then President of the Royal Society. Terrestrial magnetism was his special subject, and he had done distinguished work upon it in Arctic voyages. He was a man of great modesty and refinement of manners, and an old and intimate friend of James Smith.

I delivered my presidential address in Glasgow on the 11th September. I think I may fairly say that it was successful—at least, in holding the general attention of a very large audience for more than an hour. The attention of a Glasgow audience is remarkable, but in an address on science, some ideas unfamiliar to many might make it difficult to follow with full comprehension. I felt, however, one difficulty under which of necessity I laboured. Unlike a speech and many lectures, the address was a written document, and I was, of course, obliged to read it. In any long reading the management of the voice is most difficult. The tone becomes monotonous, and induces inattention in those who listen. I tried to resist this; but I was quite conscious that I did so with very partial success.

Of this I had one amusing indication at the close. Among the distinguished men who were near me on the platform was the great Professor Whewell of Cambridge, Master of Trinity, and author of the 'History of the Inductive Sciences.' His countenance was one of singular energy and power, with a light blue eye of great penetration, and his forehead was extraordinarily broad and massive. His head was covered with short, curly hair, now wholly grey—together a very striking figure. He was then well advanced in life, and listening for more than an hour in rather a hot room had produced its natural effect upon him. But when I stopped he awoke instantly, and, starting up, with perhaps some lingering impression of the earlier part, he warmly congratulated me on the excellence of my performance.

A great part of my address had, of course, only a local and temporary interest. I was glad to throw one stone upon the grave that had lately closed over Edward Forbes. Of all the scientific men I have ever known, with the two exceptions of the great Agassiz and James Simpson, Edward Forbes had the greatest personal charm. He was one of those few men in whom genius overflows into every form and feature of the face; it was even visible in the movement of his hands. I shall never forget seeing him lecturing in Edinburgh, and observing how with a little bit of chalk he left on the blackboard, with apparently automatic facility and grace, the exquisite curves of the molluscan shells. All of us who knew him, and thousands who did not, had lately felt, on his death, that it was an irreparable loss to science and to the happy meetings of scientific men. There were, however, a few passages in my address which had a wider reference, and which stand in closer relation to the work of my later life. One of these concerned the only great law or principle which was the subject of controversy in the science of geology. I never had been able to accept Lyell's doctrine that nothing had happened in the past history of the globe which is not also happening now, and which is not

capable of exhibiting the same results if only a long enough time is allowed to elapse. Living as I did in a country where all the hills indicate great earth movements, of which we have no experience now, I thought this theory altogether overdone, although I recognised the service it had rendered in the able hands of Lyell, in teaching us all to see, as we should not else have done, what may be the cumulative effects of causes now working everywhere around us. It was, of course, impossible for me to enter into this controversy in my presidential address. But I was determined to introduce into it some passing indication of my opinion—all the more because I was speaking in the presence of my friend Lyell. I accordingly contrived to do this incidentally in the form of an illustration. I compared the gradual advance of science generally to the slow progress of ordinary geological changes, and the occasional influence of great individual men of extraordinary genius and achievement to the sudden and violent changes which must have, as occasionally, done much to transform the surfaces of the earth.

Lyell, during our drive back to Jordanhill, told me that he had no objection to offer to anything I had said; and yet what I did say is fatal to any extreme uniformitarianism, because it brings in recurring periods of catastrophe as a part of the ordinary series of operation. It required some little pluck to read out in the presence of Sir Charles Lyell the following sentence: 'It is true, indeed, that there have been a few such men (men who have been epoch-makers), just as there have been periods of sudden geological operations which have upheaved at once stupendous and enduring monuments.'

This comparison between the building up of scientific knowledge and the building up of our habitable globe—each of them through alternations of slow changes absolutely imperceptible, and then of a few special periods distinguished by rapid and conspicuous developments—was a comparison which conciliated assent.

It seemed to support the doctrine it enforced by that strongest of all arguments in Nature—the strength of a true analogy. I afterwards came to see still more clearly that it was quite reconcilable with all that was true in Lyell's teaching. The perfect continuity of causation has no necessary connection with uniformity of effects. It is perfectly compatible with the occasional outburst of the most tremendous energies; and in later life I brought out this argument in force. Meantime it was enough for me to have challenged the great teacher of uniformitarianism in his own presence, and to find that he saw nothing in what I stated to which he could object.

There were two other passages in my address which gave me satisfaction at the time and have given me pleasure since. They both concerned questions of the greatest interest in science. One of them contained an element of definition, and the other an element of prophecy, which were in advance of their time, and which consequently have recurred to me frequently in later years. It is to be remembered that when I spoke in 1855, Darwin had not yet appeared above the horizon. The method of creation in the organic world was not even a matter of common speculation. The theories of Lamarck had never attracted much attention in England. An anonymous book, 'The Vestiges of Creation,' now known as having been the production of Robert Chambers, had indeed made a momentary noise. Hugh Miller's reply to it, 'The Footprints of the Creator,' was full of suggestiveness and of beauty of conception. But neither of them satisfied the scientific understanding that any tangible clue had been found to the mysteries of creation. Cuvier was master of the situation, and his great pupil Owen was not only in firm possession of all that was yet scientifically known of the facts of palæontology, but was the only author who had so correlated those facts as to raise of necessity questions and suggestions of a transcendental character. I had closely studied his two great works, 'On the

Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton' and 'On the Nature of Limbs.' I had heard many of his lectures, and all these had left on my mind an impression that he himself believed that somehow or another different races of animals had descended from each other by ordinary generation. He never said so. But I had a feeling that he was withheld from saying so by considerations akin to those which had determined Robert Chambers to write in this sense anonymously. From whatever cause, Owen's works did not raise the question, except silently, in thoughtful and speculative minds.

When I spoke at Glasgow in 1855, the voice of Science was altogether silent on the subject. It is a satisfaction, therefore, to me to remember that in my address I so stated the known facts of the case, as to give some precision to the question raised, as that question presented itself to my own mind. And my conception of that question was founded on the writings of Owen. 'In physiology,' I asked, 'what is the meaning of that great law of adherence to type and pattern, standing behind as it were and in reserve of that other law by which organic structures are specially adapted to special modes of life? What is the relation between those two laws? and can any light be cast upon it, derived from the history of extinct forms or from the conditions to which we find that existing forms are subject?' No exhaustive answer has ever been given to this question. Feeling as I did then the profound mysteries obviously involved in it, I should have been surprised indeed if I could have foreseen that, within a few years, half the scientific world would be carried off their feet by an answer which was a verbal metaphor, derived from the skill of artificial breeders. It was thus that, when the Darwinian discussion came, I was at least better prepared for it than many others. I had a strong sense of what was wanted, and a high appreciation of the intellectual elements required in any tolerable solution. The demonstration of this has been one of the chief labours of my later life.

The other passage in my address to which I have alluded is one which has given me some satisfaction, because it was a passage entirely my own—that is to say, a passage giving expression to a conviction to which I had been led by solitary thought, and without, so far as I can remember, any suggestion from an external source. From early years I had a vague but a strong impression of the unity of Nature, to the effect that all her phenomena and laws were so closely correlated with each other that every special fact, however accidental or solitary it may seem to be, is a clue to a whole range of corresponding facts, if only we could discover them. I had applied this thought to the great discovery of Dr. Jenner, and had felt and had often expressed the utmost confidence that it could not represent a solitary fact in Nature, and that other diseases would turn out to be attackable on the same principle of some variety of inoculation. The passage in my address was very short, intended merely as a hint to those who could prosecute the subject by research : ‘ In medicine, what is the action of specifics ? and are there no more discoveries to be made such as rewarded the observation of Jenner in the almost total extinction of a fearful and frequent scourge ? ’ I need not say that after the lapse of many years I have seen realized the significant anticipations of my address, delivered fifty-four years ago. The possibility of modifying the virulence of acute diseases by the previous introduction of their germs, under regulated and favourable conditions, has now been recognised as a branch of science, and some progress has been made in the investigation of it. It needs further investigation, which no doubt it will receive. Meanwhile my anticipation has been fulfilled, and a very mysterious law of Nature has been revealed, with many physiological implications.

On leaving Jordanhill, we went to Erskine, and after a short stay there with my sister-in-law, Lady Blantyre, my wife and I proceeded to Inveraray, where I had asked several scientific men to come when they left

Glasgow. I had pleasure in pointing out to them, and especially to Professor Hopkins of Cambridge, the phenomena of our crystalline rocks there, which seemed to me to be the result of great earth movements—not volcanic, but in the nature of subsidences along lines of weakness in the earth's crust. I pointed out especially the way in which the deep-seated and historic material—porphyries and granites—had oozed out between the planes of stratification in the sedimentary beds as they tumbled in, those planes of stratification having evidently been the lines of least resistance to the molten material below. In particular, I showed them a specimen of a fragment of our slaty rock, held fast in the middle of a block of the porphyry, the hard slate having evidently fallen into the hot and viscous material which was being squeezed through the subsiding beds. Hopkins was then the leading authority on dynamic geology, and my views seemed to meet with his acceptance.

I had, however, but a short holiday from politics, as I was bound to make my appearance at Balmoral, as Minister-in-Attendance on the Queen. There I found Granville,⁷ and heard from him something of what was going on among the sections in the Cabinet. He had heard of a regular agreement between Gladstone and Graham to join Disraeli, but I did not believe it. It showed, however, how men's suspicions then pointed. On the 24th an officer arrived, with the despatches of General Simpson on the capture of Sebastopol.

A few days later I saw a Memorandum from the French Emperor on the terms of peace. He was in favour of keeping Sebastopol in the hands of the allies. But the most important part of this paper was that in which he advocated our taking up the cause of the Poles, by reconstituting the Grand Duchy of Warsaw as a constitutional monarchy, as contemplated in 1815. I had a long conversation on this subject with Prince Albert, by whom it was discussed with that temperate wisdom which was quite a gift in him. I was then,

and had always been, thoroughly opposed to any extension of the area of the war, the original objects of which were quite enough to tax all our powers. I told the Prince also that I did not think any of the old arrangements about the Duchy of Warsaw had in them the elements of possible stability, and that the reattainment of them was not worth the cost. The Prince dwelt on another objection, broader than any other. He hoped, he said, that the result of the Crimean War would tend to deliver the Northern Courts of Europe from the undue influence and fear of Russia; but the question of Poland would tend to reunite them, and thus endanger the best results of our own struggle in the East. I quite agreed in this objection too. The significance of it was evidently far-reaching.

Lord Panmure, who appointed General Simpson, thought himself obliged at last to send him a telegram complaining of his inactivity, upon which he resigned. Then, when he passed off the stage, who was appointed by our War Office to succeed him? General Codrington, another officer of about the same calibre. I distrusted both these appointments from the first, because we never could get from the War Office any explanation or justification of its preference, or any definite characteristics even ascribed to the men selected.

Of course, I knew absolutely nothing of the staff of officers from whom we had to choose, but, judging by what we heard from Panmure, I distrusted the qualifications of those from whom our choice had to be made. How very unsatisfactory the process was by which this selection was made is best indicated by an interesting account of it written to me by Palmerston, in reply to a letter of mine. Of course, I could do nothing at all, except urge Palmerston himself to look carefully into the matter, remembering how all-important the choice of Simpson's successor might be. I was in Scotland at the time, but Palmerston very kindly sent to me the following full account, written on three sheets of

large letter-paper—the finest specimen I had ever seen of his magnificent and characteristic handwriting :

‘ BROADLANDS,

‘ *October 13, 1855.*

‘ MY DEAR DUKE OF ARGYLL,

‘ I am glad to find by your letter of the 11th that your mind has been travelling in the same track upon the subject of the command of the army as the minds of those of your colleagues who have met from time to time in Downing Street.

‘ The matter stands thus : Simpson has definitely resigned, and his resignation has been accepted. There is a little sparring match still going on between him and Panmure as to the immediate cause. He says it was a rough telegraphic message, or, as we now call it, a telegram, from Panmure about his inactivity. Panmure maintains that such cannot have been the real cause, and that it must have been consciousness of want of health and strength of mind for the labour and responsibility of his command. But the question has been who should succeed him. Sir George Brown, next in seniority, has come home ill, and though he is an excellent soldier and a good General of division, nobody would advise that he should be sent out again to command. Sir Colin Campbell comes next by seniority, but we all determined some months ago that, with all his merits, which are great, he would not make a good Commander-in-Chief, and all who know him confirm this opinion ; and as nothing has happened since our decision was taken to make us think it was erroneous, we abide by it. After him come Burrard and Rokeby, two good men, but not Commanders-in-Chief. Then comes Codrington. He was pointed out by all two months ago as the fittest for chief command. Has anything happened since to alter the opinion then entertained of him ? Some people think that he did not properly manage the assault of the Redan on the 8th. We do not, on the whole, think that any real blame attaches to him for the failure on that day. The thing attempted was scarcely possible, and the only doubt is whether Simpson was justified in sacrificing so many men in an assault which the experience of the 18 June ought to have shown could not succeed, and which could only be intended as a diversion in favour of the French attack on the Malakoff. If ladders were short and tools

wanting, that was the fault of the Commander-in-Chief and of the Engineer officers ; as to the handling of the force allotted for the assault, including the supports, Codrington and Markham, under whom that force was placed, are the two best Generals with the army, and it is presumable that they did the best under the circumstances of the case, and the private accounts we have received confirm that supposition. We have therefore come to the conclusion that the former decision of the Cabinet should be adhered to, and that the command should be given to Codrington. Some persons have thought of General Windham, but it is too soon to put him in so responsible a situation as Commander-in-Chief. He has never till now commanded anything but a company in the Guards. He has lately, I believe, had some regimental command or staff appointment, and he showed on the 8th courage, daring, presence of mind. These qualities go towards making a good General, but there are others equally necessary, and he has had no opportunity of showing whether he possesses them or not. At the next meeting of the Cabinet on Monday we shall probably approve Panmure's letters to Simpson to accept his resignation formally ; to Codrington to inform him of his appointment ; and to Colin Campbell to soothe his feelings and to assure him that his distinguished merits and great services are duly appreciated, though the Government has chosen another officer for the vacant command.

‘ Yours sincerely,

‘ PALMERSTON.’

It is needless to say that I had no positive knowledge enabling me to answer this letter critically. I could only acquiesce. But it gave me a most unsatisfactory impression. If I had no knowledge, the writer evidently had about as little. He took what was told him at the War Office by those who had designated Simpson, and who now seemed to be themselves guided by a mixed regard for mere seniority and by personal prejudices or gossip. I remember, too, that we were told at that time that Sir Colin Campbell could not speak French, whereas later we all came to know that he spoke it excellently well. There was some desperate jealousy

of Sir Colin among the military staff. When seniority pointed to Sir Colin Campbell, it was at once set aside, because some said that, although he was a good brigade officer, he could not safely be entrusted with an army. Yet he was the one officer who had done a very brilliant deed during the siege, in the repulse by a single regiment of a formidable attack of Russian cavalry on Balaclava. I did not then know Sir Colin personally. But the impression left on others who did know him had reached my ears, and it did not increase my confidence in Palmerston's decision when I came to know that the Queen had wished Sir Colin to be appointed. Events soon proved what nonsense had been allowed to stand in the way of an appointment which would undoubtedly have been the safest. Only two years later, Sir Colin's reputation led to his being appointed Commander-in-Chief during the agony of the great Indian Mutiny. If ever a soldier showed the highest capacities of command—quickness, decision, organization, and tact—it was Sir Colin Campbell in his brilliant campaign in Oudh, and I confess it still provokes me to think of what we might have lost by the choice of Codrington over him, if the war had gone on long, as, fortunately, it did not.

On the 1st of October I returned to my wife at Rosneath, enjoying intensely there, as I always did, the beautiful landscapes of my childhood and early youth, the gleaming waters of a long sea-loch, seen through the stems of stately trees fringing its shores and dropping beach-mast into tides which flowed round the world. The rare quiet and privacy of the shores was to me delightful, with no public road between us and the sea, and with winding bays and creeks, giving an intricate outline of woods, rocks, and water. And then there was the whole northern horizon only ten miles off, fringing the sky with a long, continuous chain of blue mountains, with lines of stratification so bent and broken and twisted that it was hard to trace their continuity at all. They were

perpetually raising, in the form of an exquisite picture, all the unsolved problems of dynamical geology which I had been so lately discussing with my friends at Glasgow.

My peace at Rosneath was not much disturbed by a matter which now suddenly made a great noise. This was a squabble, threatening to be a quarrel, between Stratford de Redcliffe and the Sultan. I had seen the authentic account of it when I was at Balmoral. Stratford had gone to the Crimea to present the Order of the Bath to certain officers of the army. When he was away, the Sultan had restored to office and to favour a brother-in-law of his own, who was notoriously even more corrupt than other Pashas. Stratford, on his return to Constantinople, demanded an audience of the Sultan, and began to read to him a remonstrance which he had drawn up. The Sultan showed such nearly uncontrollable anger that Stratford had to stop and to appease him as best he could. There was some talk in the Cabinet of recalling Stratford, and there were very severe articles in the *Times* against him. Stratford's hot temper and imperious disposition were a perpetual anxiety to the Foreign Minister, whilst, on the other hand, his great ability and his great power over the Turkish Government made him invaluable to us, when we could get him to run true to our instructions. The result always was, when it came to the point, that Palmerston flinched from the extreme step of recalling him; and the only incident really curious about this particular affair was that Palmerston took it into his head that Disraeli might possibly accept Stratford's place if he were recalled. The opportunity never arose, but I cannot conceive that Disraeli would ever have left his game at home for such a precarious position in the East.

I heard at this time that Gladstone had some reason to know or to suspect that Palmerston was not thinking of peace, and was even eager for an extended war. Granville had gone to Paris, and wrote to me that the

French Emperor was entirely devoted to our alliance, that his own Minister, Walewski, had no influence with him, and that he would act on the question of peace exactly as we might desire. Granville accordingly thought it a good time to come to an understanding as to what was to be demanded or accepted. But Palmerston at once objected, writing a long and able Memorandum to the effect that Russia was not yet 'half beaten enough.' I entirely agreed with Granville, as all along I had insisted on the duty of making up our own minds as soon as possible on the final objects of the war. I heard also from Canning in London that Palmerston was 'snorting and pawing' more than ever, and that it would be difficult to hold him in when it came to terms. Canning himself, however, did not think that we should make any advances to Russia at that moment, in which also I agreed.

If in Palmerston's Memorandum about peace, when he said that Russia was not yet 'beaten enough,' he referred only to the state of matters at the actual seat of war, he was entirely justified. The mere capture of one half of Sebastopol by the allies might go but a little way towards securing the objects of the war. The Crimea, with all its approaches from the north, excepting only a corner of the Sea of Azof, was still firmly in the possession of Russia. It had often been intended to make an attack on some of those approaches, but it was only now, when the siege of the great fortress was at an end, that a force sufficient for any such purpose had been available. Advantage, however, of this change was at once taken, and a general naval expedition, with a strong land force embarked, had been sent off to attack Kherson, a fortress of considerable strength, which Russia had established to protect the mouth of one of her great rivers—the Dnieper.

On the 21st and 22nd of October we heard of the complete success of this expedition. Kherson had been captured with all its garrison and stores—1,500

prisoners and 70 guns. This was a very considerable feat of arms, well calculated to produce an important moral effect. It tended at least to make up that 'sufficiency of beating' which Palmerston so much desired. I did not believe that it would enable us to get up the great inland river to Nikolaieff, which was an important Russian arsenal. It must, however, harass and annoy the Russians, and interfere with their confidence in the security of the whole Crimea.

It was at this time that the death of Molesworth occurred suddenly, causing a vacancy in one of the most important offices of the Cabinet—that of the Secretaryship for the Colonies. Palmerston, after consulting the Cabinet, determined to try again his old work of fusion, and offered the post to young Lord Stanley. In a long and excellent letter, Stanley refused to separate from his father's party and friends, but indicated that personally he had very little disagreement indeed with the policy of the Government as he understood it. His own feeling generally led him to approve of a minimum of political interference with other countries. I was strongly in favour of the offer, writing in my journal as regarded Stanley personally: 'He is able, thoughtful, and courageous, which we want above all things just now.' Granville wished now to offer the post to Sidney Herbert. But this I regarded as out of the question, seeing that if he came in he would be a source of weakness, because an object of popular suspicion, and therefore less able to represent the interests of peace than Stanley, who, I felt sure, was disposed to peace as soon as it could be obtained. It is significant of the view I then took of the political horizon that in my journal I expressed it thus: 'My belief is that Stanley has acted right, not only for his own, but for the public interest, which is deeply concerned in the reorganization of parties, and Stanley's junction with us would have tended still farther to break this down.'

I went up to London to attend a Cabinet held on the

5th of November. It was mainly concerned with a squabble between us and America, raised by the American Government, who complained that we had enlisted, under our new Foreign Enlistment Act, men who were citizens of the United States, and had thus violated their neutrality. Considering the number of filibustering classes in America, and the very loose control ever exercised over them by the Government, I thought this rather gratuitous picking of a quarrel. An American despatch I had seen at Balmoral seemed to me rather insolent, but Clarendon's reply, which I had not seen till now, had been hot and not well guarded. The American rejoinder was more moderate in tone, and, I thought, met Clarendon's points with very considerable effect. It was characteristic of Palmerston that he at once attributed the better tone of the American despatch to the effect of a naval squadron which he and the Cabinet had sent out to the West Indies about a fortnight before. When Palmerston heard the more moderate terms of the American reply, his remark was: 'The block ships have done good!' But we reminded him that when the despatch left, the squadron had not been heard of in America, and it was still doubtful whether it would not rather do harm than good.

I found in a box in the Cabinet room a series of papers on the old question of a treaty with Sweden, including a guarantee of territory against Russia. This was the first intimation I had had that the proposal was still alive, and was being conducted as secretly as before, so far as the Cabinet was concerned. Towards the end of our meeting, Clarendon referred to the matter with great shyness and obvious embarrassment, and spoke of some suggested alterations. George Grey at once raised the question, 'What is this treaty?' showing that I was not alone in being in complete ignorance of what had been going on since I had resisted stoutly the whole project as in the highest degree inexpedient. What we now heard could only increase our objections,

for the King of Sweden asked for a separate and specific clause securing that we should pay all the expenses of any forces sent to his aid. Clarendon only objected on the ground that it was needless, because it would be so as a matter of course ! I suggested that it would be more reasonable that the stipulation should be precisely the reverse. At all events, I hoped that it would be made clear that Sweden was to do something in her own behalf, and that the whole burden of defending her against Russia was not to fall on England and France. I wrote privately to Clarendon after the Cabinet on this and other points.

Clarendon read an important letter from Nesselrode, saying that the time was not yet come for Russia to propose any terms of peace, but that he could clearly indicate at least the negative side of the question, and specify some conditions that Russia never would consent to. First, she would never cede the Crimea. Secondly, she would never engage to abstain from re-fortifying Sebastopol. Lastly, she never would agree to any compulsory limitation of her fleets. This declaration put peace out of the question.

On the 15th of November I heard from Granville of a proposal which to some little extent changed the tenor of my daily life. Palmerston wished to offer the Duchy of Lancaster to a Commoner, and to this end he wished Harrowby to give it up, and to take the Post Office instead. But Harrowby was a delicate man, had illness in his family, and dreaded the work. It was then suggested that I might be willing to take the Post Office and give up the Privy Seal to Harrowby, who would thus vacate the Duchy. Granville was employed to sound me on this change in my work and position. I did not much like it. The Privy Seal exactly suited me, as it gave me as much work, and exactly the kind of work, which I preferred, without any mere departmental trouble. But, on the other hand, I considered that, for so young a man, I had already held and enjoyed it for a fair time, and that I

ought not to stand in the way of any arrangement more convenient to the Prime Minister and to the Cabinet. I therefore wrote in this sense to Granville, to Harrowby himself, and to Palmerston, saying that I was well pleased with my present office, but I felt that I had had my fair share of it, and was willing to take the Post Office. The vacancy in the Post Office was caused by the designation of Canning, who held it, to the Governor-Generalship of India.

On the 19th of November, 1855, at one of Granville's evening parties, I heard from him that Austria had again come forward as a negotiator between Russia and the Western Powers, and had advanced propositions which had just arrived. Considering the utter weariness and disgust which I had felt so long with the conduct of Austria in the recent Vienna negotiations, I confess I heard this news with some impatience, but Granville told me that the new proposals of Austria he considered excellent. They were these: First, neutralization of the Black Sea. Second, cession of one-half of Bessarabia. Third, independence of the Danubian Principalities. Fourth, prohibition of military arsenals. These terms were to be proposed to Russia, and in the event of refusal Austria was to break off diplomatic relations with Russia. The French Emperor, I was told, strongly insisted on our immediate assent. Granville added that Clarendon approved of these proposals, and had so written to Palmerston, and that the Queen also was favourably disposed. The French Ambassador (Persigny) came in, and spoke to me eagerly on the subject. He said that to his own Government he had always taken the English line, which he described as: 'Wait for the next campaign, when great things will be done in the Baltic with armaments of a new class,' etc. But the French people, he went on to say, desired peace. The Emperor dreaded the war changing its character, and, besides, he was in financial difficulties. Persigny played the old game of telling me that Russia would

certainly refuse the terms, as an inducement to me to give my support to them in the Cabinet.

Persigny was a pleasant little fellow, with gentlemanlike manners and address, but he had been one of the closest personal adherents of Louis Napoleon in his conspirator years, and I certainly should not have accepted from him any assurance which might be obviously convenient for his diplomatic objects at the moment. I discussed the proposals, however, with him on their merits, and finally I told him that, so far as I could judge without further information, I thought them good. But I took care to add that I would not act in the hope he held out to me that the proposals would be refused by Russia, but only, on the contrary, in the hope and expectation that they might be accepted.

On the next day, November 20th, we had a very important Cabinet meeting. It included a new member, for Palmerston had filled up the vacancy caused by Molesworth's death by offering the Colonial Office to Henry Labouchere, afterwards Lord Taunton. This was a proposal in every way agreeable to me, as he was an intimate friend, and had become a family connection by his marriage with Lady Mary Howard, youngest sister of the Duchess of Sutherland. His appointment was in perfect consonance with the policy of fusion in the Cabinet, by which Palmerston had endeavoured to establish as much continuity as possible between the Aberdeen Government and his own. Moreover, it was going back to the old Whig party, of which Labouchere had been a distinguished member. He had held the same office under Lord John Russell, whilst at the same time he was entirely uncompromised and uncommitted by having taken any obnoxious part against either Aberdeen or Palmerston. On private grounds he was in all ways a valuable addition to the Cabinet. Born of a Huguenot family, and with unmistakably French features, he was a thorough gentleman, and a man of exceptionally delicate feelings of the

highest honour. As an illustration of this feature in his character, I may mention an act of his which, so far as my knowledge goes, stands alone. It was proposed that a new line of railway should pass through his estate, which he thought would be disagreeable and injurious. The promoting company therefore offered him a large sum as compensation, which he accepted. When the line was made, and when Labouchere had some experience of its effects, he came to the conclusion that his original fears had been groundless, and that the railway was not an injury, but a benefit. He therefore returned to the company the whole sum they had paid to him—a rare and splendid expression of a character which was the very soul of honour. He was full of the knowledge and love of art, with all the resources of a refined and cultivated intellect. I was the more glad of Labouchere's admission into our Cabinet because I knew he had been one of the Whigs who had been mortified by the exclusion which happened to so many of them when the Aberdeen Government had been formed. In private conversation at the time he told me that he thought Lord John Russell had 'sacrificed the honour of his friends.'

It was on that occasion, in combating as I did this feeling on his part, that I first realized the extreme narrowness of the old Whig party, and the almost irrational exclusiveness of the conceptions entertained by them of what constituted a Whig. This was the more remarkable since, of course, Labouchere was not himself a member of the Whig aristocracy, but only a recruit from the middle classes. Yet I found him as restricted in this matter as if he had been a Howard or a Fitzwilliam. In trying to show him how fairly and evenly divided between the two old parties the Aberdeen Cabinet had been, I included as a matter of course Clarendon among the Whigs. Labouchere at once and with some vehemence objected: 'Oh, Clarendon is not a Whig'; and to this he adhered with persistency. Never had I realized so clearly how absolutely necessary

it had been to effect some great rupture in these effete traditions, and to recast and reconstitute the sectional parties into which political life in England had been divided.

At a meeting of the Cabinet Lord Lansdowne shook his head and lifted his shaggy eyebrows when he heard of new proposals coming from Vienna, but the strong language of the French Emperor compelled serious attention. Like all Frenchmen, he laid less stress on the merits of the terms as a settlement of the Eastern Question than on their merit as implicating Austria in the event of Russian refusal. This was the old wild-goose chase over again, from which we had suffered so much during the former negotiations at Vienna, and my conviction of Austria's hopeless cowardice in all her relations with Russia made me regard this argument of the Emperor with complete indifference. But the terms in themselves I thought good. Above all, the neutralization of the Black Sea was an excellent solution of the problem about Sebastopol. If Russia had no motive to reconstitute that harbour as a great naval arsenal, we could then give up what we could not well keep. We heard of the usual by-play of bad faith between the Emperor and his own Ministers. Walewski showed the Austrian proposals to Cowley, telling him not to tell the Emperor. Then the Emperor showed them to Cowley, telling him not to tell Walewski ; and the Emperor even showed such distrust of Walewski that he wished Cowley to go to London to represent more fully and faithfully the Emperor's opinion on the whole matter.

After a long discussion, the Cabinet agreed to express willingness to allow Austria to make the proposal, provided the following points were explained : First, that the neutralization of the Black Sea must not be provided for merely by 'separate agreement between Russia and Turkey,' even although such agreement were to be incorporated in the general treaty ; it must form part of the general treaty itself. Second, that

the Sea of Azof must be included as part of the Black Sea. Third, that we wished to add a stipulation against the re-erection of the fortress of Bomarsund, which we had destroyed, on the Aland Islands in the Baltic. Lastly, that, among the remaining subjects on which we reserved a right to raise further discussion, we must specially mention the eastern shores of the Black Sea, or, rather, the provinces there. Several of us were against putting in this last item—I was, amongst others—because we had a good guess that this was the direction in which Palmerston had contemplated an enlargement of the area of the war, and perhaps a great campaign in the following year. However, as a mere right to raise a discussion on the subject, it was allowed to pass.

It was evident that the whole thing went much against the grain with Palmerston. But he was far too able and too wise a man not to see that he could not fight against both our French ally and the prevalent feeling of his own Cabinet, and he gave way without much fight on the proposals as a whole. He confessed, too, that the neutralization of the Black Sea was the one great condition which gave a real security.

Considering the very small weight which the French Emperor attached to Walewski's opinion, it seemed to me very strange that he kept Walewski in the position of his Foreign Minister. But his motives were purely personal. Walewski was a natural son of the great Napoleon by a beautiful Polish lady of the name of Walewska. Although a much larger man than his father, Walewski had an unmistakable look of him in his face, particularly in his eyes and forehead. But his countenance was without any intellectual power. He was pompous, too, and self-important. I recollect seeing him in a state of great offence at a concert at Buckingham Palace, where he was obliged to occupy a seat which he thought not becoming to his dignity. The swellings of his indignation were most amusing, and he seemed to think that by his attitude and stare

he could reproduce the terror which his illustrious father's indignation had been accustomed to occasion. Louis Napoleon was himself a far abler man, and it was only natural that he should place no reliance on the advice of his cousin. He took foreign affairs almost entirely into his own hands, and occasionally used his very considerable powers of speech to guide the opinion of his people. Though not an orator, he knew better than most men how to insinuate a great deal in a very few words, yet without committing himself to any definite conclusions. At this very juncture he had availed himself of this resource to indicate that he wanted peace. At a public ceremony in Paris on the 15th of November the Emperor made a speech which attracted great attention. The keynote of this speech lay in the sentence, 'France has no hatreds,' but she must have a peace which will solve *nettement* the objects for which the war has been undertaken.

It was impossible not to suspect in this sentence a very sly cut at England and at Palmerston. If it could not be fairly said that they had a hatred of Russia, because their hostile feeling to Russia was in pursuit of a justifiable policy, yet it was certainly true of the spirit animating at that time a great portion of the people and the press. The whole tone of the speech was peaceful, and Cowley, who was as decidedly warlike, spoke of it to Clarendon as having 'done all the mischief he expected.' But Cowley was so hot about the war that he seemed almost to dread peace, as in itself a horrible event and a great calamity. He saw, however, the gravity of the situation, and was disposed to counsel at least a partial acceptance, though always with a view to the ultimate defeat of the proposals.

On the 21st November, 1855, I went to Windsor to give up the Privy Seal, and to kiss hands on my acceptance of the Post Office. On my going into the royal closet, the Queen at once began to discuss the grave proposals before us, and it was a great satisfaction to

me to find that both Her Majesty and the Prince approved on the whole of the course which the Cabinet had taken. Some anxiety was expressed lest time should be lost in the discussion of details, because the French Emperor's desire for peace was so widely spread over Europe that Russia and even Austria might be induced to believe that he would accept a peace at almost any price. The Prince, too, had some very justifiable uneasiness as to our military position in the Crimea, since nothing had been done to secure its evacuation by Russia, and we were in danger of having to stand another winter there.

On the 28th we had another Cabinet. I found that this last week had been one of great uneasiness as regards the French. They objected to all our amendments and reserves more or less, and the Emperor refused absolutely to include the Sea of Azof in the stipulation, as too derogatory to the honour of Russia, and, besides, useless when all the inland waters of the Bug and Dniester must necessarily be left free to Russia. After some very disagreeable passages of correspondence, Clarendon had given way on this point, whilst the French Emperor conceded others, such as the exclusion of any separate treaty between Turkey and Russia on the subject of neutralization, unless on the details as to the exact number of coast-guard vessels to be kept by each.

The Cabinet was practically adjourned till the evening, when there was to be a Cabinet dinner at Palmerston's. A very serious point came before us. In our old 'Four Points,' the one which was always the great stumbling-block had been the third—namely, that respecting the Black Sea; this was disposed of by the new scheme of neutralization. But another of the 'Four Points,' hitherto much postponed, was that some security should be provided for the Christian subjects of the Porte. The new Austrian proposals were a little vague on this subject, but what they did indicate was a collective European guarantee. There was one obvious

danger—that Russia, being conterminous with Turkey and always ready, might at any time claim to represent Europe, and might indirectly reassert all her old claims of internal interference in Turkey. Palmerston was very jealous and suspicious on this subject, as obviously he had good reason to be. He tried hard to ‘see his way to some declaration on our part that we objected to any guarantees’ on this subject at all. But after a long debate we all agreed that something in the form of a European sanction must be given to any arrangement, both on this point and on the stipulations about the Danubian provinces, with freedom to reserve our own opinion on the ‘nature, extent, and mode of exercise’ to be provided for in regard to the action of Europe on the points in question.

I was at Windsor on the 3rd December, and had a long conversation there with Sir Colin Campbell, who had come home, and with the Duke of Cambridge, on the late campaign. The Duke had taken up the common impression that the town of Sebastopol might easily have been taken if the army had pushed on from the Alma at once, following up the routed army of the Russians. ‘Don’t you think so, my dear Colin?’ he asked. But Colin, with true Scottish caution, seemed to think that His Royal Highness went rather fast, and answered very significantly: ‘Your Royal Highness will recollect that the bodies of Russian infantry that we saw retreating when we gained the top of the hill at Alma were retiring, not as a disorderly mob, but as an organized body.’ The Duke admitted this, but said that later in the day, when they got close to the north side of Sebastopol, they were crowded in upon by the columns from the left flank, who had retired before the French, and that deserters had reported a state of great consequent confusion. Sir Colin seemed to regard all these speculations as very doubtful, and his attitude on the subject confirmed all my original impressions that Raglan and Burgoyne were right in pressing on to secure their naval base at Balaclava.

On the other hand, I gathered from Sir Colin that in our final assault on the 8th September a serious mistake had been made in not employing fresher troops than the Light Division, who had long been working so hard in the trenches. He said the French did not make their assault with the same division as that which had worked up the trenches and approaches, but brought up a fresh division from behind.

On the 5th of December I met Gladstone, and had a long talk with him. He hoped Russia would agree to the neutralization, but he also thought she would be right if she refused, and that we should be wrong if we insisted on it. It was the old story with him—that it was a deprivation to Russia of the means of self-defence, which no nation ought to agree to, and which ought not to be demanded of any nation by another. He also objected on the ground of the easiness of evasion. This was undeniable, but I urged the advantage it would give us in the beginning of any quarrel, and that all possible stipulations on the Eastern Question were open, more or less, to the same objections, from the insuperable geographical position of advantage held by Russia in the East of Europe. Gladstone's idea of a substitute was a very poor one. It was the creation of the Principalities into an independent Power, preferring this to keeping up any connection with Turkey. The idea of making of the poor little Danubian Principalities an independent Power which would be of a feather strength in resisting either the violence or the intrigues of Russia seemed to me then, as it does now, eminently ridiculous. I pointed out to him the other side of the question—the advantage to Europe of even a nominal connection of those provinces with Turkey; that it would enable us to say of any invasion of the frontier of the Principalities by Russia that she was invading Turkey, and opening up that great Eastern Question in which Europe as a whole was deeply interested. It pleased me to see how futile was the only alternative proposal to our own,

